CARNEGIE PUBLIC LIBRARY

September 2

Scribner's

MAGAZ

Portrait of an Intern
page 4

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as LIFE goes on . . .

As LIFE nears the end of its first year, its primary aim has become clearly articulated: through pictures, to inform.

LIFE has collateral aims — LIFE entertains, it amuses, it pleases by sheer photographic appeal. In its first year LIFE has learned much about how to be a Good Show.

But the show's not the thing. For LIFE, to be a Good Show is not enough.

Through pictures, LIFE carries out its basic journalistic job of informing. Of War and Gardening, of Art and Dictatorship, of Strikes and Fun, of Politics and Campus Doings, of Science and People — of nearly a year's living on this globe, LIFE's readers have been informed through the nine thousand pictures and nine thousand captions they have already seen in LIFE.

As LIFE goes on — there will be new pictures, new captions. Some will be solemn, some light-hearted, some spectacular, others calm.

They will be in LIFE because they are life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scribner's

Volume CII, Number 3 MAGAZINE September, 1937

Page		by
	FICTION	
18	Exile	MARTHA GELLHORN
24	The Lady Explorer. *A Sketch*	MARJORY GANE HARKNESS
26	Palo de Oro	THOMAS ROURKE
49	SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS: Not Farewell Fernande	FYNETTE ROWE
	ARTICLES	
11	When America Learned to Dance	FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
33	SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES: Louisiana State University	DON WHARTON
42	6000 Acres and a Microscope	CHARLES MORROW WILSON
	LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES	
54	Night Trucks. *Verse*	CHARD POWERS SMITH
55	Traveling by Wildcat	ORLA ST. CLAIR
57	I Killed a Man	ANONYMOUS
58	A Fever Patient Speaks	HELEN IRENE PETERSON
	THE PEOPLE AND THE ARTS	
63	Screen and Radio	GILBERT SELDES
66	Theater	GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
70	Books	JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
72	Book Notes	KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
76	Music and Records	RICHARD GILBERT
	TRAVEL	
84	Santa Fe Fiesta	JO H. CHAMBERLIN
87	East-to-West — 6. Russia	GEORGE BRANDT
	FEATURES	
4	Straws in the Wind	
32	American Painters Series — No. 7, Deck of Beam Trawler *Widgeon*	EDWARD HOPPER
40	The Animal Kingdom. *Drawings*	HELEN KIRBY
60	don herold examines:	DON HEROLD
81	The Scribner Quiz	IRVING D. TRESSLER
94	Wines, Spirits, and Good Living	G. SELMER FOUGNER
97	The Student's Room	KATHERINE KENT

Cover Photograph by LEO AARONS

Published by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

CHARLES SCRIBNER, *President* EDWARD T. S. LORD, WHITNEY DARROW, MAXWELL E. PERKINS, *Vice-Presidents*
GEORGE MCKAY SCHIEFFELIN, *Treasurer* JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, *Secretary*

Scribner's Magazine: HARLAN LOGAN, *Editor-Publisher;* JO H. CHAMBERLIN, *Managing Editor;* MARIAN IVES, *Fiction Editor;* ELMER LOEMKER, *Art Editor;* WARREN BOWER, KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, LOMBARD JONES, KATHERINE KENT, DON WHARTON, *Editorial Associates;* FRANK COMTOIS, *Advertising Manager;* BERT GARMISE, *Circulation Director.* Published monthly, 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; Foreign, $3.50 a year. Copyrighted in 1937 in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission. This magazine will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. All manuscripts should be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes for return. Scribner's Magazine is indexed in the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.* Printed in Philadelphia. Entered as second-class matter December 2, 1886, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, September 10, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRAWS IN THE WIND

Portrait of an Intern (*See Cover*)

Her mother wanted her to be an artist, but for some reason Jane Day Northup got interested in biology during her second year in college—that's how she came to be an intern. And that, in turn, is why her portrait appears on our cover this month—the fourth in a series of SCRIBNER covers designed to present promising younger people who are representative of their professions and who are playing vital parts in American life today.

At present, Doctor Northup serves in the obstetrics division of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children at 321 East 15th Street, where about ninety babies a month come into the world. Twelve hours out of every twenty-four, she presides over these new citizens. One night she delivered seven of them without stopping even to smoke a cigarette.

When she first started working in the delivery department, Doctor Northup didn't especially like babies—nor did they like her. One afternoon she walked into a ward and every baby in the place started yowling. Doctor Northup thinks that perhaps they didn't like her looks, but that hardly seems possible. Lately, however, she and the babies have been getting along famously. So well, in fact, that she intends to take another six months in obstetrics when her year of internship is up this month.

After that, she wants to go back to Oregon to start a general practice in some town of about 4000 people. She likes it in Oregon, having been born in Portland twenty-five years ago (she doesn't remember exactly what month) and having gone to school two years at Reed College, two years at Oregon University, and four years at Oregon Medical School.

Doctor Northup makes ten dollars a month plus room and board at the hospital and gets every other Saturday afternoon and Sunday off. Sometimes she is on duty fifty-two hours at a stretch, and even when she is not working, she may be called at any time one of her patients needs her. She spends her free time at the movies or shopping, but she'd rather go to a baseball game. With considerable consternation she told us that she once slept right through a home run—the aftermath of a hard night's work. In off hours she skims through magazines and she has read *Gone with the Wind,* but her favorite author is Conan Doyle. Also, she plays tennis and keeps a tank of guppies.

Shy at first, she soon warms to a conversation and begins asking questions left and right. She smiles a great deal, but admitted that she tried to look her best austere bed-side manner when Leo Aarons snapped her for the SCRIBNER cover. Phrases that send most girls blushing roll from her tongue with scientific unconcern, but a compliment on the pert hat cocked over her right ear turned her a sudden, unscientific pink.

The departmental heads at the Infirmary—who have seen a good many interns come and go—think that modest Doctor Northup is going a great deal farther than practicing in a small community. It is more probable, they believe, that she will find a place in a large city hospital and specialize in surgery or, perhaps, obstetrics.

But whether she turns out to be a general city practitioner in Oregon or a staff surgeon in a large hospital, Doctor Northup intends someday to get married—that is, if she can find a man who will put up with her irregular hours. Somehow we feel sure she can.

Looking Ahead

With this issue, the *new* SCRIBNER'S is twelve months old. Naturally, a great deal of water has gone over the dam in the past twelve months, and we believe most readers will agree that notable progress has been made. The year has served to define the editorial policies of the new magazine, to triple the net-paid circulation, and to more than double our advertising. It has been a busy, pleasant year. Next month, space permitting, "Straws in the Wind" will carry a brief account of some of the more interesting events of the editorial year, including hits, runs, and errors.

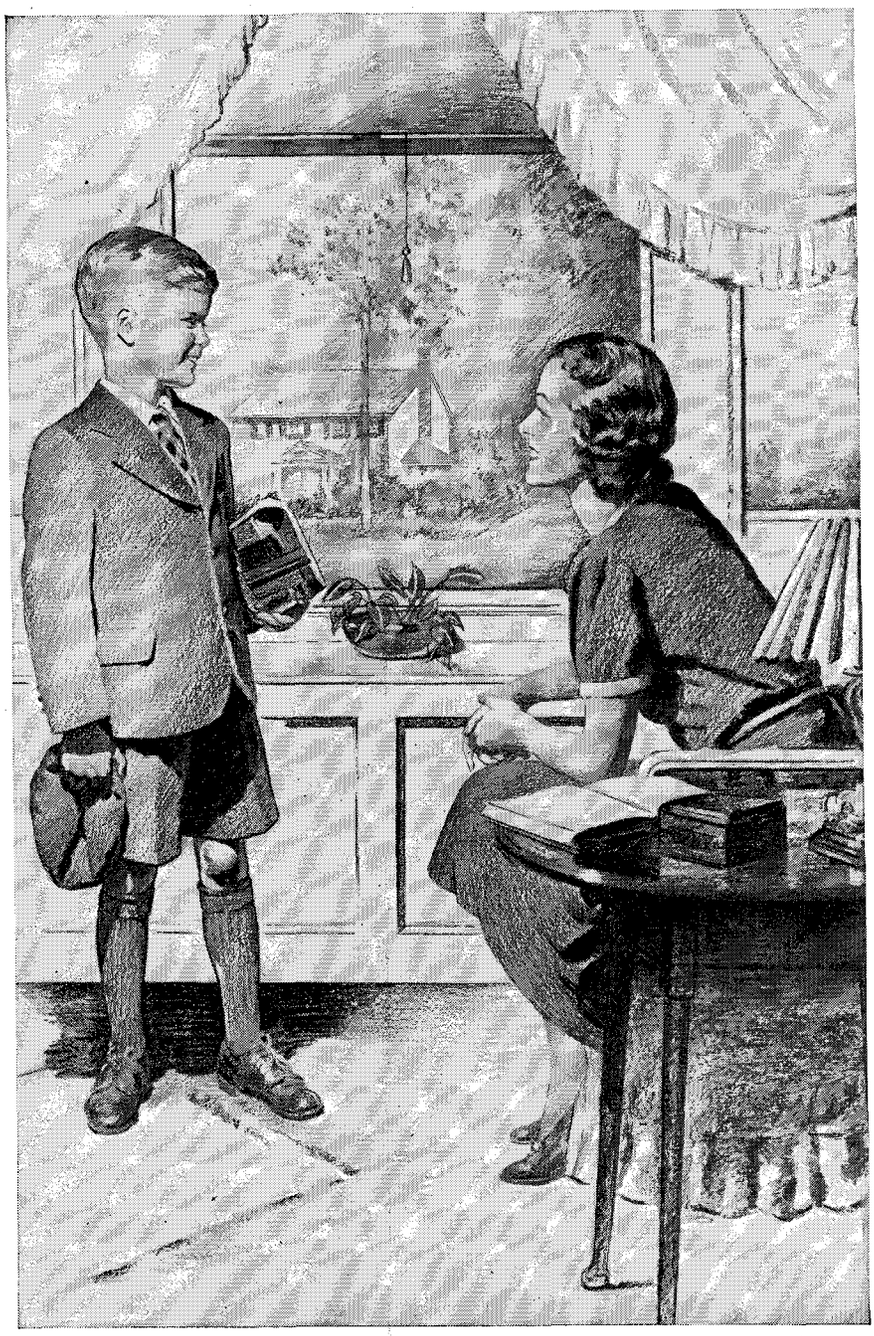
The next twelvemonth promises to be even busier than the last, for a very comprehensive editorial program has been worked out. There will be twelve new short stories by new writers, plus forty to forty-five other short stories by authors such as Jesse Stuart, Sally Benson, and William Faulkner. There will be at least thirty-six "Life in the United States" articles, including the prize-contest winners. The schedule calls for twelve incisive "Scribner's Examines" articles, dealing with personalties and American phenomena; ten or twelve articles of a controversial character; and at least twelve others on current subjects. There will be five or six articles reconstructing dramatic and socially important bits of history that the historians missed, beginning with Frederick Lewis Allen's article, "When America Learned to Dance," in this issue.

There will be the usual color reproductions in the "American Painters Series," plus the best cartoons, sketches, drawings, and photographs we can purchase, plus the usual departments on the theater, screen and radio, books, travel, music, foods and liquor, and home decoration. The editors feel that it is a very comprehensive job they have laid out for themselves, and they intend to make the magazine better in every way. Competition is keen in the publishing business, but we believe that what SCRIBNER'S has to offer is decidedly unique and intend to keep it so.

Manuscripts

Few readers realize what a constructive job the editors do in a purely negative way, in saving the subscribers from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"READY FOR SCHOOL"

This Government Plan is a Practical Way to Meet Expenses when he is

READY FOR COLLEGE

Financing of your children's college days is comparatively easy if you begin while they are young. The Regular Purchase Plan of United States Savings Bonds offers a safe and convenient way to add 33⅓% to the funds you can set aside out of current income for this purpose.

For example—if the parents of an eight-year old boy invest $75 each month in Savings Bonds for a period of 4 years, beginning when he is eighteen and ready for college, they will receive a Government check each month for $100 during the usual 4-year course. Other parents are investing $3,000 in Savings Bonds now and will have $4,000 in ten years.

The Regular Purchase Plan applies equally well to savings for: RETIREMENT; CASH ESTATE; CARE OF DEPENDENTS; TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

You may start today by selecting the bonds that fit your income from coupon below.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

HOW TO SAVE SYSTEMATICALLY

To provide funds for the future, select the program best suited to your needs, then buy a bond each month.

If you invest each consecutive month any specific amount shown below	Beginning in ten years you will receive each month thereafter for as many consecutive months
$18.75	$25.00
$37.50	$50.00
$75.00	$100.00
$93.75	$125.00
$187.50	$250.00
$375.00	$500.00

Savings Bonds are sold on a discount basis. They mature in 10 years from issue date for ⅓ more than their purchase price. They may be redeemed for fixed cash values by the owner at any time after sixty days from issue date.

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES AND DIRECT BY MAIL

TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, R-09, Washington, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER

..... **$25** United States Savings Bonds at **$18.75** $ .....
..... **$50** United States Savings Bonds at **$37.50** $ .....
..... **$100** United States Savings Bonds at **$75.00** $ .....
..... **$500** United States Savings Bonds at **$375.00** $ .....
..... **$1000** United States Savings Bonds at **$750.00** $ .....
Total $ .....

It is understood that not more than $10,000 (maturity value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1 to December 31) may be held by any one person.

Register in the name of and send to

Name {Miss / Mrs. / Mr.} _____

Street address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

having to read manuscripts written in the white heat of passion, the sublimity of ignorance, or under the compelling urge to remake the world overnight. If now and then you do not like a SCRIBNER article or story, just think of the ones we've kept away from you.

The editors have no desire to discourage aspiring writers, but quite a few of the manuscripts submitted do show a delightful unawareness of editorial policies. Within the past month we have received manuscripts on: (1) the early political history of Arkansas, (2) an essay on the benefits of drinking beer in large quantities, (3) a piece on the value of being an individual, (4) laudatory poems, more recently on King Edward VIII and King George VI (Score: Edward 4, George 1, as we go to press), (5) a long article in praise of Atlantic City, and (6) a vigorous reply to an article published in the *Inland Poultry Journal* a year ago.

All these manuscripts lighten the editorial day and all receive adequate consideration, for in the week's mail will always be a manuscript that simply cannot be passed up—the work of a new writer with something urgent to say and the literary ability to say it. The pleasure in this business is in the finding of new talent.

In the recent "Life in the United States" contest there were nearly two hundred manuscripts which would rate publication in the better journals of the country. The results of this contest, which brought many fine personal-experience articles into the office, will be announced in the November issue, and the first series of winning manuscripts published.

Letters to the Editor

This is to congratulate you on giving the American public the splendid article by John T. Flynn in your July issue. It should be required reading for every citizen with funds to invest. I hope you will have others on this subject.

E. A. HUNGERFORD
New York City

[The article "Seeking Safety for Your Dollars" was the first of three dealing with current investment problems. The second of the series will appear in the November issue.—THE EDITORS]

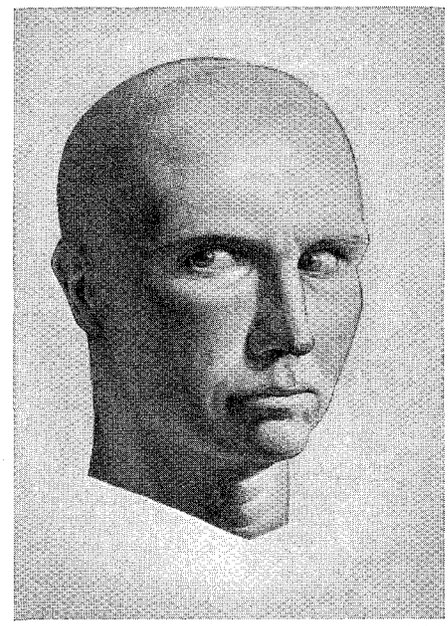
I am attaching a check for $25 for a life subscription to SCRIBNER'S. I am not yet half as old as the Honorable Maynard D. Follin of Dunedin, Florida, who at the age of 73 sent you a check for $15 for a lifetime subscription and whose sporting offer you accepted. You said then that "what with auto accidents, and modern life being as harried as it is" you would give any adult a lifetime subscription for $25, hence my check. I have been avoiding all other magazines because I waste too much time over them. The new SCRIBNER'S, however, has proved irresistible.

DOROTHY S. CARLETON
Hartford, Connecticut

I eagerly open your June issue and there I am portrayed on page 45, swinging a mighty short rope in a New York City backyard. In spite of Wood Kahler's good short story about me, "False Front," I feel betrayed in character, traduced in art, and crushed in spirit, by a fellow plainsman from the Rio Grande who by his own confession was a Texas Ranger at the age of six.

Even with the soot of Sixty-second Street on my heels and in the pestilential atmosphere of a brownstone rooming-house, I insist I am still a good cowboy and can paint an almost human cow. I hesitate to destroy so promising a writer and thereby hamper such an interesting magazine as SCRIBNER'S, but I should like to see Kahler condemned to the City for the rest of his life.

"FRANCIS FALSEFRONT"
New York City



WEYHE GALLERY

Self-portrait by Rockwell Kent

I should have written you promptly upon seeing the June SCRIBNER'S to thank you for the fine article on me in that issue. That I am delighted with it is natural and quite to be taken for granted; but if I may speak for the general reader, it is the un-precious, un-technical, human interest that you are giving the whole series that makes it fine and valuable. . . .

ROCKWELL KENT
Ausable Forks, New York

"Scribner's American Painters Series" is the finest job of art reproduction I have seen in a moderate priced magazine. However, the interesting biographical note which appeared with Rockwell Kent's "Greenland Woman" in a recent issue was marred by an omission. Besides being occupied with all the interests you mentioned [painting, illustration, lithography, exploration, murals, writing, music, publishing, advertising], Mr. Kent is a photographer of considerable ability. Photographs of his have appeared in various annuals and exhibitions, and have received critical approval.

My interest in photography does not allow much time for reading but when I buy a magazine, aside from the photographic ones, it is usually SCRIBNER'S. This is because you are modern in enlivening your covers and pages with photographs, and because you are giving recorded music the recognition it deserves.

WILLARD J. THOMAS
Red Hook, New York

[If Mr. Kent's talents had not been recognized in so many fields, the average person reading about him for the first time might think that a man with so many interests could hardly do brilliant work in any one of them. Such is not the case with Rockwell Kent. Mr. Kent himself does not consider photography one of his major interests, though he has long used a camera. During the time he was in Greenland he took many shots and some of his Alaskan pictures were made from an airplane. He has never endeavored to publish or market his photographs.

Had space permitted, in the "Greenland Woman" writeup, SCRIBNER'S might also have mentioned that Mr. Kent is very much interested in dairy farming and actually operates a milk route from his farm in Ausable Forks, New York. He has a herd of blooded Jersey cattle. As he is both an architect and a contractor, Mr. Kent built his own home. He also is a member of a building workers' union. One of Mr. Kent's major interests does happen to be music, and he enjoys playing the flute. His home is frequently the scene of informal concerts and gatherings of musicians, well-known and unknown.

—THE EDITORS]

Newest Contributor

"I am a perfect example of Life Begins at Forty," says G. SELMER FOUGNER, who will write every month on wines, spirits, and good living for SCRIBNER readers, beginning in this issue. After many years spent in Europe he returned to America and began writing on wines and liquors, just at a time when America was also starting life anew—at least as far as wines and spirits were concerned. Mr. Fougner, for the past five years, has written the "Along the Wine Trail" column in the New York *Sun,* and has become widely and favorably known.

At the time he began writing, the magazines were filled with articles intended to make gourmets of everyone overnight. Mr. Fougner only laughs at such pretension and decries "those fools who make a ritual of the use of wine." He believes in people learning to appreciate wine because they like it, and insists on his own dinners being served simply and well, usually with one bottle of wine.

Mr. Fougner will write on foods and liquors, as well as wines. He delights in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Is Our Sincere Hope That This Makes You Hopping Mad!

DOES your tax bill irritate you?

Well, here's a little salt to rub into the wound. *At least 25% of the hard-earned money you lay out is wasted . . . gone to fattening well-fed politicians . . . a tribute to the SPOILS SYSTEM!*

It's no new thing, this Spoils System. It's as old as the Union. The vicious philosophy of "To the victor belong the spoils" has dominated *all* political parties since we've *had* political parties. It's rampant in national, state, county, and municipal government.

THE TIME HAS COME

Now, with government so complex, and the bill so staggering, the SPOILS SYSTEM becomes not only an irritation but a danger to government itself!

It's time for every decent citizen to *do something* about it. In our opinion, the best thing you can do is to join forces with the *National Civil Service Reform League.*

This League is non-partisan, non-political, non-profit-making. It is sponsored and served by a group of successful and public-spirited citizens. It has a responsible membership. It has an impressive record of accomplishment and a plan that is intelligent and practical.

We hope the stupidity, the brazenness, and the vulgarity of the Spoils System makes you as mad as it makes us. If it does, you'll want to join us. We invite you to do so.

Fill out the coupon—now, before your righteous indignation cools off—and mail it at once to—

NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORM LEAGUE

Room B, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City

☐ I'm enclosing my check for $_____ to become a member of the League immediately.

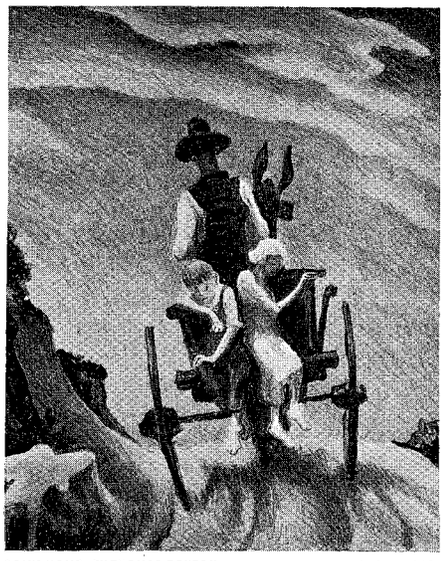
☐ I'd like more information before I join.

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

This space contributed by Scribner's Magazine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GOIN' HOME, BY THOMAS BENTON A. A. A., INC.

Articles

THOMAS BENTON, by Thomas Craven. An incisive examination of an important American artist by a top-flight American critic—lavishly illustrated.

KING COTTON SHARES HIS THRONE, by Marc A. Rose. Paper's the new cash crop for the one-crop South, forecasting better days for the farmer.

RECRUITING IN OUR COLLEGES, by John Tunis. Football players are not the only ones getting their wages Saturday night.

Stories

THE PAPER COSTUME, by Richard Sullivan.

HOW FINE IT OUGHT TO BE, by Edward North Robinson.

THE SWITCH KEY, by Frederick Wight.

And SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS the work of James Copp for the first time in any magazine.

Life in the United States

HONEST DIRT ON A WHITE COLLAR, by Richard Barnitz.

TEN CENTS A DAY, by Julian Rayford.

Features

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—Winslow Homer.

THE SCRIBNER QUIZ, by Irving D. Tressler.

DON HEROLD EXAMINES, by don herold.

HOLLYWOOD, by Lucius Beebe.

WINES, SPIRITS, AND GOOD LIVING, by G. Selmer Fougner.

The People and the Arts

SCREEN AND RADIO, by Gilbert Seldes.

THEATER, by George Jean Nathan.

BOOKS, by John Chamberlain.

MUSIC AND RECORDS, by Richard Gilbert.

In the October

SCRIBNER'S

formulating long and short drinks, though he does not approve of those that are too fancy. He looks upon wines and liquors as aids to fellowship and gracious living, and urges moderation. Mr. Fougner is himself president of several societies devoted to good eating. In foods as in drinks, Mr. Fougner is an advocate of simplicity.

Much of his copy will be addressed to men, for he believes that the man who takes a real interest in his table and in entertaining is far more numerous than most wives believe. Furthermore, he likes to write of how dishes and drinks were invented or created, and the circumstances thereof. The editors thought readers would like this kind of material and gave Mr. Fougner a free hand. He will be happy to make suggestions to readers on menus for special occasions. Simply write him in care of SCRIBNER'S, giving him all the details.

Mr. Fougner is married and has a son who has just been graduated from Harvard Law School. Perhaps his only worry at the moment is his waistline, and this, he feels, is a matter not without a simple solution: exercise. When we last heard from him, he was rowing vigorously up and down the length of Lake Maranacook, Maine, getting in trim for the winter wining and dining season.

In this Issue

THOMAS ROURKE, who writes "Palo de Oro," was born in Pittsburgh in 1900. He studied Civil Engineering at Pennsylvania State College and George Washington University. He was an engineer with the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Alabama Power Company, and was for seven years in northern South America with oil and gold-mining companies. Out of his South American experiences came *Gomez, Tyrant of the Andes* which appeared last fall. He had always wanted to write but never got down to it till he found himself in the bush with time on his hands. He gave up his job when field work shut down after the stock market crash in 1929 and has stayed with writing ever since.

MARTHA GELLHORN, who went to Spain in the spring, came back and talked and wrote about it, hopes to get back there this month because she admires it so much. She was also hoping to write a book about it, if the telephone ever stopped ringing. We hope it did. She had been to Germany before she wrote "Exile" and stayed there long enough, she says, to know that you have to get out of it.

Probably no one has been more effective in making us see our recent past intelligently than FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, associate editor of *Harper's Magazine*. Holding a mirror up to our faults, follies, and virtues alike, he makes us see them in their true perspective as no one else has been able to. Besides his editorial job on *Harper's* he has written two books in his spare time—the famous *Only Yesterday* in 1931 and *The Lords of Creation* in 1935. He has collaborated with his wife (pen name: Agnes Rogers) on two books of pictures and text, *The American Procession* in 1933 and *Metropolis* in 1934.

Since the publication of *The Lords of Creation* he has written only magazine articles, for, he says, "the writing of a book in one's spare time outside a regular office job is such a terrific undertaking that I don't want to embark on it until I am sure I have the right subject —and also there is something to be said for having time to enjoy life." At present they live in Scarsdale, New York, but in the fall they are moving into town to a narrow brownstone house which they have bought on Murray Hill. "When America Learned to Dance" is written in his best tradition. "I'm just antique enough," he says, "to have danced the Boston at parties when I was an undergraduate, and to have been a senior at Harvard when *Alexander's Ragtime Band* became popular."

CHARLES MORROW WILSON has set out to make himself an American reporter. After seven years of magazine reporting upon Americans and American ways, he willingly testifies that the job isn't an easy one. During the past year he has performed more than 30,000 miles of cross-America auto travel, reporting for *The Country Gentleman, The Saturday Evening Post,* and other magazines. "6000 Acres and a Microscope," reported in the hardest blow of Montana snow mingled with Wyoming dust, represents his second contribution to SCRIBNER'S.

Mr. Wilson has reported what was perhaps history in the making for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *New York Times*. He was born and raised at Fayetteville, Arkansas; has spent a great amount of energy reporting rural life of the Ozarks, more recently of New England and Vermont. His present ambitions include eventual return to the Ozarks, and the development of a farm which can be operated without an annual deficit.

HELEN PETERSON, who writes "A Fever Patient Speaks," tells us that she is very much a corn-fed product. "My

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home, Sunnyside Farm at Gretna, Nebraska, near Omaha, where I live with my parents, is bounded on the east by a hundred acres of corn, on the north by another hundred acres of corn, and on the west and south by two hundred more acres of assorted crops, including corn. Here I was born, and though I have traveled much in the West, I have never been east of Chicago and so my curiosity about these 'farms in Connecticut' remains unsatisfied.

"I was graduated from the University of Nebraska where I managed to become Phi Beta Kappa. I am not a professional writer. I am not much of anything as a matter of fact. I am ambitious, but the odds against achievement have been great. I am unhappy only when I am idle, which is seldom . . ."

It rather takes the bloom off the peach to announce that ORLA ST. CLAIR is a practicing lawyer in San Francisco and might any day be called upon to prosecute wildcatters for the big bus companies. But perhaps he won't. He has come to know many of the wildcat drivers well, after his first ride. He's thirty-four, married, and says he owes his perseverance in writing to his wife.

MARJORY GANE HARKNESS says that her life has had too much variety in it to be good for a brief biography. "During the middle of it," she says, "I was the wife of a Chicago lawyer. Since his death I am absorbed in my real estate business in the White Mountains (Advt.) and the renascence of New Hampshire. I can write only when, as and if, and that means an almost infinitesimal output, as I have to work things over ad infinitum. The 'Lady Explorer,' for example, has had three incarnations: first it was a small essay on stage-fright originating in experiences of my own in concerts (violin), then I did it as a first-person narrative coming from a lecturer, and lastly as you see it."

Through an oversight, last month's authors' notes failed to mention the fact that MRS. MARIAN LACKEY, who wrote "A Day in the Cumberlands," is a field representative of the Save the Children Fund. This organization is an active one engaged in helping the children of impoverished parents in the mountain and mining regions of Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Virginia, furnishing food, clothing, shoes, and school supplies to children in need. Last year some 20,000 children were helped by the Fund, and plans are under way to help youngsters in other parts of the country: in the coal fields of southern Illinois, the pine belt of New Jersey, and in the Imperial Valley of California.

SCRIBNER'S

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Dear Bob:

You ask what we are planning to do with the new Scribner's during its second year. Our year begins officially in September, and this is the program we have outlined:

TWELVE short stories by new writers - these are the Scribner's Presents short stories, such as Donald Wayne's "Ring in My Hand", and Wood Kahler's "False Front", published last December and May.

FORTY to FORTY-FIVE other short stories by rising young American authors, such as Jesse Stuart and Virginia Bird and established ones such as Sally Benson and Allan Seager and William Faulkner.

THIRTY-SIX Life in the United States pieces - personal-experience stories, including the winning ones in our $7200 contest.

TWELVE Scribner's Examines - incisive examinations of personalities and phenomena, such as Thomas Craven's on Grant Wood and Don Wharton's on Dorothy Thompson.

TEN or TWELVE articles of a controversial type, such as "The Decline of the Male" or Henry Pringle's "It Was a Nice Depression".

TWELVE other articles, such as the one William Carney wrote on "Fighting the Censor".

FIVE or SIX articles reconstructing dramatic and socially important bits of history that the historians missed. This is a new series; it begins in our September issue with Frederick Lewis Allen's article "When America Learned to Dance".

FORTY-EIGHT critical pieces on The People and the Arts - including John Chamberlain on books, Gilbert Seldes on the press, radio, and screen, George Jean Nathan on the theater, Richard Gilbert on music.

TWELVE color reproductions (full-page) such as the ones we've done of Rockwell Kent and George Biddle in our American Painters Series.

TWELVE cartoons (full-page) such as the ones we've published by Garrett Price, Carl Rose, and Galbraith.

TWELVE Scribner Quizzes - Irving D. Tressler does them.

TWELVE don herold examines.

TWELVE to EIGHTEEN travel pieces.

ONE HUNDRED or MORE of the best amateur and professional photographs we can get our hands on.

SOME 250 pen-and-ink sketches, pencil drawings, lithographs, etc.

THIRTY to FORTY poems and (among a great many other features)

TWELVE SCRIBNER COVERS - you know all about them.

Mr. Robert Lash
702 Deschler Avenue
Lincoln, Nebraska

Yours,

Harlan Logan

/M

Harlan Logan
Editor-Publisher

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE SM SEP
597 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is $2.50, for which please send me SCRIBNER'S for one year beginning in ☐ October. ☐ November.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MILLION PEOPLE LIVE IN TELEPHONE CITY

775,000 SECURITY OWNERS

Only five cities in the United States have populations exceeding the number of security holders and employees of the Bell System. There is one security holder for every 165 people in this country.

More than half are women. No individual or organization owns as much as 1% of the stock of the A. T. & T.

315,000 EMPLOYEES

Anywhere you go in this country you will find an owner of Bell System securities or a Bell telephone employee. The average length of service of Bell System employees is more than ten years.

Nearly a third of the 315,000 employees own Bell System securities.

A fair deal for the public, the employee, and the men and women who have put their money in the industry is just good business

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scribner's
MAGAZINE
Volume CII, Number 3 September, 1937

When America Learned to Dance

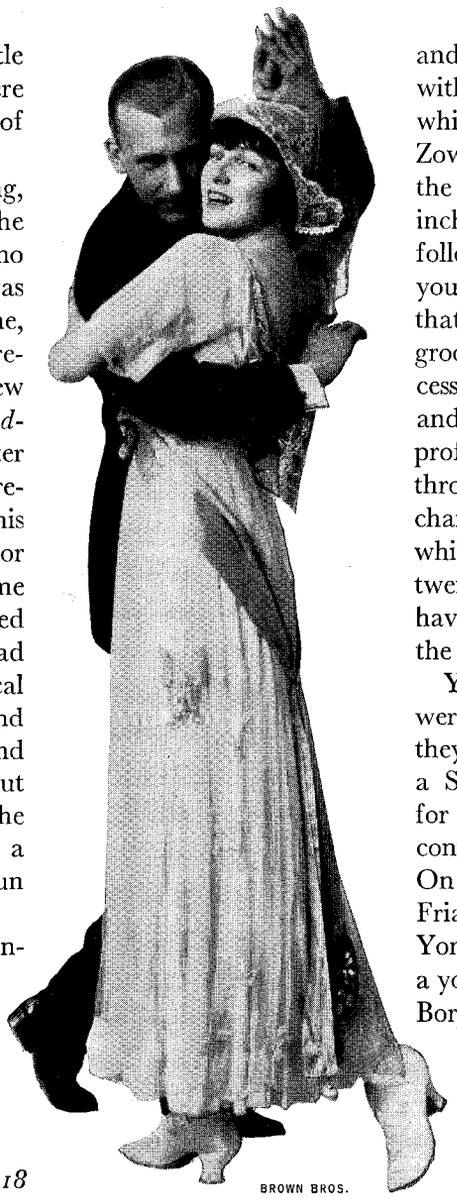
FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

The first of a series of articles in which Scribner's will reconstruct fragments from our neglected past in the light of their contemporary meaning

On Sunday, May 28, 1911—a little over twenty-six years ago—there was a wedding in the New York suburb of New Rochelle.

Not a particularly important wedding, one would have said. It was held at the house of Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Foote, who were not widely known. The bride was their slender, very pretty daughter Irene, who wanted to be a dancer and had recently been given a minor part in Lew Fields' production of *The Summer Widower* in Brooklyn. The groom was better known. He was an agile, humorous, carefree young English actor, just past his twenty-fourth birthday—the first actor Irene Foote had ever met. His real name was Vernon Blythe, but he had adopted the stage name of Vernon Castle. He had taken small parts in a number of musical shows, had shown a talent for farce and for original and eccentric dancing, and during the past year had blossomed out into considerable success as "Zowie, the Man of Mystery" in *The Hen-Pecks,* a Fields show which was having a good run on Broadway.

The high point of Vernon Castle's contribution to this show was a barbershop scene in which Lew Fields was the barber and Vernon was the customer: Fields shampooed Vernon lavishly, crammed an egg into his mouth,



Vernon and Irene Castle, dance idols of 1918

BROWN BROS.

and singed off his red wig, which exploded with a loud bang. The degree of fame which Vernon Castle had achieved as Zowie may be measured by the fact that the report of his wedding was given three inches of space on an inside page of the following morning's *New York Times.* If you had whispered to the wedding guests that within three years the bride and groom would be the most brilliantly successful and admired couple in America, and that they were destined to influence profoundly the temper of social life throughout the country, bringing about changes in social customs and attitudes which would still affect our daily life twenty-six years later, you would surely have been considered a little touched in the head.

Yet, as it happened, events that very day were conspiring in their behalf, though they did not know it. May 28, 1911, was a Sunday—this being a convenient time for an actor's wedding. Sunday is also a convenient time for actors' celebrations. On this evening of May 28 the annual Friars' Frolic was to take place in New York. Among the scheduled soloists was a youth even younger than Vernon Castle. Born Izzy Baline, he had come up from poverty and obscurity in the Bowery to a song-writing job in Tin Pan Alley, and had signed his songs Irving Berlin. Having done well enough to be elected to the Friars, he was confronted with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

CULVER SERVICE

In 1906 Vernon Castle (second man from left) was in Lew Fields' revue, About Town, *and fourteen-year-old Irene Foote (right) was taking dancing lessons at her parents' home in New Rochelle*

the necessity of throwing together a new song for the Friars' Frolic. So he pulled out of a drawer a tune which he had never put to words, and hurriedly concocted a lyric. Thus casually was born a song which was to inaugurate a new era in American popular music—and also, incidentally, was to pave the way for the Castles' extraordinary career. Berlin called it *Alexander's Ragtime Band.*

To understand the far-reaching social movement of which the bride and groom of New Rochelle were to find themselves the leaders, and for which *Alexander's Ragtime Band* was to serve as a sort of introductory theme song, one must project oneself back into the prewar atmosphere of early 1911, when the rotund and smiling Taft was President, and ex-President Theodore Roosevelt had not yet gone on the warpath against him, and Woodrow Wilson was the newly elected Governor of New Jersey; when England was preparing for a coronation—that of the fifth George; when Christy Mathewson was pitching for the Giants, and visitors to New York came home singing the praises of Hazel Dawn in *The Pink Lady,* and the American suffragettes had just held their first big parade, the "husbands' section" of which had received jeers and catcalls from one end of Fifth Avenue to the other; when the best-selling books were such confections as *The Rosary* and *The Winning of Barbara Worth;* when the ownership of an automobile was a mark of considerable personal prosperity; and when men wore high, stiff turnover collars with the necktie emerging at the bottom of a narrow opening between the flaps, and women wore high-collared shirtwaists, lisle stockings, narrow skirts reaching to their shoe tops, and huge hats of a gross tonnage since unequaled.

More specifically, one must understand what was the state of dancing—and, for that matter, the state of mind of the dancers.

In such historical works as deign to admit that history —being the story of how people lived—may be made on the ballroom floor as well as in the halls of government, you will read that for many years preceding 1911, the popular dances in America had been the waltz and the two-step. That is not strictly correct. For some time there had been at least two current varieties of waltz—the "old-fashioned waltz" (as it was condescendingly called by those who had abandoned it) and the Boston.

They were so different that anybody who had taken his dancing instruction in a small town, or had modeled his style on stage waltzing such as Donald Brian's in *The Merry Widow,* would have been helpless and bewildered at a debutante party at Sherry's or the Bellevue-Stratford or the Somerset. The fashionable dance in the urban East —its supremacy weakening as one traveled westward (or downward in the scale of fashion)—was the Boston; in fact, so complete was its domination that a New York or Philadelphia or Boston debutante might have danced the whole season through without hearing from a dance orchestra any music but that which was adapted to the Boston's gait. The men who danced with that debutante in 1910, and who nowadays are readily reduced to a condition of middle-aged nostalgia by hearing the melodies to which they capered—the waltz songs from *The Arcadians, My Hero* from *The Chocolate Soldier, Beautiful Lady* from *The Pink Lady, We Are the Dollar Princesses,* and of course that classical climax to every evening of romantic, champagne-fed excitement, *The Beautiful Blue*

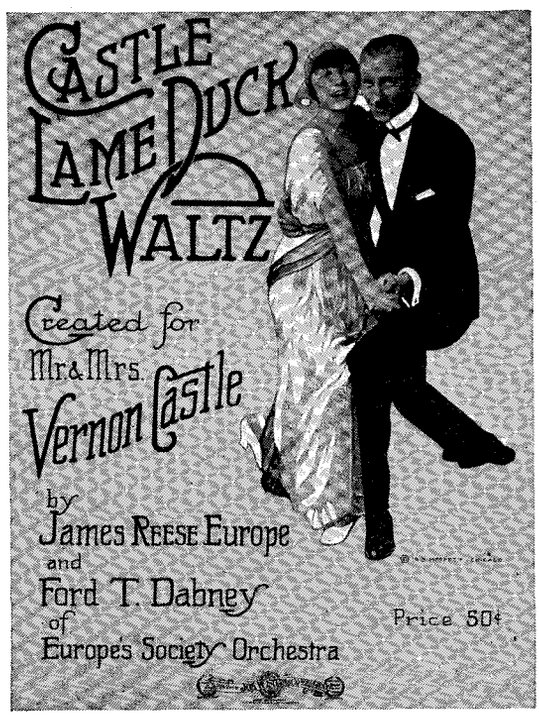
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Danube—such men have reminiscent visions of themselves lightly and nimbly Bostoning.

Nimbly is the word. Let those middle-aged victims of nostalgia turn on the phonograph nowadays, adjust a waltz to the proper rapid tempo, and try to Boston with a never-so-agile contemporary, and they will be convinced that the Boston was a strenuous, almost an athletic, dance.

It endured as long as it did because—broadly speaking—only the young danced. Elder members of Society (with a big *S*) emerged at rare intervals for their traditional assemblies and cotillions, and in humbler circles there were occasional "grand balls"—like the policemen's and firemen's—at which middle-aged people might be found on the dance floor; nevertheless, it is true that through the length and breadth of middle-class America few people danced after they were married or had reached the age of, say, twenty-five. There was no dancing in restaurants; there were few attractive public dancing places of any sort. In general, dancing was one of the childish things which middle-aged America had put away. And of course one must realize that in the more evangelical communities dancing was still under suspicion.

America's age of innocence had not yet come to an end. That worthy but forbidding code which we sometimes refer to as Puritan and sometimes as Victorian—that way of life of which the starched shirt front, the black Sunday suit, the high whaleboned corset, the street-sweeping skirt, and the full-sleeved bathing dress were signs and symbols—was passing but not yet in full flight. Young women, it is true, had taken up sports with a will, and many of them had become sunburned amazons in middy blouses and serviceable skirts and sneakers—or even, in the absence of male company, in bloomers. In all but the strictest groups the chaperon had so relaxed her vigilance that young people went off for a day's picnicking without her, and some parents actually permitted their daughters to go to the theater unattended except by their young male escorts. Petting, if not rare in respectable society, was at least secret. Although there was much easy camaraderie between young men and girls, among the well-brought-up there was astonishingly little sex about it, considering the human material and the opportunities. Among their elders there was far less easy social give-and-take between the sexes than now. And incidentally, no decent woman was ever seen in a bar; and as late as 1912, when the wife of the Russian ambassador lighted a cigarette in a Baltimore hotel she was promptly asked to refrain: women were not expected to smoke in public.



The Castles on the cover sent music sales up

II

But a change was coming.

If there is anything more difficult than to generalize about social customs in a country so large and diverse as the United States, it is to set a date for a change in those customs. One cannot pick a year and month and say with certainty, "At this moment jazz and the new dances began." Ragtime had been popular since the nineties; jazz, which grew out of ragtime, had been in process of evolution for years before 1911. Likewise, the origins of the new dances went back a long way. Yet this much is sure: Within a few weeks of the time when *Alexander's Ragtime Band* was included in the program at the Columbia Burlesque house in New York, it was sweeping the country as few songs have done before or since. To most of those who heard it, *Alexander* seemed to embody a new and exciting rhythm. When Irving Berlin amazingly followed it in short order with several other successes, including *That Mysterious Rag, The Ragtime Violin,* and *Everybody's Doing It,* the new rhythm became more and more firmly established in popularity. And it was at about this time that the new dances which made full use of this rhythm—the Turkey Trot, Bunny Hug, Grizzly Bear, and their swarm of imitators (Gotham Gabble, Humpback Rag, Gaby Glide, Shiver, and the like)—spread like a prairie fire.

In essence these new dances were simple: the partners walked a sort of rocking, swooping walk, swaying outward with each step. Performers in the restaurants began to teach them to the customers; somebody had the bright idea of letting the customers dance to their hearts' content; other restaurants followed suit; people who had thus learned these ambulatory exercises were soon seizing opportunities to practice them, even at formal parties; and so the new vogue spread. At first it was regarded somewhat as the vogue of the Charleston was regarded in the nineteen-twenties—as a mere passing novelty: the dances were stunts, vulgar but amusing. But they were so ridiculously easy to learn, even for the uninitiated, they were so agreeably unstrenuous, the fury of moral indignation which they aroused among the custodians of morality so advertised them, and a generation ready for liberation from formality so reveled in their rowdiness, that they began to make their way into widespread use. Meanwhile they were gradually

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being smoothed down into a standard form in which the dancers did not need to rock so much—the One-Step. It was an ungainly dance even when well performed. As novices performed it—hugging grotesquely, rocking, ambling heavily—it looked like a peripatetic wrestling match. The touch of genius was needed to give it style and distinction.

The young couple who were presently to add this touch of genius were still quite unaware of their mission. Vernon and Irene Castle were both in the cast of *The Hen-Pecks* during the 1911–12 season. When the show closed, they went abroad again, Vernon having his eye on a part in a French revue. It was not until he left it in disgust, and he and Irene decided to try their fortune as a dance team in the restaurants of Paris, that they found themselves.

They were engaged to appear at the Café de Paris—"*tous les soirs, au souper,* VERNON *et* IRÈNE CASTLE, *dans leur danses sensationelles.*" They planned to dance in costume with the sort of rough-and-tumble performances which were then in vogue. But the evening before they were to make their first appearance they went to dinner at the Café to get the feel of the place. A Russian nobleman who was dining there recognized them and asked them to dance. And so it happened that they went out on the floor, not from behind the scenes, but from a table among the other diners; not in costume, but in orthodox evening dress: Irene was in her wedding costume, with a train, and they modified their dance accordingly.

From that moment their success was meteoric.

The Russian nobleman sent them a three-hundred-franc tip and asked them to repeat. Vernon was all for returning the money, but the prudent Irene insisted that they keep it (and heaven knows they needed it). They repeated. The next evening they were not behind the wings, but again with the other diners. Their performance caught on.

They began to be invited by the socially elect of Paris to perform at private parties. Within a few months they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© IRA C. HILL

Hundreds of letters of protest flooded the offices of the Ladies' Home Journal *when these pictures of the Castles were published in 1914. The editor had planned to print a series of similar dance routines, but the hue and cry of outraged readers caused him to abandon his campaign*

were at Deauville, earning high pay at the Casino—high pay which Vernon promptly gambled away at baccarat. They returned in triumph to America to appear at Louis Martin's in New York, doing all sorts of elaborations and improvisations on the modern dances, and their success swelled—incredibly, magically.

One evening when they were tired, Vernon suggested that they should just walk round the room, rising up on the toes with each stride; it was a preposterous dance, they both thought, but it made an instant hit, and by the spring of 1913 the "Castle Walk" was all the rage. You simply walked to the music, lightly, with a happy lift—the man stepping forward, his partner, backward; when you wanted to turn, you simply leaned in and slanted round; if you chose to keep on in a slanting position, you found yourself describing a diminishing spiral; then you straightened up and started off again. A silly dance—but it was easy to learn, easy to do; it was gay; and as the Castles danced it, it had a style all its own.

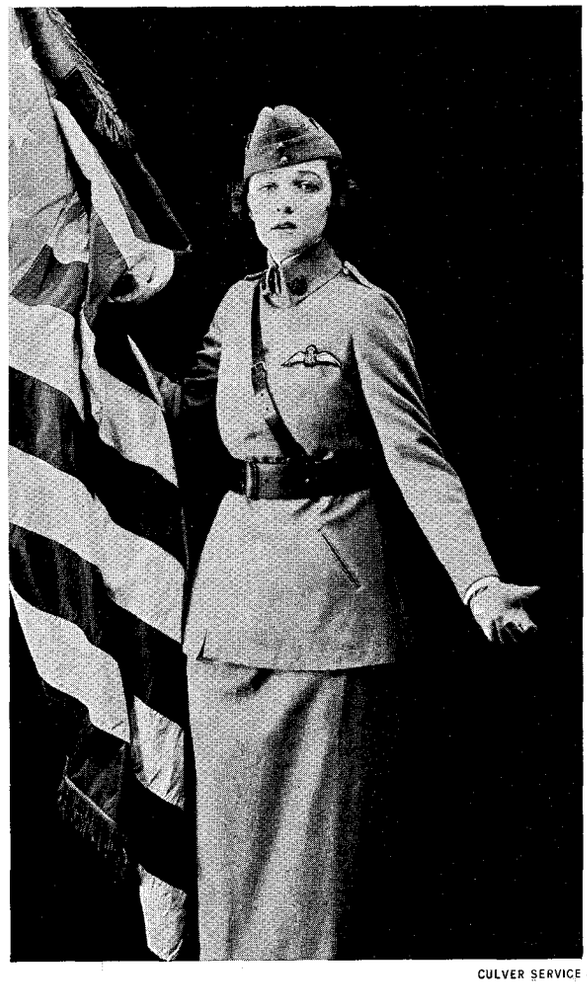
For the truth is that the reason the Castles became so successful was not simply that Irene was exquisitely slender and lovely, that Vernon was lithely authoritative, and that their dances were ingeniously devised and dashingly executed, but also that they brought to the awkward and vulgar-looking dance forms of the current mode a combination of easy gayety and almost patrician fastidiousness. They sublimated the dance craze, thus appeasing the moralists and entrancing every beholder who had an eye for beauty in motion. They have never been better described than by Gilbert Seldes in *The Seven Lively Arts:*

> Vernon, it is possible, was the better dancer of the two; in addition to the beauty of his dancing he had inventiveness. . . . But if he were the greater, his finest creation was Irene. No one else has ever given exactly that sense of being freely perfect, of moving without effort and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without will, in more than accord, in absolute identity with the music. There was always something unimpassioned, cool not cold, in her abandon; it was certainly the least sensual dancing in the world; the whole appeal was visual. It was as if the eye following her graceful motion across the stage was gratified by its own orbit, and found a sensuous pleasure in the ease of her line, in the disembodied lightness of her footfall, in the careless slope of her lovely shoulders. . . . There were no steps, no tricks, no stunts. There was only dancing, and it was all that one ever dreamed of flight, with wings poised, and swooping gently down to rest.

Their success expanded. New York Society competed for their time with showmen and restaurant promoters. Presently they were installed as the presiding deities of Castle House, a combined restaurant and dancing school which was sumptuously housed in a massive building in East Forty-sixth Street, with such patronesses as Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr. They performed at a sort of night club atop a theater in West Forty-fourth Street—Castles in the Air, it was called. They had a restaurant of their own called Sans Souci. Occasionally they would motor to Long Beach to show themselves at the stylish Castles-by-the-Sea. They were in huge demand on the stage, and in due course became the star attractions of *Watch Your Step*. Music authorized by them, with pictures of them on the cover, sold in quantity. Vernon devised the script of a motion picture in which they danced. The Castle House Orchestra was in fashionable demand. They went on tour, and the country was thrilled.



CULVER SERVICE

Irene Castle, heroine of the stirring wartime motion picture, Patria

Yet they took it all with happy-go-lucky ease: Edward B. Marks tells of going to their Lexington Avenue house and finding them sitting on the floor playing with novelty dolls. And how the money rolled in! For a time their income reached the huge—by pre-Hollywood standards—figure of $6000 a week. By this time they had a country place in Manhasset, and Vernon played polo and showed his German shepherd dogs. Now they were indubitably king and queen of the dance craze.

III

And what a craze it was! The dancing began in the afternoon with *thés dansants,* otherwise "tango teas"—not only in the hotels and restaurants but in private houses, for it became the fashion to entertain at tea dances (at most of which tea was actually served, not cocktails). Businessmen would sneak away from the office early to disport themselves; if they did not bring their own partners, some restaurants would provide them with professional partners—and would do likewise for unattended ladies. Sleek young men, hoping for such opportunities, hung about the anterooms of the cafés: "lounge lizards," they were scornfully called by their less-sleek rivals. There was dancing between the courses of dinner, dancing after the theater.

There was a constant succession of new steps, invented or imported—the Hesitation, the Tango, the Maxixe, the Lame Duck, and at last the Fox Trot, which in 1915 or thereabouts began gradually to push the others into the background and become the standard mode. (The Fox Trot had a slower tempo than the One-Step, permitting the dancers to take sometimes one step to a beat and sometimes two, and thus to vary the pattern easily and casually.) Each restaurant had its paid performers to rival the Castles—Joan Sawyer and Jack Jarott, Mae Murray and Clifton Webb, Maurice Mouvet and Florence Walton, and hosts of others. And there were innumerable dance contests, the winners of which hoped to be signed up for vaudeville engagements; one of the young men who got his start this way, as a cup-winning Tangoist, was Rudolph Valentino.

The newspapers featured all manner of odd incidents and accidents: the librettist of *Mlle. Modiste* broke his leg doing the Tango, Mayor Mitchel of New York invented the "Twinkle," the Secretary of the Treasury was reported to be an enthusiastic dancer, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. was taking Tango lessons, a man of 102 learned to do the Tango and died within a week, a high-school boy's death of heart failure in a trolley car was attributed to excessive dancing.

Inevitably those who had been brought up in the staid Puritan tradition were scandalized. The uproar of the protest was loud and incessant. Public officials denounced "the lascivious orgies going on in so-called respectable dance halls." Booth Tarkington, in *Penrod,* said that the new dances had been brought to "what is called civilized society" from "the dives of New York." William Inglis reported in *Harper's* that though he had seen drunken sailors cavorting, this did not compare with what he had seen at *thés dansants* in popular restaurants; there was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something "so clutchingly familiar" in the manner of the girls' partners, he said, that an observer felt he was "intruding on a scene that should have no witnesses." Ethel Watts Mumford wrote that "the very air of these places is heavy with unleashed passions," and warned American mothers of the traps which the city was "laying for young unwary feet." A newspaper dispatch from Philadelphia announced that fifteen young women employed at the Curtis Publishing Company had been dismissed after they were discovered Turkey Trotting during the lunch hour. And that it was not simply elderly bluenoses who questioned the propriety of the craze is underlined by the fact that the Tango was banned at the Yale Junior Prom of 1914.

BROWN BROS.

Vernon Castle in Fort Worth, Texas, shortly before he crashed to his death

Turkey Trotters were even haled into court. For example, Mark Sullivan recounts in *Our Times* a remarkable episode which took place in Westchester County, New York. An eighteen-year-old girl was arraigned for disorderly conduct which consisted of dancing the Turkey Trot and singing *Everybody's Doing It.* Her lawyer demanded a jury trial and got it; and at the trial the judge permitted him to sing *Everybody's Doing It* to the jurors. The spectators joined in the chorus, the jury applauded with great gusto and brought in a quick verdict of "Not guilty." Not so fortunate was a girl in Paterson, New Jersey, who actually got a sentence of twenty-five dollars or fifty days in prison for Turkey Trotting! And when Edward Bok, the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* tried his hand at dance reform by publishing pictures of the Castles doing the supposedly innocent gavotte, polka, and waltz, he received so many hundreds of protests from outraged readers that he abandoned his campaign in dismay.

The dancing went right on, however. Thousands of plump middle-aged men and women who had not been on a dance floor since they were boys and girls discovered with enthusiasm that Castle Walking around a room together made them feel young again. "The frontiers of senescence"—to quote Elmer Davis—were "pushed back forty years." Middle age was reclaiming itself a territory which it had hitherto abandoned to exclusive occupation by youth: a territory which incidentally it still occupies as a matter of course. Today we do not think it in the least strange to see men and women in their fifties and sixties cavorting at the Rainbow Room or the St. Regis; it was the dance craze which dealt one of the heaviest blows to the theory that the dignity of maturity is dependent upon stiff joints. Dancing had, furthermore, been democratized: by 1915 or a little after, the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were dancing almost identical steps—a thing which had not happened since either of them could remember.

The craze had brought about other changes in American life, too. For one thing, it had played a considerable part, perhaps a leading part, in altering women's clothes. When the Castles went to Paris in 1912, the hobble skirt was in fashion. By the time they were touring the country in *Watch Your Step,* skirts were fuller and easier. Compare the pictures of Vernon and Irene taken in 1912 and 1913 with those taken in 1915 and you will be struck by the difference: Irene's earlier costumes are fussily designed, binding at the knees, cumbersome; the later ones are simpler, less constricting, and far more graceful, though the skirts still reach within a very few inches of the floor. Hats had become smaller and lighter, too, and no wonder: it was almost as hard to dance in a huge hat as in a tight skirt. Not yet had the boned corset been widely abandoned, though Irene Castle in her book recommended an all-elastic garment as well suited for dancing; not yet did many women follow her example in bobbing her hair; not yet were cosmetics generally used by respectable women—unless perhaps secretly, with intent to deceive. One of the grave charges made by a critic of the new dances in 1913 was that at a *thé dansant* in New York he noticed that at least a third of the girls had artificial complexions. Not yet was lipstick used. But change was in the air: these other things were to come in due course. The process of liberation from the heavy habiliments of Victorian propriety—a process which had begun much earlier and was to continue for years to come, with much benefit to women's health—was moving into double-quick time.

The change in women's costumes was paralleled by a less readily visible but equally real change in their social status. Gradually they were acquiring more independence, were becoming less sheltered, less innocent of the world. To be sure, this change (*continued on page* 92)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exile

MARTHA GELLHORN

He came from Germany with three trunks. They were the old-fashioned kind, which have humped lids, and they were tied with cord. As he had no intention of returning to his home, he brought everything he could with him. He brought towels and old frying pans, and there was his desk lamp and his books and his fur gloves and two pieces of statuary, a portrait bust of Beethoven and a portrait bust of Goethe. He planned to settle in America, as he had been settled in Tübingen, and go on with life, ignoring the vulgarities of history.

As for money, he had a little, and money had never been a problem, so no doubt it would never become a problem. He had inherited from his father, who had inherited a little in his time also. This money meant that you could live in Tübingen, in three rooms, which were tended by the youngest of the maiden aunts. You could read, sometimes even buy books, take walks in the afternoon, and year after year you could prepare a work on the Origins of the Postal System. This work was never finished, because there was always more to learn or something else to learn.

He was leaving Germany principally because the Nazis were disgusting about Heine. He himself was neither a Jew nor a Communist, nor even a Pacifist. The Nazis would never have noticed him, because he said nothing, had few friends and no following, and spent all his time in the University library. But Heinrich noticed the Nazis. There were no new books in the library, and the newspapers grew unreadable. He didn't care for brutality and he hated noise; there were parades all the time in front of the library, parades with songs and brass bands, and it confused him as he worked. But one day he read that Heine was a Jew and therefore not a poet at all. That was the end. These Nazis were messing up truth and history so that one no longer knew what was right and what wasn't. He was fifty, and had lived in Tübingen all his life. He decided to leave. Aunt Lotte was dead, fortunately, so nothing hindered him except packing. It took him eight months to pack and make arrangements, and all the time he thought about Heine and how they said he was not a poet at all because he was a Jew. The country wasn't fit to be lived in any more.

He remembered his cousin, the daughter of his father's brother, when he read about Heine and knew he would have to leave. He had never seen the cousin, a married woman now, somewhat younger than himself, perhaps forty-five. She was the wife of a shoe salesman, had no children, and lived in Kansas City. Her name was Mrs. Luther Morton. He wrote and said vaguely that he would have to leave Germany, in order to continue his studies. His cousin, who had heard some lectures on Nazi Germany, had a terrifying vision of Heinrich persecuted, and became kinder than she was. She invited him to come to America.

*

Anna Morton walked along the station platform and stared anxiously at everyone. She had never seen Cousin Heinrich and had no clear idea even of his age. She imagined a tall German, with saber cuts on his face preferably, and maybe even a monocle and a polished manner. She had left Germany when she was five years old, and had gone frequently to the movies since.

But when she saw Heinrich she knew him, and tried not to feel cheated. He was puzzling over his luggage, wicker suitcases, bulging oddly. He was fumbling inside a vast black coat for a tip to the porter. His gray scarf, knitted by Aunt Lotte, hung in lank streamers from his neck. His glasses slipped forward on the bridge of his nose as he leaned over. And he was fat, but not jovial-fat: just fat from sitting in libraries all his life. Anna Morton said, shakily, "Welcome to Kansas City, Heinrich."

"Anna," he said with tears coming to his eyes. "Anna." It had been a long journey; it was good to get home.

They walked out of the station. The porter was frivolous with the wicker suitcases and winked at the other porters, and Anna was ashamed. In the taxi she said, "You must come and stay with us, Heinrich."

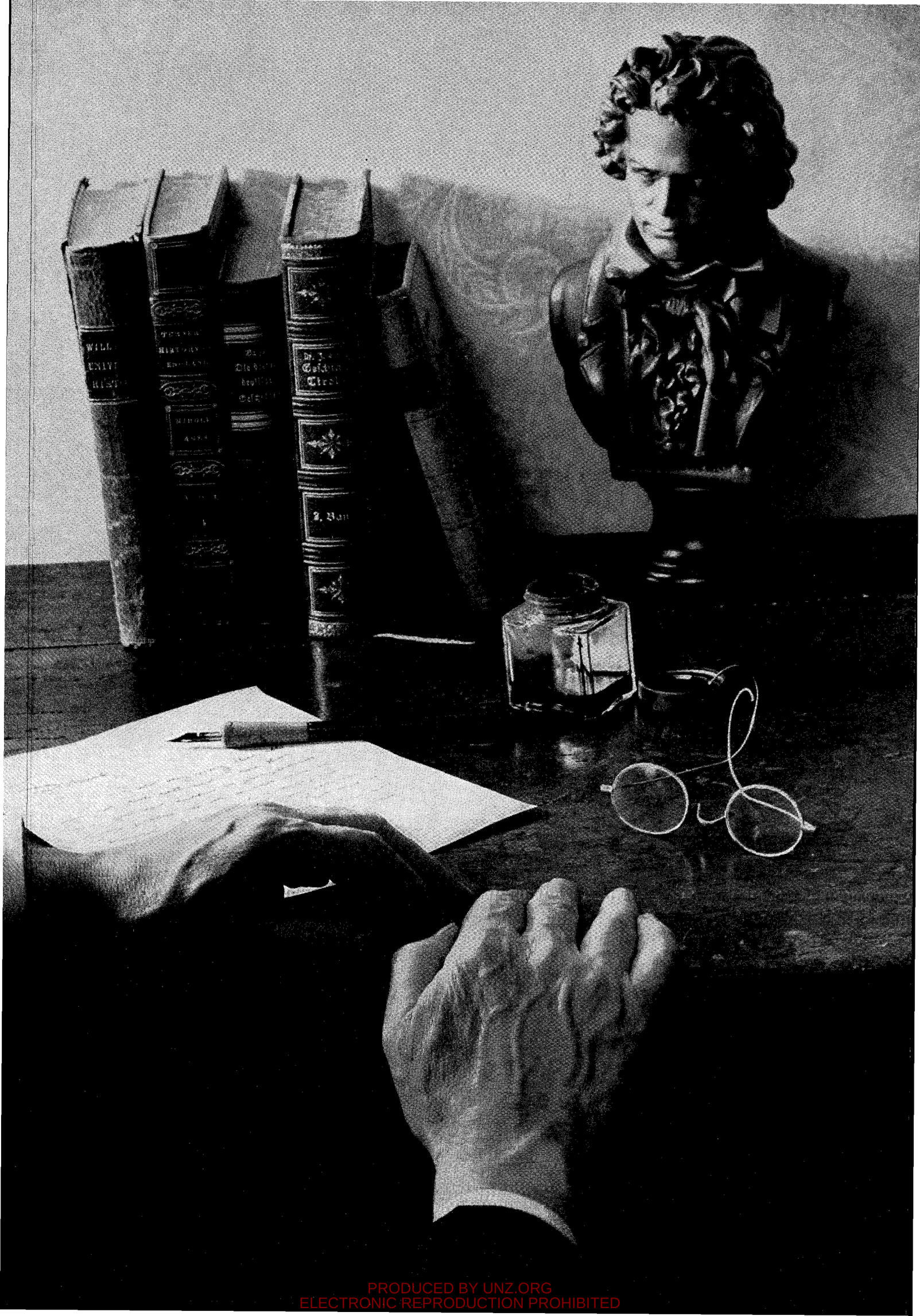
"Why, of course, Anna," he said. Where else would he stay?

Anna had expected him to say: I don't want to give you any trouble, that's very kind, are you sure . . . and then accept. But this taking her sacrifice for granted. It meant that she would have to sleep on the sofa in the parlor, so that Heinrich could sleep in the other twin bed in the bedroom, with Luther. And Heinrich wasn't even thanking her. She answered him crisply when he asked her questions about buildings they passed, or a park.

Luther wasn't home; he wouldn't be back until evening. "You'll sleep in here with Luther," Anna said. "And you can have this closet, and here are two drawers emptied for you. Shall I help you unpack?"

Heinrich muttered something. He had begun to feel like a visitor from a very far place. There were two of them and they had less room than he'd had all alone in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tübingen. A bedroom, with some silky stiff stuff on the beds, and a doll sitting on the pillow. Why a doll? There were no children in the house . . . and then a parlor, with lots of things in it, and a little room more like a closet, with a small wooden table and four chairs. They ate there. It was a dinette, Anna said. And a bathroom you couldn't turn around in. You couldn't get clean in it, surely; it was too little. It was like the train.

"I have my trunks, Anna," he said, dimly.

"Trunks? But you've already got three suitcases."

"Yes, but you see, I brought everything. Since I'm not going back. I have my books . . ."

"Oh well, we can leave them all down in the cellar. The janitor won't mind. You don't even need to open them."

"But Anna, you see, I need the books. I have to have the books for my work."

"What work?"

He had never said this sentence before in his life, though he'd often thought it: "I am writing a book."

"Oh." It wasn't anything much, that "Oh," unless it was suspicion . . .

Heinrich stood uneasily in the room. He saw no place where a man might sit, securely. He thought to himself of his books, the busts of Goethe and Beethoven, his fur gloves, and all the other things he had had for some time, and needed and wanted with him. There was scarcely room for him here, and there was Anna, waiting for something. How nervous women made you: they were full of questions, just standing and looking.

"Well," Anna said, and there was desperation in her voice. "Well, what shall we do now?"

Heinrich stared back at her, nearsightedly. "I don't know, Anna," he said.

"Maybe we ought to unpack, and then you can tell me about those awful Nazis and all the things they did to you."

She got a suitcase, pulling and dragging it into the bedroom.

"You take the things out, and I'll put them away," she said. He unwound his scarf and drew himself out of his massive coat. He put his coat on one of the beds, and it mussed the taffeta spread, and Anna saw herself having to iron it tomorrow. So he was messy, too, was he: a dirty, messy old German. He undid his suitcases so slowly that Anna wanted to scream, push him aside, and do it herself. He fumbled because he had taken eight months to pack them, and now everything was happening so fast. He would rather have talked a while, and then had some coffee, and then presently done a little unpacking. No need to attend to all three suitcases right away.

"I must get my trunks," he said.

"Have you got the baggage checks? We should have done that at the station, while we were there. If you'd only told me, Heinrich . . ."

He began heavily to paw into his pockets looking for a wallet, and Anna said to him:

"Oh not *now,* Heinrich, there's no sense in doing that now. Since we didn't do it anyhow when we were there at the station . . ."

When the three suitcases were unpacked, Anna said she had to go out and do the marketing. This was a lie; she always did the marketing first thing in the morning, when you had a better choice. Heinrich watched her from a window—a narrow window, entirely submerged in ruffled net curtains. He saw a stout, middle-aged woman, walking away from him, down the street; she wobbled on her high heels, and her dark-red coat blew about her legs. She was thinking about Luther and how it would be when he came home. And suddenly she was trying not to cry.

*

"Heinrich," Luther said, being very genial about it, "what are your plans?"

Heinrich hadn't enjoyed dinner much; it seemed so frail. A salad with a slice of pineapple was the main plate, as far as he could make out, and spaghetti, which was an Italian dish and not very healthy. Besides, it was hard to understand Luther; not that he spoke fast, but he swallowed his words, so Heinrich had to say: "Excuse?" and lean forward and listen all over again. Now Heinrich was startled. He had just come. Why should he make plans?

"But I will do my work, Luther."

"Oh," Luther said. Anna had told him about the book. "Well, what's your book about? Maybe it'll be a best seller like *Anthony Adverse* or one of those things Anna's always reading, and then we'll all be rich and go to California." He laughed and Anna laughed too, without conviction, and Heinrich looked at them, solemn and not understanding.

"I am going to write a history of the Postal System," Heinrich said; "it is very interesting. There is, naturally, Diocletian and his system of messengers, but it was not until the twelfth century that a true commercial postal system was established by the Hanseatic towns of northern Germany. I shall include the postal system of the University of Paris in the thirteenth century, but that was limited. I shall carry the history to modern times, to the organization of the Universal Postal System in 1878 at Berne. It is very interesting. There is nothing so interesting as stamps."

"Oh," Luther said, and Anna sighed. "Well," Luther said, "I don't hardly think that'll be a best-seller."

They sat in silence, and Heinrich looked at his salad plate and felt hurried, hurried. . . . What were they rushing ahead to? There were years for talk and thoughts and work and plans. Why were they so crowded in here together and so full of anxiety to be getting things done?

"Well," Luther said again, "we better figure out about how you're going to live and everything, Heinrich."

"But I am going to live here," Heinrich said, "and do my work and we shall all be very well together, and there is nothing to worry about."

Anna looked at Luther. She started to say something and stopped. Luther was smiling, had been smiling all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

along. The smile of a salesman, who is trained not to offend the customers.

"Heinrich, you see the thing is money. We'll have to figure out some way for you to earn money, I guess. And so you can have a place of your own and everything . . ."

Heinrich had not heard the last sentence. "I do not need money," he said with dignity. "Four hundred dollars remains."

"Four hundred dollars won't get you very far." Luther's smile was giving out.

"It will last for more than a year," Heinrich said. He was beginning to resent this meddling in his business. "It lasts longer than that in Tübingen, and there also I had rent to pay."

"You'll have to earn money," Anna said, and hit the table so that the glasses jumped. Heinrich looked at her, disapprovingly.

"We'll talk about it tomorrow," Luther said. "Tell us about the Nazis. Did they beat you up much?"

"Beat me up?"

"Hit you, take a whip to you, or anything . . .?"

"But no, surely not."

Luther looked at Anna accusingly, remembering, after Heinrich's letter came, how Anna had said: He was afraid to write anything, I bet; I bet those awful Nazis have been beating him up or something . . .

"I have gone away from my country," Heinrich said, "because there is no truth left in it. The Nazis are making everything, even history, into lies. And because of Heine." He was silent. He found he couldn't speak of it now. Far away, Tübingen itself had grown into a dream, a town lying in the sun. A quiet town, left behind him in space and time, something to remember with love as the years went by and he could forget a little about Heine.

"Heine," Luther said, thinking: Ah, that was a friend of his, and the Nazis beat him up or killed him, and old Heinrich got scared.

"Heine was a great man," Heinrich said, talking to himself. "He was a great man, and he understood about how beautiful German is to write with, and he understood how beautiful the world is, all the world, and flowers and women. People will know about Germany always because there were men like Heine, born there. But the Nazis say he is a Jew, so he is not a good poet." Heinrich's voice was trembling now, and Anna twisted her napkin, embarrassed, thinking to herself that a man who cried was the worst thing there was, and crying for no reason anyhow.

"Let's go to bed," Anna said. "Oh, for God's sake, let's go to bed." She folded her napkin and got up and began to take dishes from the dinette to the kitchenette.

In the daytime Heinrich sat about the house and mourned his books—which were in the cellar in the unopened trunks—and got in Anna's way. She kept the house badly now, because Heinrich was always there and she couldn't move, and besides what was the use. No matter how often she tidied up the living room, it was a mess again in no time. Heinrich left papers lying on the floor, spilled cigar ash, rumpled the pillows, pulled the curtains open to look out the window, and left them crooked and parted. She had nothing to say to him, and it infuriated her whenever he talked. Always talking about stamps, as if anybody cared about stamps, as if people —in fact—didn't *hate* stamps . . .

Luther came home later and left usually right after dinner, saying there was an Odd Fellows' meeting or he had to do extra work at the store or he was going over to Charlie's and have a talk with the boys. Their friends had stopped coming in, evenings, to play a little game of poker, or just drink a highball or two and gossip and listen to the radio, because Heinrich was there—and he made them sad and uneasy. An accusation had grown up in silence between Anna and Luther. Luther had thought of himself as giving shelter (briefly) to a hero, and all he had on his hands was an old fool, a lazy old fool who wouldn't work, and splashed so much water around the bathroom you had to wade in and mop up after him, and ate his food slowly, slowly (Oh God, why won't he swallow it?), making awful, slow, crunching sounds. And when he talked—stamps. . . .

Heinrich went to the movies, in the afternoons, by himself. Wanting darkness and wanting to be alone. But the air worried him, it was too hot and not real air, and his legs got cramped. The figures moving over the screen hurt his eyes, and the music was agony to him. He used to go and sit in the art museum, not looking at the pictures much, but just sitting in a great room where he could be quiet. He counted his money in his mind, waking and sleeping, and saw that it was melting away. And he couldn't work on his book, and the days were longer than all the winters he had spent in Tübingen.

Then one day Luther came home drunk. It wasn't very serious; it was a cold, gray day, and he had been bored at the store and the thought of Heinrich, at home, bored him more, so he went out with two friends and drank gin quickly and got drunk. It was more than Anna could bear and she screamed at him, in fury and in terror (thinking: Is he going to come home every day now like this?). Heinrich appeared from the bedroom and wondered what it was all about. When he saw that Luther was drunk, he, in disgust, said, "Shame." Anna turned from her husband, stood with her hands on her hips, white in the face and beyond caring, and told Heinrich that Luther had never been drunk before Heinrich left Germany on account of a fool poet, and Heinrich's stamps were enough to drive anybody to drink, and they couldn't live like decent people because Heinrich was there all the time, in the way, messy and tiresome and, and . . .

Heinrich said nothing. He got his hat, wrapped the skinny scarf about his neck, tugged on the great black coat, and went out into the street. He walked by himself for hours, and ate somewhere, not noticing what food he had asked for. He came back, when the house was quiet, and went quietly to bed. The next morning, with dignity, he said that he was leaving: he would find a room for himself. He thanked them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Luther and Anna made polite if somewhat muted sounds but they let him go, only asking that he leave his address. He wouldn't have done this, but it was necessary to get his trunks from Anna's basement to his new home, and he needed help. So Anna arranged for the trunks to be sent and she went to see him. It was an ugly room in a boardinghouse which smelt of shoe polish and escaping gas and cabbage. The wallpaper in Heinrich's room was blotched and swollen in places with damp, and the fixtures on his washbowl were rusty. The bed had heavy lumps in it, and the upholstery of the chairs was without color or design, just gray and weary. It was altogether a gray room, looking out onto a dingy back yard and a narrow alley, and no sun came into it. Heinrich put the busts of Beethoven and Goethe on a shaky card table, where they did not belong, but it had become necessary for him to see them, and have them close to him for protection. Anna spoke to Luther about that room and said: we must find him work; he'll be going on relief next.

Luther had a friend whose uncle owned a secondhand bookstore. Finally, after many visits and many lies (saying that Heinrich was a distinguished professor from Tübingen whom the Nazis had deported), Heinrich was given work. He was to earn ten dollars a week and catalogue books and give advice on what books Mr. Schmidt should stock, and he was to dust them and sell them if he could, and do anything else Mr. Schmidt thought of. Mr. Schmidt wondered if he could ask Heinrich to wash the windows, which were very dirty (and that would have saved Mr. Schmidt one dollar), but he decided against it because Heinrich was so clumsy.

For a month Heinrich worked. He dropped books always; and he was so awkward with a ladder that Mr. Schmidt could not trust him to put things away on high shelves. His cataloguing was neat and exact but slow. If a customer came in, with fifteen minutes to spare at the lunch hour, Heinrich would painstakingly launch into the history of any book the customer looked at, the life of the author, the reasons for writing the book. There was rarely time left to buy anything, after that. Every once in a while, when the store was empty, timidly Heinrich would try to talk to Mr. Schmidt about his own book, about the postal system and how interesting it was and how amazingly it had developed: you could trace the whole growth of civilization through the postal system. And he would describe certain stamps. Mr. Schmidt stayed in his office more and more, separated from Heinrich by a glass door. At nights, Heinrich's room was cold. He tried to work with a quilt about his shoulders, but that hampered his writing arm. The light was poor for reading, and his eyes burned in his head. He could hear the other boarders, quarreling or snoring or brushing their teeth. Far away, Tübingen lay gently in the sun, but it was a town he had known in another life . . .

A customer came into the store—in a hurry. She had deep lines alongside her nose and her voice rose, sharp and scratchy, asking for books. She had a husband sick at home in bed and she thought she'd bring him a novel to read. Heinrich found a somewhat torn-up copy of *The Magic Mountain*.

"It is by Thomas Mann," he said. "Thomas Mann is one of the greatest of the new German writers, and this is a very fine book, perhaps his best."

"Oh, I don't want anything by a German," the woman said.

Heinrich looked at her in amazement.

"But why, Madam?"

"Oh I dunno," the woman said crossly. "I never have thought much of the Germans since the War. I wouldn't want to buy any of their old books."

"Madam," Heinrich said, his voice cold and loud with anger, "Madam, you are a fool."

The woman put her hand up to her face as if he had struck her, made a furious crying sound and rushed from the shop. Mr. Schmidt fired Heinrich; he was grateful for that woman. He paid Heinrich an extra five dollars, out of relief to see him going.

Heinrich walked straight to Anna's house. He wanted Anna and Luther to know that he had done as any intelligent, decent man would do, and that he had not lost his job for base reasons. It was the first job he had ever had, and he wanted his honor clear.

Luther and Anna listened in silence to Heinrich's story. When he had finished, Luther said to him, not angrily, but finally, "Heinrich, I'm through with you. You just don't fit anywhere. I had a hell of a time getting you that job, and it's none of your damn business what a customer thinks. If we were all as choosy as you, we'd starve. You can just go out and run your own life. We can't do anything more for you. You just don't fit in America, Heinrich, that's all there is to it."

The stairs up to his room seemed narrower than before, and darker. The air lay on them, in different distasteful layers of smell. He turned on the dim light, and peered about him, looking for Beethoven and Goethe and trying to feel safe here, because he knew these things at least. His mind was stupid with fear. You just don't fit in America. But where could he go; what country was left; where was there peace and sunlight and a library to work in? Where could a man live, and be at home? He knew how much money he had—only two hundred left now. Only two hundred dollars. You don't fit in America. He had lost his job. How would he find another; where should he go; to whom should he speak? What could he say to recommend himself? I am Heinrich Fleddermann from Tübingen and I am fifty-one now and tired. . . . He had not even written a book, not one book, after all the years of learning truths to make a book with. He had not explained how beautiful stamps were, little colored squares of paper to carry ideas and plans and inventions and greetings around the world. There was no air in the room, only the thick air of the hallway and the cold. He stood under the light and shivered and thought to himself: I have come too far away. Suddenly he thought, for the first time: I am an exile, I am a man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who doesn't belong anywhere, and I have grown old without noticing it, but now it is too late.

He sat on the edge of his bed and waited, thinking: It will be tomorrow soon and perhaps I shall know what to do then. Heinrich Fleddermann, Heinrich Fleddermann, he kept saying, as if to prove that he was alive and at least belonged to himself. Finally he said it aloud. He heard his voice, a little later, coming from some other place, weak and uncertain, mouthing his own name. So he tried saying it bravely. That was better. "All right," he said aloud, "I shall run my own life."

But it wasn't so easy, after you'd said that. It was good to have decided it, but then what? He rose and looked out into the darkness and faintly he saw an ashpit and a worn-out tree. I'll go away, Heinrich said, I'll go to a little town where the streets are cobbled or just dirt, and you can breathe, and there's sun. I'll live in a house where there are not other people moving all the time, cooking or washing or sleeping. Two hundred dollars will be more in a little town. And when they're gone, I'll get work. I'll work in the fields or I'll give German lessons or, or . . . Or I'll die.

He knew he could never find Tübingen lying in the sun again; because it was another sun, another Tübingen, something he had lost when history changed and he became old. There was nothing to go back to, and who knew the future? Perhaps he would write his book and perhaps not. But anyhow, he could live for a while, as he wanted, in a small town with cobbled streets or dirt on the roads—where the days were long but not heavy and confusing. He could read and dream to himself about stamps, and feel the sun on his face, walking in the afternoons. That anyhow, for a little while.

He pulled a chair up to the card table and moved Beethoven and Goethe so that he would have space to write. The letter was hard to read, each word embroidered in a fine German script.

Dear Anna:

I am very sorry that all has not gone well and I am thanking you and Luther for your goodness. I am perhaps too old to have come to America. It is hard knowing how to be an exile. I will go away and take care of myself and you will not need to be worried for me again. I wish I could have found some men who also loved stamps.

Goodbye,

Heinrich

He took the letter out and mailed it and came home to sleep. He had two hundred dollars' worth of time, and he was going to a little town and he was not afraid any more.

*

Every once in a while, washing dishes, or mending, or when the radio was playing quietly, Anna would say, in a strange, tight voice, "I wonder where Heinrich is, Luther. I wonder what's happened to Heinrich."

Luther would rattle his paper and pretend he hadn't heard . . .

He could live for a while in a small town with cobbled streets

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lady Explorer

A Sketch

MARJORY GANE HARKNESS

THE moment the fatal lecture date was set, a definite change took place in the consciousness of little Mrs. Goss. Her native element, the very air she breathed, suddenly became a thing to be afraid of. It was like those smooth tropical waters full of sharks and sunken reefs. She would wake in the morning vaguely aware that something was the matter, and it might take several moments to locate what it was—that terrible lecture that she was booked to give! Why ever had she gone to the office of that lecture agency with the portfolio of their African pictures? Obviously, because Bert had lost the Museum job after they got back, and the apartment rent was always giving them cold chills. Everyone they knew kept saying that the stories they told about their trip and the photographs Bert made were good enough for the lecture platform. But it was just on an impulse that she went down to that lecture office, really just to inquire. She never thought of being taken up so promptly. That man was very quick. "Why, yes," he said quizzically, looking at the little figure in the chair from over the pictures he was rapidly thumbing, "we haven't many lady explorers. It might go very well, if you can do it. Have your slides made and work up a talk. We have a New Jersey group that uses beginning lecturers without fee—we can try you out down there."

Bert was arranging for slides anyway, and working up the talk was not bad fun. She practiced when Bert was out, standing in one end of the living room with a cane, pointing to the pictures spread out on the floor as she came to them. She quite fancied herself as a lecturer. She could tell pretty vividly about the bull elephant's charging; and the dead lion that suddenly came alive when she had his head on her lap posing—he always brought a laugh. She knew she didn't look the part, small as she was, and fair in spite of her leathered face. But Bert's pictures were pretty surefire—they'd carry the thing.

And now here, long before she felt really ready, had come a call from that agency that she was booked for the 18th in a town called Bannockburn. And nothing was the same any longer. Something idiotic was the matter. She seemed headed for some horror that was going to end the world, and the strange thing was that she was absolutely not to escape getting hooked by it—she who had always had such a blameless good time, just going along with Bert. Something was threatening her now; she was caught. She was rapidly being pushed along from each day to the next, and everything about her was in the conspiracy. Before this the things in the room were just things in a room, but now they were sinister forces rushing her to her destruction. Everything, the sofa, the table, the window—they weren't going to let her stop or hesitate.

For the first time in her life she began to be conscious of the actual passing of time. Time had started. It was on the way. Silently but irresistibly, time had got the better of her. It was like being in some flood, bound for a cataract. Probably beyond the cataract she would come out somewhere, but first there was that thin-lipped line like a dam stretching clear across the way in front of her, and nothing could stop her being plunged over it. She was the man who goes over Niagara in a barrel, for a bet and probably for good. How he shrieks for the nice safe bank moving by, and keeps guessing at how much distance there is left him before the fall.

Little Mrs. Goss had never been anything but a sensible person in all her thirty-three years. Bert often told how cool she was in a crisis. But in Africa there was never anything to get especially excited about. Well, of course, there were times—but Bert knew pretty well how to handle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emergencies. She could always do what he told her to; it had never been particularly hard. Of course all this panic over just lecturing was perfectly silly. She had made the arrangement herself, hadn't she? She knew her stuff pretty fairly well, didn't she? There was no sense at all in getting upset.

But still there was this awful feeling. As the time grew nearer, a kind of separate life sprang up inside her. In the midst of doing something else, her insides would suddenly have a banjo string twanged in them. No sign of danger anywhere. She would get out of bed as usual, make coffee, read the news, answer the telephone, see people, just as usual, yet without warning there would be this sensation as of her insides turning to water. Something was coming, fast. Some live thing. Stopping for nothing. Horses galloping in her viscera.

She hadn't let Bert know she was frightened. He took it for indigestion. "Babe," he said, "you shouldn't eat that rich stuff you ordered the other night, lobster and pastry and stuff. You can't get by with it."

"I'll be all right again in a couple of days," she told him. If she weren't dead, she thought. "I'm silly. I'm silly," she kept telling herself. "I must simply stop it." She forced her mind to other things. She read a lot of detective stories, she went shopping for things difficult to find, like shoes, she went out to see her aunt at the sanitarium, she sat in the dark at all the best movies of the week.

But that thing never really left her alone, and as the 18th drew near and there were only a few days more, she was weak, as if she were just over an illness or something. Then it was the 17th, and she was being rushed on just the same, like a leaf in the stream. Approach—something approaching her very seat of life. Coming nearer. Time, coming. And as the hours grew fewer—time, almost upon her.

"Now!—soon—" she shrieked inwardly, carefully clasping the metal belt to her velvet dress and answering Bert who was in the bathroom in an even voice.

"Now!—in a minute—" her empty mind panted wildly, as the car drew up to the place, in the town of Bannockburn.

"Now I'm gone—" when they opened the door to the stage, and stepped back for her to pass.

*

What was this then? Was it somebody coming out of an anesthetic? They were saying things to her. "Over," Bert said. "Some lecturer, Babe," Bert said.

FRANK BOYD

Over? Was it over? But what had become of time? When she got back into the dressing room, all that sense of headlong time that had filled it before had all gone away. Coming home in the car, about all she could say was how queer it felt that there wasn't any time any more. She put her head back, and Bert drove without talking to her. Time was soft and sweet, all spread out flat and shallow over acres and acres, still and smooth and unconcerned. Could it be that there had been no break in it at all, no damming back, no cataract? Was it possible that since the beginning of geologic eras time had never really changed its speed one bit? Had she really always been perfectly safe in time?

Certainly the doorman at the apartment hadn't altered—time had done nothing at all to him. In their room the supper things, the shoes and clothes they had left about, hadn't moved an inch. Though she was so frightfully tired, she lay awake quite a long time. This lecturing thing might not be so bad after all. Those people had really liked it quite a lot apparently, and the boy who handled the projector had timed the changes very well. Two or three of those women had nice faces, and really they had said the most cordial things. A number of men were grinning with real friendliness as they wrung her hand afterward. Their questions weren't very sensible—did they think the Congo was a golf course? She couldn't remember much what she had said herself, but she supposed it was pretty nearly what she planned. And if *they* were pleased, the agency would probably let her try again. In the end she might really make a little money. That would be fun, and did they need it!

*

The next day her heart was like a singing bird. And the second day after. The third day the lecture agency called up about nine o'clock.

"Mrs. Goss?" the voice said. "Good morning, Mrs. Goss. We have heard some very nice things about your talk the other evening in Bannockburn," the voice said.

"Really?" said Mrs. Goss faintly.

"As it happens," the voice went on, "we've just got a vacancy to fill for tonight in Brooklyn. It's a large church organization. Their lecturer is ill. Would you care to repeat your Bannockburn talk, at a fee of $50? You'll find it's an appreciative audience——"

She got it all straight, address and hour and all. When she had hung up, she stood pressing her hands violently to her temples. Horses had started galloping in her viscera.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Palo de Oro

THOMAS ROURKE

THE rains had stopped, and the trade wind was blowing up the Orinoco again. It blew upstream as steadily as the water moved against it and made dancing, golden ripples on the brown satin.

The great river was at its crest, swollen with the muddy water from the llanos. It was a vast, brown plane that moved evenly and smoothly to the sea, like a continent moving. It didn't seem to move any more than the earth seems to move. The things that resisted it—the far, dim shores and the black boulder shapes that rose from it—they seemed to move, while the brown, flat world stood still.

All the towering, still clouds were gone now, the sky swept clean by the new breeze to a breathless spread of pale blue—a blue so thin that it wasn't really a color at all. It was an effect on the mind. It was the sensation on the retina of limitless space, filtered of pigmentation. Infinite nothing in the presence of light. It had no more color, really, than the absence of light has color.

At Ciudad Bolívar the excitement of the new season ran high. The prospectors were all in town, bodies rested and healed, preparing to stalk the receding waters again for the wealth that would be lying there for sure this time. There would be pebbles of gold on the sands of the Paragua and the Cuyuni and the Yuruan and diamonds along the Caroní to be picked up, "like a hen pecks corn," they said. The pork-knockers would find the rubber trees bursting with latex, back in the forests of Botonamo, and the sarrapia hunters would find the branches weighted down with tonka beans, "scraping the roots," and the sand bars of the Alto Orinoco and the Meta and the Apure would be black with alligators waiting for the hide hunters. It was the same every year.

The small, dark men crowded the water-front streets, laughing, calling to each other, their faces shining in the sunlight. They stood in groups around the open fronts of the shops.

"Aguas arriba!" was the cry. "Upstream!"

"Aguas arriba, todo el mundo!" "Upstream, the whole world!"

The German merchants made no comment. They dealt out their supplies and made their entries and demanded cash or gave credit with shrewd complacency.

There would be none of it for me this year, nor for Ernesto, either. We'd had a bellyfull. There was nothing in it.

II

WE sat at a table on the Alameda by the sea wall under the colored lights that hung from the branches. The band played under a sputtering arc lamp, and the people paraded back and forth the length of the sea wall under the trees. Elena walked with a group of girls, and I followed her with my eyes to catch the guarded smile she gave me each time she passed.

We were talking about the prospects for the new season, as everybody was those days.

"There's nothing in it if you're out on your own," I said. "If you've got the Casados behind you and a little private layout with a few men working for you, maybe you can make out. Otherwise, there's nothing in it. The Germans get half of what you bring back and the medicos get the rest."

"There's nothing in it, anyway," the alligator man said. "If the Casados back you they want it all. I shipped fifty thousand hides last season and lost money. The Casados kept out the poachers all right, but they took all my profit. I don't want any part of them." He was a little, bald American who had the reptile concession on two hundred miles of the lower Apure. He patrolled the river during the season in a cabin cruiser, collecting the hides from the native hunters, paying twenty cents apiece. Only the white strips from the belly were of any use. The hunters tore off the piece

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of hide and left the carcass for the vultures, and sometimes there would be hundreds of dead alligators lying on the sand bars and you could smell them for a mile down the wind. "No sir," he went on. "That outfit is poison."

Then Andrews said to the Belgian, "You seem to make out all right with the Casados." The rest of us sat up and took notice, for no one else would dare say that to the man. Andrews would say anything he felt like saying to anyone in the world. He was an American, too. "I heard you cleaned up a big pile last season," he added.

The Belgian shifted his long legs and rolled his cigar with his tongue. "People talk a lot of nonsense," he said. He sat back from the table, his chair tilted, his hands cupped over the head of his cane. He looked like a Texas gambler—long and skinny, with pale-blue eyes and reddish skin and khaki clothes and a big felt hat pushed back from his forehead and all his diamonds glittering. The natives said he found diamonds by smelling for them. He had two hundred Indians working the beds of the Alto Caroní and he shot one of them from time to time to discourage stealing. Nothing was ever done about it, for he was in strong with the Casados.

The black shapes of the freight boats loomed big, moored to the sea wall. In the dry season the river was a quarter of a mile away, and the boats would be far below, with a grassy slope going down and donkey carts twisting along the steep, rocky paths. In the shadows along the wall the prostitutes walked, their bright clothes swinging gaily, their teeth flashing white, the rouge on their cheeks standing out oddly against the brown skin.

"One time," Andrews said, "the jefe civil had all the girls examined, and the diseased ones got their heads shaved so's you could tell them. The shaving was practically all-inclusive, naturally. But that night the girls showed up on the Alameda, just the same. They had designed a tricky little white hat that fitted close to the head and they all wore them, and the town had a big laugh over it."

The black boy from the Bar Cirnos hovered about with his tray, but no one ordered anything for it was the Belgian's turn. He got up from his chair, stretched, and said good night.

"Now we can go on where we left off," the alligator man said. "What will you drink, gentlemen?"

I played with the cane that lay across my knees—a beautiful stick made of palo de oro, one of the rarest woods. It was hard as onyx and as highly polished, with its natural, deep-red mahogany color, and the characteristic grain of wavy rings, jet black. Ernesto had cut the stick when we were prospecting together on the Cuyuni. Back in town he'd turned it down on a lathe, polished it, and fitted the silver handle. He was a good lad, Ernesto—a young German who'd been knocking around with me at one thing and another for a long time.

Andrews grinned at me across the table. "You're getting to be quite a native, carrying a cane," he said. He bent down and looked under the table. "I thought maybe you were wearing buttoned shoes with cloth tops, too."

"I find there's quite an art to carrying a cane nonchalantly," I said. "I haven't mastered it yet. It's a beautiful stick, though, don't you think? Ernesto gave it to me."

"Ernesto had better stay away from Elena Casado if he's a wise lad. The Belgian considers her his private property."

"I tried to tell him that, but you know how he is."

"He wouldn't have a chance against the Belgian. Even if he whipped him, the Casados would get him. They'd shoot him in the back or send him to prison to rot. The girl's just stringing him anyway. She's no better than the rest of the tribe."

"He gets mad when you try to tell him that. He thinks she's an innocent victim, promised to the Belgian by her wicked family."

"Pigheaded Dutchman!"

We had a few more drinks and talked about the Casados, about how they ruled the whole of Guayana and victimized the Indians and peons and robbed the merchants and honest prospectors, about how rich they'd become.

It was getting late. Elena made me a little signal, and then I saw the group she was with leave the Alameda and turn up one of the streets toward the hill where the wealthy families lived. I had another drink and then I got up and yawned and said I'd run along home.

I walked along the street beyond the Alameda looking into the lighted, open-front cafés until I saw the Belgian in "El Cauchero," playing dominoes with Miguel Casado. He'd be safe out of the way for a while.

I turned into a dark street and climbed the steps in the stone sidewalk to where the bars of Elena's window jutted out. I stood back against the stone wall. There was the odor of heavy perfume, and then my eyes got used to the darkness and I could see her face, pale in the deep shadow, and the faint bit of light caught by the black silk on her shoulders. Then her face came close to mine against the iron bars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I thought you wouldn't come, querido," she whispered.

"You knew I'd come. I had to wait until the streets were quiet, and it was an eternity before the stupid ones would go home."

"You are always so cautious, querido. Are you a coward?"

"Bravery would be foolishness when one loves a Casado."

The deep voice laughed quietly back in the darkness, and her hand reached through the bars and lay, cool and scented, against my face. I kissed the palm, and the hand moved lightly over my chin and throat, and then her cheek was against mine. Her cheek turned slowly, turning mine with it, until my lips tasted the soft, moist warmth of hers and felt the press of open teeth. Her hand carried mine over her firm throat and smooth shoulder, brushing aside the shawl, carried it to her breast and held it there with her heart pounding under it. Her breath was rapid and soft in my ear.

"When shall we be together without the bars, querido?" she said. "I am burning for you."

"When, mi linda? You must arrange it. It is impossible for me—a musiú, a foreigner. I am too ignorant to handle such things."

"You should do something. If you were guapo, brave, if you were hot-blooded, you'd do something. You'd take me, carry me off in spite of everything. It is laughable—me, burning for you, and you do nothing!"

"I'm sorry, mi amor, but I'm none of those things. I'm a timid, ignorant musiú."

"But you love me, no?"

"Ah, love you? Of course, querida."

I drew away from her then and she said. "Ah, you have no warmth! You are as cold as these bars!"

"I am jealous," I said. "You were walking with the German again tonight."

"You needn't be jealous of him nor of anyone."

"You see him all the time. He comes here to serenade you."

"Can I help that? I don't encourage him."

"You could refuse to talk to him. You could insult him. Women always have their little ways."

"He's nothing to me. He's just a booby."

"I'll believe you when you promise you'll not see him any more."

"All right. Why not? It means nothing. I'll not see him nor talk to him if it will please you."

I thought I heard footsteps coming from the plaza and I kissed her quickly and left, keeping to the shadows close to the buildings.

The next morning Ernesto came to my pension. He stood in the doorway, looking tall and blond and young, and the sunlight was bright in the patio behind him.

"Here is your cane, sir," he said.

"My cane?"

"Yes, sir. I found it last night leaning against the wall beside Elena's window."

There was no anger in his voice nor even much interest. I couldn't think of anything to say, and he spoke again, politely, to relieve my confusion. "The shutters were closed, and the cane was against the wall."

"Is that so? Well, that's funny. Thanks, Ernesto."

"You're welcome, sir," he said and went out.

He hadn't looked at me at all. His eyes had wandered around the room, not looking at mine, and he'd spoken in his old, polite, respectful voice, the way he used to speak to me long ago when we first knew each other. And he'd used "sir" to me. It had taken two years working together in all kinds of places, away off, just the two of us, to get him over calling me "sir." He never did get over addressing me that way when other people were present, but it had been a long time since he'd called me "sir" when we were alone.

III

Andrews was chief geologist for an oil company. They had finished the seismograph work in the Delta, and there were ten tons of dynamite left over, stored in the government arsenal at Los Castillos a hundred kilometers down the river. It was getting old and soft and dangerous, lying there in the heat—ten tons of it, 80 per cent nitrogelatin. It had to be destroyed. The insurance company wouldn't renew on it, and the government officials were getting the wind up.

"The older it gets the more touchy it is, like an old maid," Andrews said. "Especially in this climate. We'll have to blow it up. They won't let me dump it in the river for fear someone'll drag an anchor into it some day, and it's risky trying to burn it. What do you say? Do you want the job?"

"Sure," I said.

"We'll hire a schooner and some good men, and you can take the company launch."

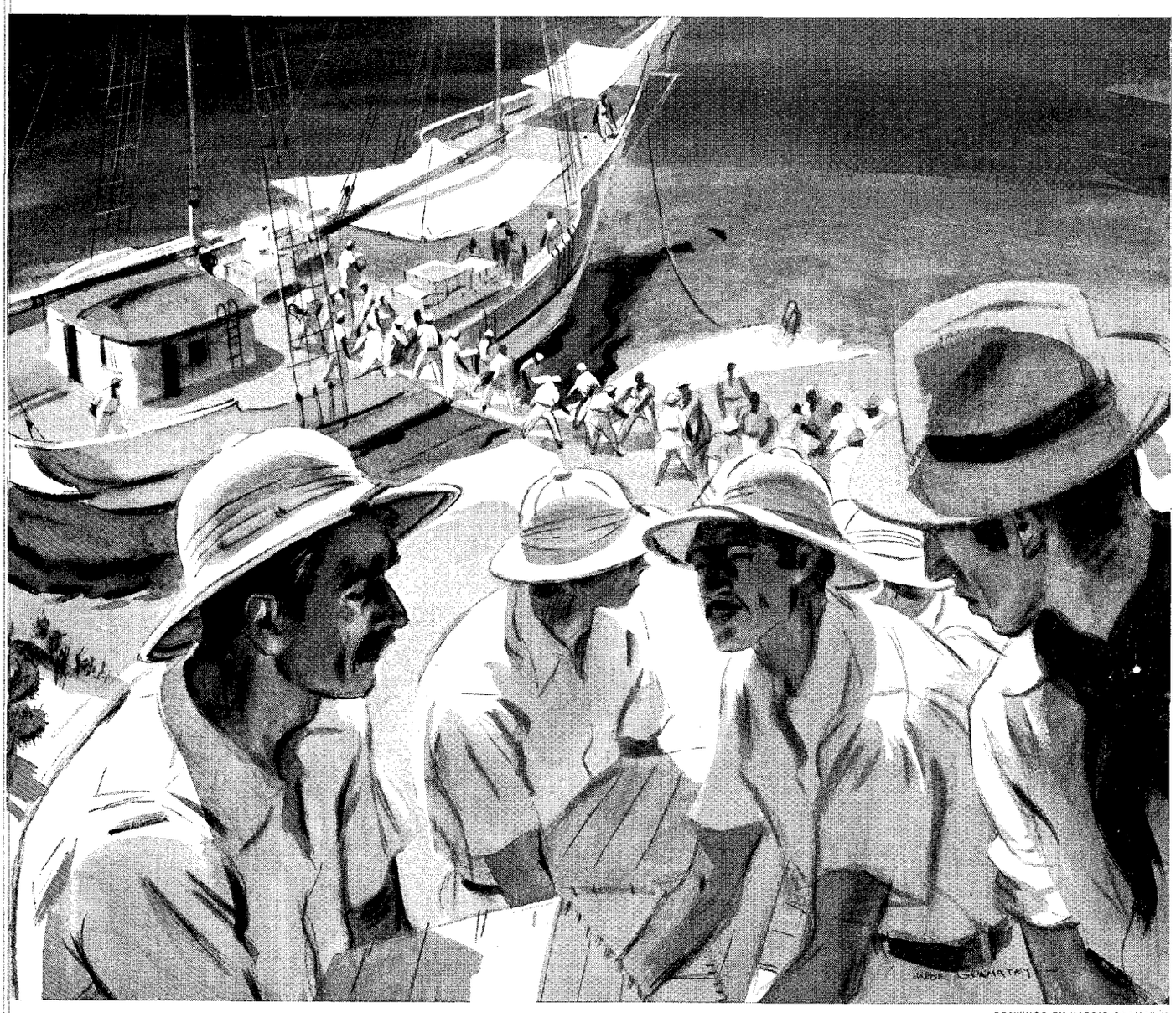
He showed me a small island on the map in a wide place in the river. "You can blow it there," he said. "I've got a permit from the Minister of War."

Ernesto lived with a native family in an adobe house down by the malecón, and I went there to look for him. I knew he wanted a job, but I didn't know what to expect from him now. I hadn't seen him since the morning he brought the cane. He greeted me very politely and, when I told him about the job, all he said was, "Yes, thank you, sir, I'll be glad to go with you."

The schooner with a crew of six left two days ahead of us, and we expected to reach Los Castillos with the launch at about the same time.

Ernesto and I lay in the sun on the forward deck, and the native mechanic stayed at the wheel. The wide, brown sea stretched away, around the whole horizon, to faint-purple, low-lying hills. The surface was as flat and smooth as burnished leather with little swirls, like the grain in maple, where the current roiled up from the bottom. There was only sky and water, for the land was too far away to be anything. The water had none of the surging movement that ocean water has, to give it life, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWINGS BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

The cases came down in a steady stream

sky had no variation in its emptiness. The sense of isolation was more intense than on the ocean itself.

It was like being alone with a stranger. There was no way to penetrate his reserve, for there was no malice in it. It was the respectful, completely indifferent reserve of a stranger. Your assaults upon it were weak things—impersonal remarks about commonplace things—and the polite, disinterested replies left you with self-conscious embarrassment. I could no more speak to him of the things I wanted to than I could speak of them, abruptly, to a stranger. They were intimate things, and there was no intimacy between us now. I couldn't tell him about Elena. I couldn't explain about that, for he wanted no explanation from me.

Toward sunset a bend in the river carried our course close under the hills that rolled away from the south bank. The wide mouth of the Caroní opened suddenly, the valley stretching far in between the rounded humps that lapped each other, going away, dark green to purple to pale mauve, rusty with the sunset. A cool breeze came out. The clean, dark water made a great crescent into the muddy Orinoco. The roar of the great falls of the Caroní came down faintly on the breeze, and its white mists climbed the last, dim mountain.

Ernesto and I had worked that river. We'd worked it for diamonds and gold. We'd slept in the deep chasms and bathed in the clear, silent pools, and washed grains of gold from the white sand. We'd followed it away back into those dim mountains, into the tall, dark forests—five hundred miles to the shadow of flat-topped Roraima herself. We passed it now without speaking.

We lay on the deck with the moon in our faces. The water was brilliant with blue light all around, and the boat moved into the breeze with smooth silence.

Los Castillos lay at a bend on the right bank—a rocky dome, rising from the water sheerly with the crumbling old fort on the crest, the bright flag fluttering in the sun. A few dugouts were drawn up where a path came down,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and there were some palm-thatched huts on the ledges. Our schooner lay against the bank with a plank ashore.

IV

THERE were four hundred cases of fifty pounds each, and the soldiers formed a straggling chain up the steep slope to the fort, three hundred of them, standing toe to toe, bracing their feet in the slippery gravel among the scrub cactus. The cases came down in a steady stream, passed from one man to another. The schooner's captain stowed them in the hold, and Ernesto and I patrolled the line of soldiers, urging them to use caution, ordering relief when a man gave out. They handled the cases gingerly, dripping with the sweat of exertion and nervousness. Twice a case slipped and fell against the rocks, and we had to call a fifteen-minute halt for the men to get control of themselves again. The last case went aboard at sundown, and there was a big fiesta at the fort that night.

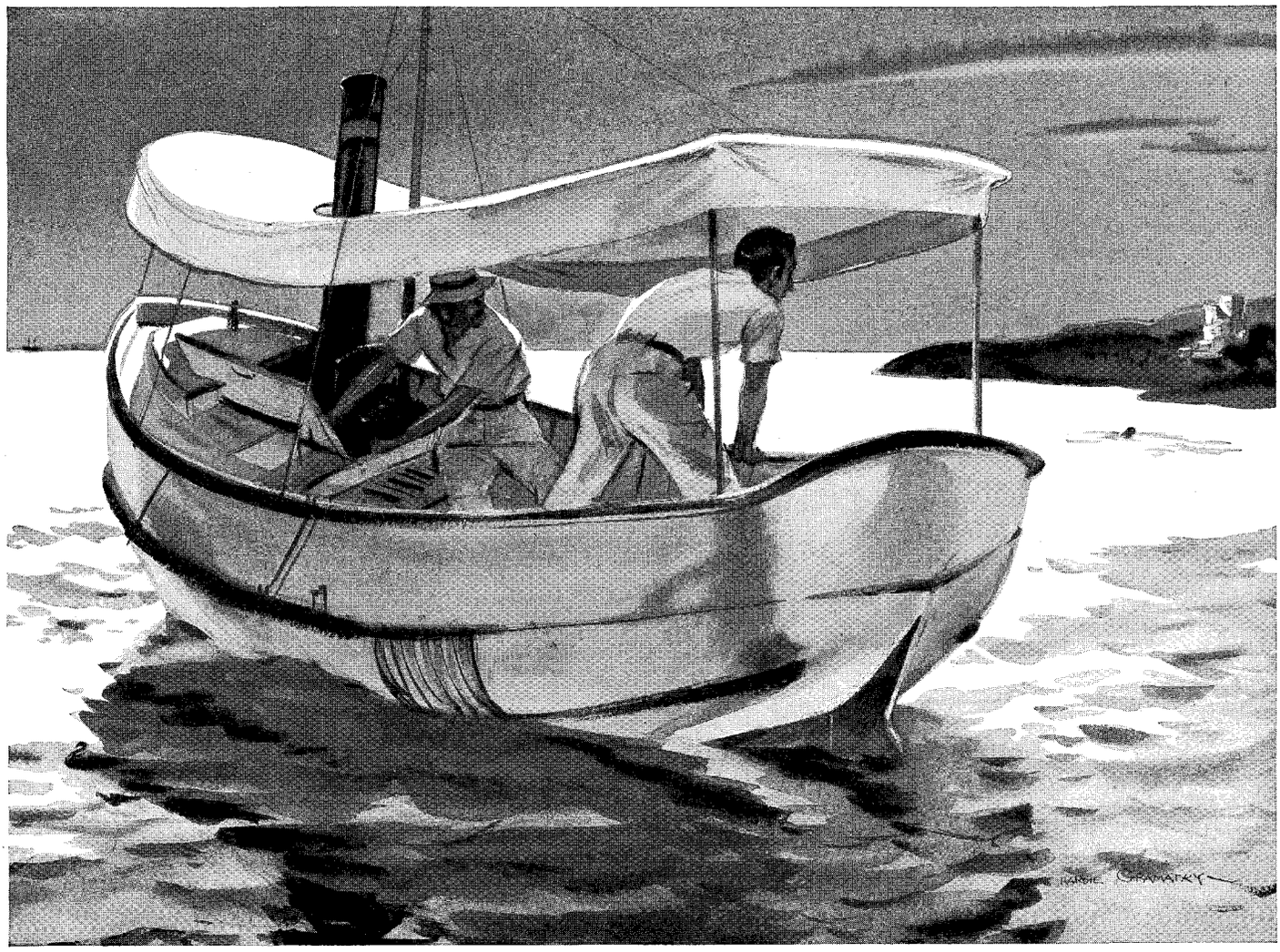
We headed the launch upstream, towing the loaded schooner on a long hawser. The schooner was running free, and they crowded sail on her. Misshapen patches of old rags and cement sacks hung anywhere that a bit of wind could enter—they were run out on sprits, lashed to stays, hung from yards. They fluttered and shook, but most of them drew part of the time and, even with her load and the current against her, the schooner kept the hawser sagging astern of us in the launch.

It was a small, round island, away off by itself. The earth rose ten feet above the water at the highest point, bare underneath the thick, low growth, and the beach dropped off rapidly, allowing the schooner to get up close and put a plank ashore.

We'd try five cases first to see what they'd do. I didn't want to blow the island out of the river with the first shot. The men carried the cases ashore and stacked them on the sand by the water's edge—five boxes made of clean, white wood, each holding fifty pounds of 80 per cent nitrogelatin. We tried a length of fuse and found that twenty-five feet would give us twelve minutes—time to get away three miles in the launch with the current helping.

We opened one case to have sticks of dynamite ready for detonation. It was a ticklish job with gelatin as soft as that. We had to cut a wedge from a tree branch for prying, for metal tools can't be used.

The schooner cast off, leaving Ernesto and the mechanic and me there with the launch. I watched through my glasses till I saw her luff up and drop anchor, a good three miles away. Then we started the launch's motor,



He swam hard against the current, gaining an inch at a time

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

touched off the fuse, jumped aboard, and headed for the schooner, wide open. In eleven minutes we were alongside with a line aboard her.

All hands lined the rail, watching the island.

"In half a minute she'll blow!" I called.

I kept my eyes on my watch. Almost to the second a great column of black smoke billowed into the sky, red flame licking through it, piling up higher and higher. The concussion came through the water first—a great thump against the bottom of the boat—and then, long seconds later, the air was rent with a loud roar, and the sound rumbled back and forth across the Orinoco. We took the schooner in tow and headed back toward the island.

Drawing near, the water was covered with fine, green dust with the white bellies of fishes floating in it. On the island a big crater gaped in the sand where the cases had been, the bottom deep with water. Every tree and bush was bare of leaves, and the earth and water all around were covered with a thick, velvety carpet of green powder. Small alligators lay dead along the shore, and here and there bunches of feathers that had been birds.

We put twenty-five cases ashore for the next shot. That one took all the bare branches away, leaving the island nothing but a pock-marked green dome with a few torn roots sticking up. We lengthened our fuse to fifteen minutes so we could get farther away and continued blowing twenty-five cases at a time all day. At sundown there were still eighty cases left aboard the schooner.

"It will be dark soon," I said. "Let's blow them all at once."

"All right, sir," Ernesto said.

"We'll give it a twenty-minute fuse."

He hadn't said a word to me from the beginning that hadn't to do with the work in hand. The whole job had been marked by a certain tenseness on the part of all the men and the captain as well, but Ernesto had shown none of it. He had followed my orders with calm efficiency. And now he touched a match to the fuse that led to the stick of dynamite atop that big pile of cases as though he were lighting a cigarette. The schooner was barely visible, six miles away, and the launch's motor was purring. I looked at my watch, and we jumped aboard.

We were about two hundred feet from shore when it happened. There was no warning cough nor sputter nor backfire. The motor simply stopped, leaving an awful stillness. It was something we'd never figured on.

We looked at each other, the three of us, standing by the cockpit of the launch, for half a minute. The native spoke first. He said, "Ay, mi madre!" and then he grabbed the handle of the flywheel and cranked.

The current was carrying us away, but it would never carry us far enough—not in the time that was left. My watch showed three minutes gone. In seventeen more she'd blow—eighty cases of it—two tons. We drifted away steadily, slowly.

The mechanic cranked away, but nothing happened—nothing at all. He felt at the switch and the carburetor, at the wiring, at the battery terminals, groping ineffectually like a child, whimpering, muttering over and over, "Ay, mi madre! Ay, mi madre!" His dark face was the gray of wet cement, and sweat rolled from his chin. I kept an eye on the watch and tried to think of what we might do. I thought of the first shot—of all that green powder spread over everything and the big crater and the bird feathers. That had been only five cases and here were eighty. Should we go overboard? No, that would be still worse. The concussion would be greater in water. I thought of the dead alligators and fish and the great thump on the bottom of the boat three miles away.

Six minutes gone. The mechanic was fumbling at the pet cocks with a can of gasoline, and I pushed him away. I took the head off the distributor and flicked the contact. No spark jumped across the points.

I hadn't thought of Ernesto at all. He'd been standing behind me while I watched the mechanic. I didn't know when he took off his clothes. I was bending over the distributor when I heard the splash as he went overboard.

He swam hard against the current, gaining an inch at a time, falling back sometimes, catching an eddy for a moment and going fast toward the island. I could see the little puffs of smoke from the fuse lying on the ground.

He was a long time making it. It took him eleven minutes, but it seemed a lot longer. The watch showed a minute and a half to go when he ran up the shore and tore off the sputtering fuse. Then he lay down on the ground, and the mechanic vomited over the gunwale.

We found a connection loose at the coil. We got the motor started and then we fired that last shot just the same. It was dark when we pulled up alongside the schooner, and the whole sky opened up red when she blew.

We laughed and talked as though nothing had ever happened between us. The mechanic gave a colorful description of the affair to the men on the schooner, and Ernesto and I added a lot. We had a fine time that night, lying on the deck, anchored out on the river.

I could talk about anything to Ernesto now. I could explain about Elena, but I knew I didn't need to. It didn't matter now, it wasn't important any more. I didn't need to tell him what I'd been trying to do for him.

Going back the next day, Ernesto and I were in the launch running full speed against the current. The schooner was running up on our stern, all those crazy sails set, drawing full, the water boiling under her bow, trying to poop us. The crew lined the rail laughing, waving the big fish they'd picked up off the water, and we had to watch our propeller when the hawser slacked. Toward afternoon the breeze freshened, and we had to cast them off before the fools did poop us. We raced up the smooth, brown plane of water till the blue and lavender and red terraces of the city showed from behind the black rocks.

"Beer tonight on the Alameda," Ernesto said.

"Beer is right. I'll carry my cane. You've got to get used to a cane, you know, so you can swing it properly without thinking about it and so you won't go off leaving it places."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scribner's American Painters Series

NO. 7 — "DECK OF BEAM TRAWLER *WIDGEON*" BY EDWARD HOPPER

In his quiet, unobtrusive way Edward Hopper has made artistic history. Although he has come into his own only during the last dozen years, he is acknowledged as one of the most important American painters of our time. A student of the great Robert Henri, he is a decisive part of the tradition of American realism.

Having had the good fortune to be born into an intelligent and sympathetic family, he was permitted to develop quite naturally. Nyack-on-Hudson, the city in which he was born and brought up, was at one time a yacht-building center for the international cup races. He became interested in boats, and at fifteen had already built one of his own. He even thought of becoming a boat designer, but the urge to draw had always been strong in him. His first easel was the blackboard he had received for Christmas at the age of seven. At seventeen he enrolled in the Chase School of Art. For the next five years he studied under Henri and Kenneth Hayes Miller in a group which included Rockwell Kent, George Bellows, and Guy Pene du Bois. The poet Vachel Lindsay and the dancer Clifton Webb were also members of this class.

He made three trips to Europe during the next few years, painting on his own in Paris without being too much influenced by the French. The money for these trips came from his magazine illustrations.

His American subjects began to appear in 1908 with scenes of New York City, and shortly afterward he started the great series of New England pictures. That same year he joined with Bellows, Guy Pene du Bois, and other Henri pupils, to form one of the first "Independent" exhibitions held in this country.

In 1913 he exhibited in the great Armory Show together with the American and French progressives, but the critics were very humorous in their treatment, and the public merely laughed. Curiously enough, it was here that Hopper sold his first oil painting, a picture of a sailboat, but for the next ten years there was not a single important sale for him. This meant a continuation of magazine work.

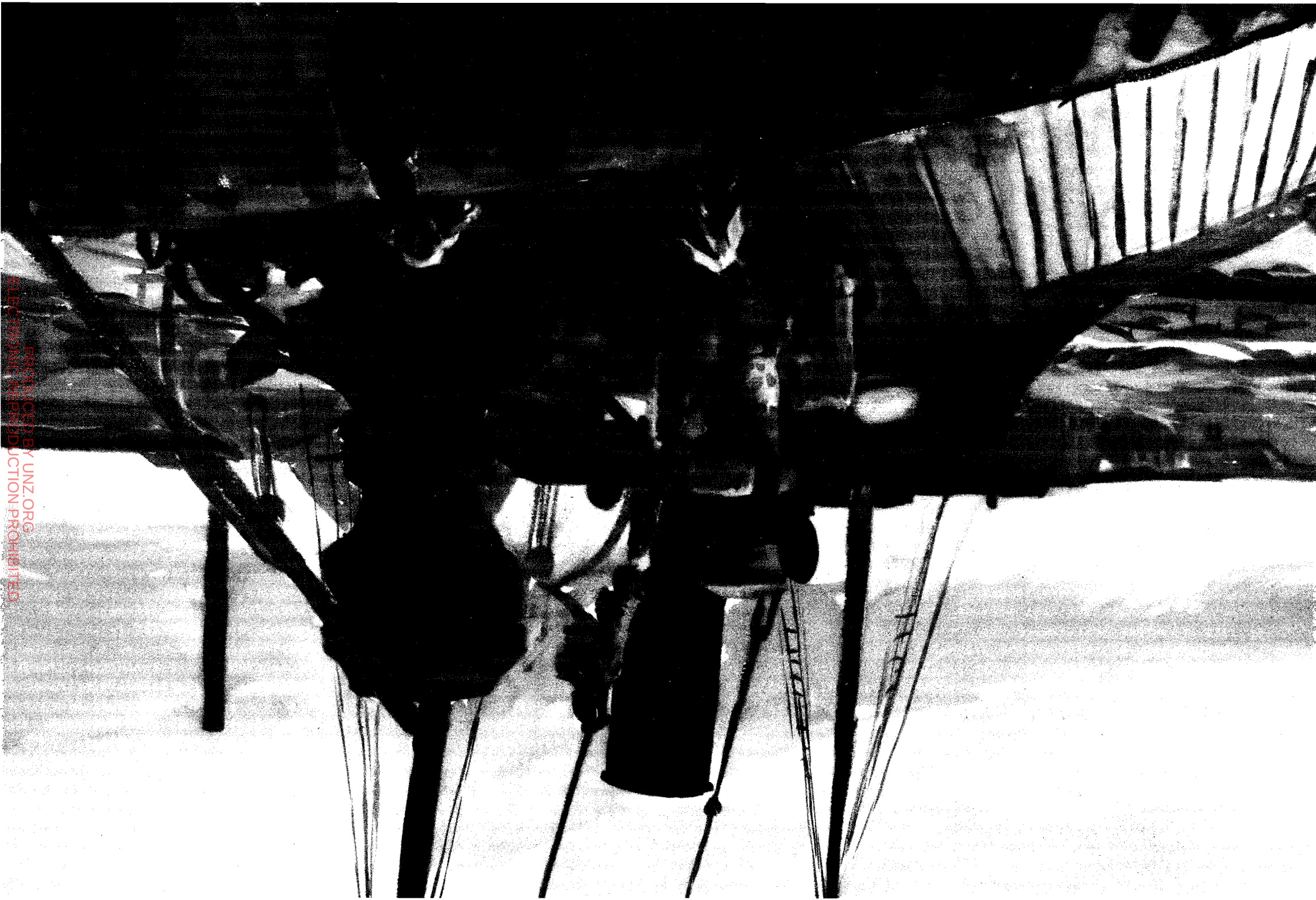
The year 1919 marks his first one-man show at the Whitney Studio Club (now the Whitney Museum), and four years later he sold his first water color to the Brooklyn Museum. When the Rehn Gallery showed his work in 1924 every one of the eleven water colors exhibited, as well as five that had not even been framed, were sold. His reputation was made.

The water color reproduced on the opposite page, "Deck of Beam Trawler *Widgeon*," was done at Rockland, Maine, in 1926, where Mr. Hopper had accidentally come upon a fleet of lumpy fishing boats equipped with gigantic nets for ground fishing. These had originally been built for the French Government during the War, but with the Armistice they were sold to a large fishing company. The boat shown here is one of these, and reflects the important part played by sheer architectural bulk in many of Mr. Hopper's compositions. To make his point, he does not want the presence of human beings to distract attention from the power of the beam trawler or the lonesome impressiveness of his New England houses. Although his subject matter is as wide as can be, ranging from quiet country scenes and small-town life to the teeming atmosphere of New York, his power is always recognizable.

In 1933, the Museum of Modern Art devoted its rooms for the second time to the work of a single American painter. This time it was Edward Hopper.

"Scribner's American Painters Series" is edited and supervised by Bernard Myers
Picture, courtesy Mrs. John Blanchard, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

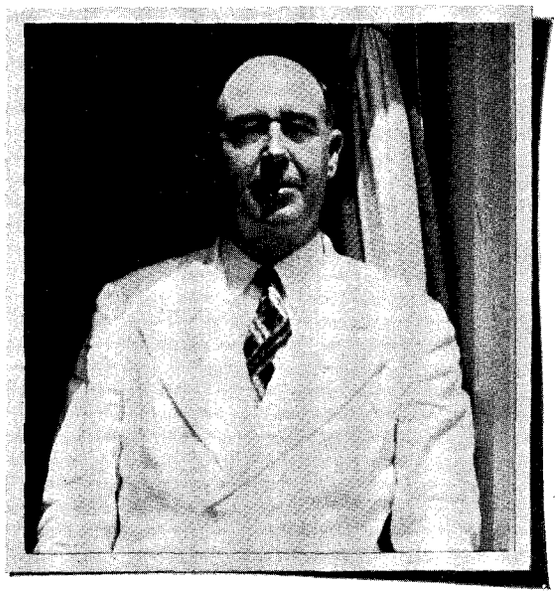
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCRIBNER'S EXAMINES *the school Huey built . . . the dictator's technique and James Monroe Smith's part in developing America's fastest-growing university*

Louisiana State University

DON WHARTON

LOUISIANA STATE is the only American university built by a dictator. He has been dead for two years now, buried under tons of concrete and abuse, but his school is not dead. It is as alive in 1937 as Huey P. Long's machine gunners and blackjackers were in 1935. It is as virile as his voice coming through a loudspeaker and as exciting as his most celebrated filibuster in the U. S. Senate. Unlike some of Huey's highways, it is not wearing out, and in contrast to his Share-the-Wealth plan, it has not disintegrated. Louisiana State University is, in fact, the fastest-growing school in America.



James Monroe Smith, the president who knew how to handle Huey Long

Most observers try to laugh it off with crude reference to the 207-piece band and the exceedingly proficient and well-paid football squad. That is one approach, but it is as shortsighted as the editorial writers who ten years ago tried laughing Huey off because of his green pajamas. The school was built by this dictator; it was both his personal toy and his political tool; he had an ulterior motive for every appropriation and he got a tremendous kick out of his football team. He called it "my university," he begged the students to "call me Huey," and when he lay dying he is supposed to have lamented "my university boys, what will happen to them?" Some say those were actually his last words and others insist that they are only an expurgated edition of what passed his lips. But in any case the University is there, on the outskirts of Baton Rouge, and it is thriving. Its enrollment is 2100 greater than when Huey attended his last commencement. Its faculty is enlarged, its physical plant improved, its morale bettered. Save for the University of Texas, Louisiana State, with an enrollment of more than 7300, is now the largest in the South.

But that is not all. A decade ago, in the year before Long became governor, Louisiana State ranked eighty-eighth in size among American universities. Today it is twentieth, and among state universities it is actually eleventh. This autumn it will probably climb another notch and eventually it may have a place in the sun. Not the Louisiana sun or the Southern sun or even the American sun, but the sun of our Western Hemisphere. For if there is a trend today in our international affairs, it is toward a greater and closer relation with the nations in Central and South America. Louisiana State is peculiarly well located to take advantage of that trend, and Louisiana State is peculiarly ambitious. It is scorned by certain old and richly endowed institutions and it is viewed as an upstart by certain state universities which had their mushroom growths a decade or two ago. But what these cynics ignore is the trend. Some of them rode the wave produced by America's industrial expansion following the Civil War; some rode the wave produced by the opening of the West; but apparently none of them realizes that there may be another wave and that it may be ridden by a university generally unrecognized.

But the university fronting the Mississippi is to date the product of personalities rather than trends. In the main it is the handiwork of three men. The first, in point of time, was John M. Parker, friend, hunting companion, and political follower of Theodore Roosevelt; an honest cotton factor who in Louisiana, of all places, sought the governorship as a Bull Moose and won it, in 1920, as an antimachine Democrat. The second was Huey Long. And the third was Huey's employee, a patient, long-suffering, clever, and disarming educator by the name of James Monroe Smith. Parker, Long, and Smith—these are the Big Three of L. S. U., and a strangely assorted three it is. Their motives, their standards, and their techniques were all dissimilar. But their effect was cumula-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWING BY WALTON BLODGETT

The Memorial Tower fronting the drill field

tive, and it is difficult to imagine what kind of school would be there today if any one of the three had been shunted out of Louisiana. It is also significant that these men had no influence on the University's first sixty years and that only one of them has any contact with it today. Long is lying in his grave, and Parker is rounding out his eighth decade with rose bushes and blooded stock on his 4000-acre plantation. But James Monroe Smith—he is president of the University, working with what's left of Long's machine as he did with Long's dummies and with Long himself.

The University's first sixty years were scarcely more than a prolonged adolescence. It would probably be as well off today if its life had begun in 1920 rather than in 1860. For half a century it was a Peter Pan university, threatening never to grow up, and for decades it seemed to exist simply because states had universities and Louisiana was a state. It was started as a military school—at a time when little West Points were springing up all over the anxious South. It was officially named Louisiana State Seminary of Learning and Military Academy, but of those eight words only the last two counted. The others were apparently a sop to the pacifists of the day and the people obsessed with literary and scientific notions. Of the first faculty, all members save one had military training. Even he was to become a major under Stonewall Jackson and, later on, to accept an appointment from the Khedive of Egypt as superintendent of the Royal Military School in Cairo.

The first head of Louisiana's Board of Trustees was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

veteran of the Mexican War and the first president was William Tecumseh Sherman. This great realist spent a year drilling cadets to whom his Federals were shortly thereafter giving the bayonet. That was at Alexandria. In the seventy-seven years since then, the school has moved three times and made innumerable changes in its name (finally settling upon Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College). But from Sherman through Long, the martial spirit has been assiduously incited. The first plan for admission of coeds stipulated that they were to "report to the classrooms for recitations at the sound of drum or bugle." Until Thomas Duckett Boyd's election in 1896, the presidency had invariably gone to a Confederate soldier. Boyd had been too young for the grapeshot, but he tried to make up for this lack. During Reconstruction he got Sherman, Wade Hampton, and Joseph E. Johnson to endorse his application for a cadetship at West Point and, though Grant turned him down, he was always known as "Colonel."

When Colonel Boyd retired in 1927, the University was determined to get a soldier-president. Congress was asked to pass a special act so that L. S. U. might have Colonel Campbell Hodges, then commandant at West Point. This came to nothing, and the University has now put up with a decade of civilian presidents. But there has been no change in the military atmosphere. Under President Smith, Louisiana State has one of the largest R. O. T. C. units in the country. Where other student bodies agitate against compulsory military training, this one seems to revel in it.

Huey Long put L. S. U. into big-time football

Huey Long was not the last Louisianan to love a parade, and Hermann Wilhelm Goering is not the only dictatorial appointee to appreciate fancy uniforms. They are the obligatory dress at University dances, even for the juniors and seniors not taking the advanced courses in mass murder. As for the dress parades, they are held on the slightest provocation. Last spring, for instance, there was a moonlight parade honoring the birthday of Doctor Smith's wife; the corps was hardly dismissed before it was called out to pass in review for Marvin McIntyre. Governor Leche likes to say he'll stack *his* boys up against West Point, and everyone seems proud of the mechanized artillery furnished by the United States Government soon after the Roosevelt Administration made peace with Long's political heirs. With this formidable equipment rolling by, the drill field looks like Moscow's Red Square in the newsreels, but the greatest applause goes to a smartly uniformed squad of girl sponsors.

None of this tin-soldiering has had a decisive influence upon the University. All the parades, target practices, and sham battles of seventy-seven years cannot compare in significance with an incident of 1918: the discovery that a graduate of the University's agricultural college didn't know how to put a collar on a mule. For it was interest in farming, not fighting, that produced the rightabout-face around 1920. The plans for a "Greater University" began as a drive for a "Greater Agricultural College." Farming —that was what John M. Parker was interested in, and it was his interest that counted. He made the agricultural college a part of his campaign for governor in 1919–20 and when he had beaten all the bosses, he proceeded to levy a severance tax of two per cent on the natural resources of the state. Thus the University got funds for land and equipment, thus it moved out of crowded Baton Rouge, and thus it occupied its present site, in September, 1925. But it was sleeping in the sun until Huey came along.

Huey began by fighting the University. In his 1924 campaign for governor he charged the Parker Administration with extravagance, the University with fancy trimmings, and the architect with vulgarity. Sporting a huge diamond on one finger, another in his necktie, Long posed as an apostle of educational thrift and good taste. In tearful references to the abandoned buildings on the old campus, he merged the fine feeling of an antiquarian with the nostalgia of an alumnus. He was neither, but as an out trying to get in, he thought he had an issue that would appeal to the folks in the forks of the creeks. He told them how the boy Huey had longed to attend Louisiana State, how he had won a scholarship at a debating rally, how he had lacked the funds to go even then, and how, studying at Oklahoma and later in the Tulane law school, he had envied the students at Baton Rouge. None of this did him any good, as he himself tacitly admitted after his defeat. In his successful campaign of 1928 he let the University alone.

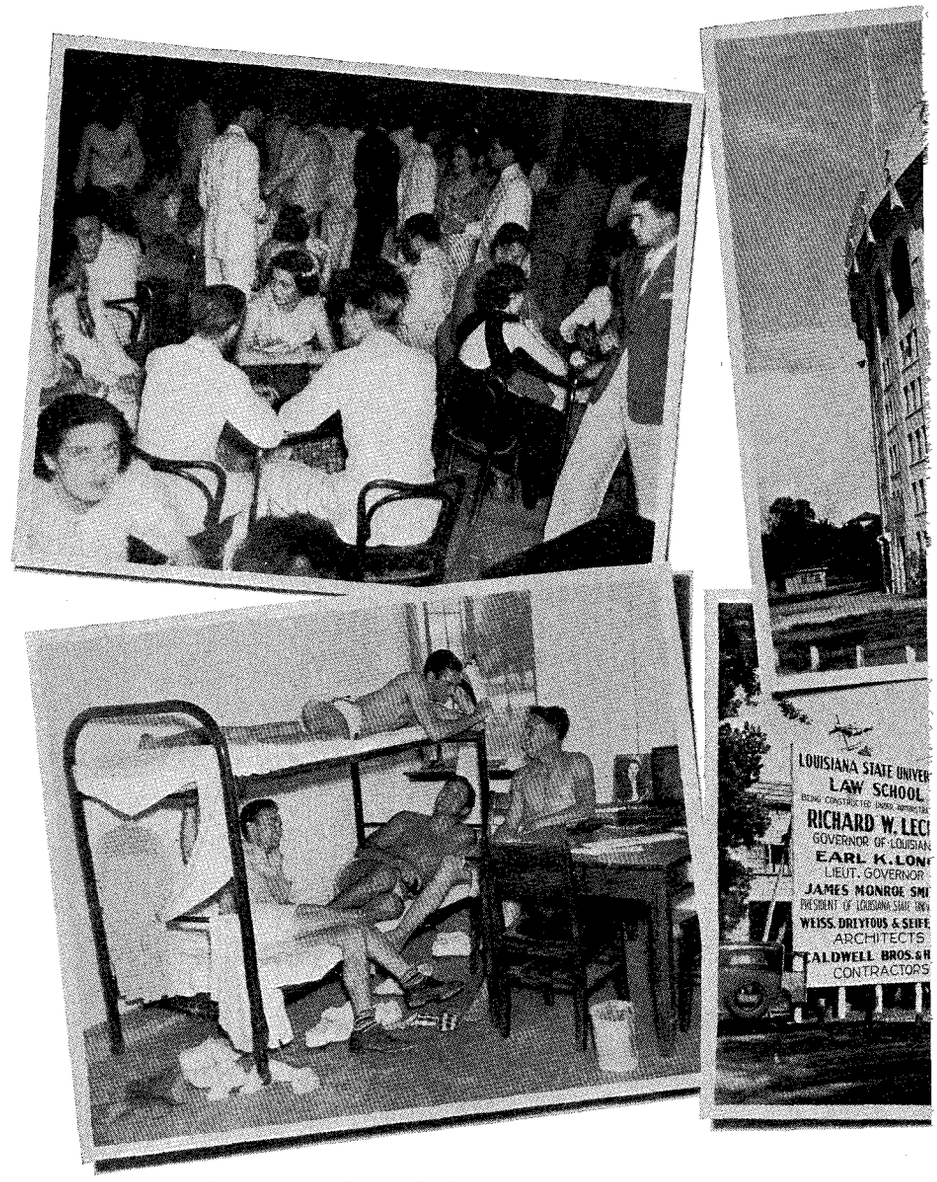
Huey was governor for nearly two years before he set out to become the Thomas Jefferson of L. S. U. Up to 1930 he was too busy fighting impeachment, distributing favors, and getting himself into the Senate. And he might have gone on being too busy but for an incident paralleling that of the agricultural graduate who didn't know how to put a collar on a mule. However much the University owes that boy, it owes even more to the law student who got out an obscene and libelous yellow journal called the *Whangdoodle*. Here was no student prank, but a publication motivated in part, at least, by state politics, depict-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing faculty members in situations as imaginary as they were unchaste. President Atkinson—he who was always known as "Guts" Atkinson—hired a detective, pinned the *Whangdoodle* on a Huey Long disciple by the name of K. K. Kennedy, and had him sentenced to a year in jail. Huey gave Kennedy a pardon, tried to force Atkinson and Dean Tullis of the law school to give him his final exam, and therewith bumped into two Gibraltars. Neither Atkinson nor Tullis had a price but, being human, each had a weakness. Huey quickly discovered that the President's was heart trouble and the Dean's old age. The one was allowed to resign, the other compelled to retire.

Huey hired himself a new president the way he hired clerks and bodyguards. He was no more interested in academic reputations than in the military careers before which L. S. U. had worshiped. He wanted a man *he* could trust and apparently all he did was listen to names rolled off by political hacks. Eventually a Louisianan, who may as well be nameless here, suggested James Monroe Smith. "Who in the hell is he?" Huey inquired and, advised that Smith was dean of the college of education at Southwestern Louisiana Institute, said "Bring the —— over."

Smith came over from Lafayette, fifty miles away, saw Long in the governor's mansion, listened to him for perhaps ten minutes, and then bounded away. As he went back home, three words were ringing in his head. Huey had said, "We'll elect you." What these three words meant to Smith and what that meaning spelled for L. S. U. can best be suggested by a few elementary facts: Smith was forty-two, a native of Louisiana, a product of a family of small farmers decimated by the Civil War and the guerrilla activities thereafter; he had spent most of his adult life as a teacher and principal in the common schools; he had somehow gotten onto the Institute faculty, broken away for two years, grabbed a Ph.D. in college administration at Columbia, returned as dean. And here he was, catapulted into a post far beyond anything he'd ever dreamed of reaching.

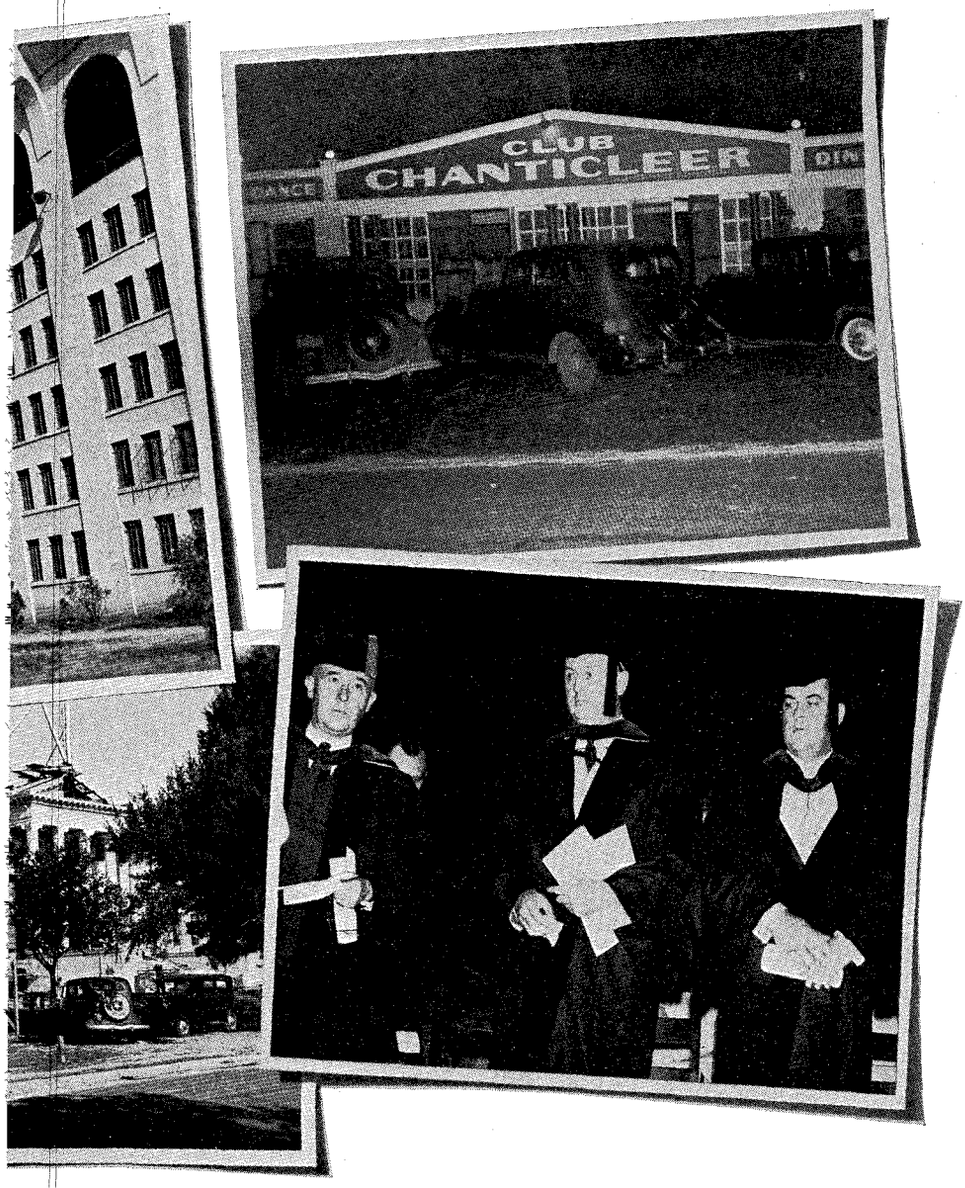


ABOVE—LEFT: *Dates in the Huey P. Long Field House.* BELOW—LEFT: *Four roommates in their stadium-dormitory room.* ABOVE—CENTER: *Exterior of the stadium-dormitory.* BELOW—CENTER: *Governor Leche attempts to build*

Smith's basic policy was to work with Long. It meant personal and academic humiliation. It meant signing Kennedy's law degree, being abused in Statehouse corridors, and being hanged in effigy on his own campus. It meant being called to Huey's bedroom at all hours of the night ("Hey, Jim, I've got an idea"). It meant clamping censorship on the student paper and expelling six editors. It meant having his university investigated by any number of organizations and, among other things, it meant becoming the butt of anecdotes which, true or false, were usually in character. One represents Huey calling him on the phone, shouting, "Jim. I'm catching the four-thirty train and I'll be goddamned if I can find my alarm clock. Get me up in time." Another revolves around the riding academy set up at L. S. U. There was a report that Mrs. Smith was using one of the horses, and a news story about a student being killed while riding. When these items came to Huey's attention, he was campaigning upstate, telling backwoodsmen about his thrifty use of tax money. Immediately, according to the story, Huey telegraphed Smith: SELL THEM PLUGS.

But Smith's policy meant more than any of this. He was no Eliot, Wilson, or Gilman. Educators such as those wouldn't have had the presidency and wouldn't have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



up the law school as Huey Long did the medical school. ABOVE—RIGHT: *Hot spot near campus. (Beer and Coca-Cola are favorite student drinks.)* BELOW—RIGHT: *1937 Commencement scene—Smith, Jim Farley, and Leche*

considered by Long. If one had gotten in through accident, there would have been a showdown, a quick resignation, a moment or two of academic martyrdom—and then a new president. Maybe the new one would have been a sheriff, a sergeant at arms, or a chiropractor. Eventually he would have been a man who could take orders.

Smith either knew this at the outset, or learned it. For all the superficial cracks about him, no one has accused him of being a political dullard. He was the most voracious learner on his campus. He quickly became as much a realist *in re* the University as his predecessor Sherman was *in re* war. He was not only willing but capable of working with Long. He understood the man. He knew that Huey's first question about any University matter was whether it was politically advisable. Smith knew how to use that knowledge. He also knew that Huey had boundless energy, ambition, egotism, and power. He knew that here were springs to tap, not dam, and that part of the secret was letting Huey talk, encouraging his expansive moods, feeding his vanity. Smith's philosophy was that of an excellent horse trader. He was always ready to swap. He didn't mind providing Huey with a dazzling band when it meant that Huey would provide the University with millions of dollars.

The development of coeducation at L. S. U. is a fair example of Smith's technique. The school began admitting girls around the turn of the century, and by 1930 was taking them quite casually. Yet at the first Long-Smith conference Huey announced that he was thinking of Louisiana State as primarily a man's school. This was a blow to Smith, but he didn't flinch. He waited ten days, then at another conference with Long talked of coeducation and woman suffrage, pointed out the wisdom of giving these future voters an education they'd remember pleasantly, and suggested two ways of doing it. One of these, the one Smith favored, of course, was by increasing coed facilities at the University. Huey said, "Damned if I don't believe you're right," and told Smith to put up some dormitories.

"Governor, I don't have any money."

"By God, that's my job."

Huey didn't bother about getting an appropriation for the dormitories. He didn't levy any taxes. As chairman of the University's Board of Supervisors, he simply remembered its decision to sell part of the old campus as a site for the new capitol. He asked someone else to take the chair, moved that the price be changed from $25,000 to $200,000. Later he found there was more than $200,000 lying around so he called another meeting and jacked the price up again—to $350,000. But he didn't stop there. He had told the Board he wanted a medical school and he needed still more money. This time he got it from the highway department, which was wallowing in a $75,000,000 bond issue. Huey simply had this department purchase another slice of the old campus. Court records show that $500,000 was a liberal valuation of this property, but Huey said $1,800,000. "You go down," he told Smith, "and get that money as fast as you can."

Speed was ever-present, as instanced by the building of the medical school in New Orleans. Here was a project discussed as far back as 1906, argued, and then dropped. It was late in 1930 when Huey decided that the University was going to have a medical school. On January 3,

Photographs by Wallace Kendall, Carl Byoir & Associates, and International

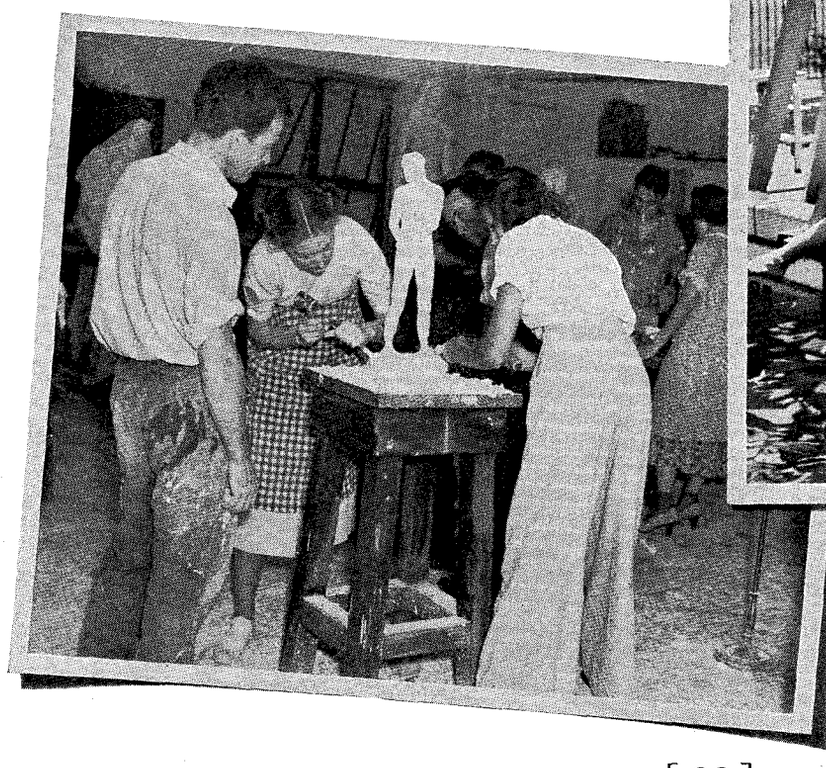
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

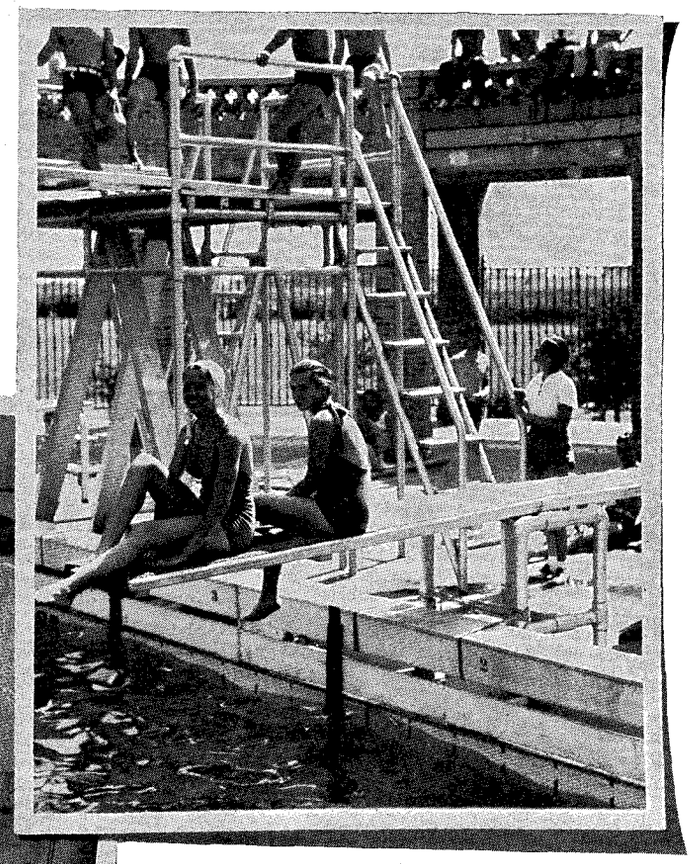
1931, his board formally favored it. On February 12 his architects made their drawings public. On March 30 his subordinates awarded contracts. On April 6 his construction men began work, and on October 5 classes opened.

Long's Louisiana enemies say revenge was his motive here. Supposedly he was getting even with Tulane University. It had refused him an honorary degree, its board chairman, Esmond Phelps, was connected with the anti-Long *Times-Picayune,* and one of its professors had pulled out the impeachment charges long after Huey considered them dead. Tulane's medical school was its most vulnerable as well as its most adored department: its clinical cases came from Charity Hospital, a state institution. So in building the L. S. U. medical school around Old Charity, Long was suspected both of giving Tulane some competition and of taking away its sickest, hence most interesting, cases. None of this has been proved in any court, and all may be baseless. But whatever Long's motives—and he was probably as anxious to increase his power and prestige as to nurse his revenge—they are all outweighed by the results. The medical school he began in 1931 and dedicated in 1932 was given an A rating by the American Medical Association in 1933. The state now has two medical schools where it had but one; each is possibly superior to what that one was; Charity Hospital is providing enough sick to go around, and there are no serious charges about Tulane's cases being limited to croup and chicken pox. The New Charity under construction today will cost more than $8,000,000 and will help complete one of the great medical centers of this country.

It was the same throughout the University as a whole. The motives, the littleness, the graft, the bad taste—they all pale before the fact that schooling on such a scale was never produced by the vaunted society of New Orleans and the plantations. Long called himself the "official thief for the University" and at the seventy-fifth jubilee boasted, "I didn't have much to do with the first seventy years of this here institution, but I've had a lot to do with the last five years, and I'll put my five up against all the other seventy." He wasn't far off. His machine has spent more than nine million dollars—not counting, of course, the eight millions for the hospital—on physical plant. The operating expenditures have jumped from a million and a half in the year before Smith to nearly three millions and a half for the 1936–37 term; the enrollment has moved from 2100 to 7300; the faculty from 180 to more than 400. The medical school, the library school, the graduate school—these have come into being or recognition. The school of music was given an excellent building and plenty of equipment. ("Seventy grand pianos," Long said. "Count 'em yourself.") Good men were brought down to create a fine-arts department and unusual facilities were provided for turning farm boys into painters and sculptors. It was all done during the depression, without any of the salary cuts so common in the universities of other states. Today Smith can boast that he never asked for an appropriation that was refused or for one that was reduced.

Such is the way of dictators. Louisiana State University was lucky in that it got the advantages of dictatorship





L. S. U. is proud of both its record-length pool and its art classes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without getting all the disadvantages. It was saved from having to pay in full for Huey's services rendered. One doesn't like to say so, but it can't be avoided: Huey's death was a boon to the University. Had Weiss missed (assuming that Weiss shot), L. S. U. would hardly be worth examining today—save as a curiosity. Huey Long was building its physical plant, but he was undermining everything else. Gradually he was creating a situation which would have wrecked the University.

And this isn't speculation. It seems to be written in black and white—and I am not referring to reports of any of the Civil Liberties Union people. The Association of American Law Schools had taken a rap at L. S. U. The American Association of University Professors had intervened in another case. But it was more definite than that. A series of incidents of the Kennedy type (no use chronicling them) had produced an investigation by the tremendously powerful Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. This investigation was ordered late in 1934 and begun early the next year. L. S. U. was inspected and findings were prepared for the Association. Before it could meet and take action Long died. The cause of political interference was removed, of course, by his death, and L. S. U. was permitted to escape probation by adoption of certain resolutions. Had it been placed on probation by the S. A. C. S. S. there might have been further action by the American Association of University Professors and by the Association of American Universities. Barred by such bodies, it would have suffered the way the University of Mississippi did when Bilbo was governor.

In all justice to the man, Long never did what Bilbo did. There was no wholesale dismissal of professors, as at Mississippi. There was no suppression of academic opinion such as we hear about in Germany. Huey didn't care what the professors taught so long as they didn't discuss him—discuss him unfavorably, of course. The economic interpretation of history was all right with him so long as the professor laid off the Share-the-Wealth plan. And though most of them learned to keep their mouths shut, they didn't all feel easy. There was no security even for the ones singing *Hallelujah* for Huey's money. No one knew when Huey might decide he'd rather give it to orphan asylums or to homes for the Daughters of the Confederacy. No one knew when Huey might decide he'd have an academic purge.

Today that's changed. L. S. U. has to get along with the politicians, but so does every state university. Smith doesn't find them particularly difficult. His school gets a lot of money in recurrent items, and the men who run the Long machine are not blind. Governor Leche, Seymour Weiss, and Mayor Maistri of New Orleans all realize that the University can help them as it did Long. And they have been able to help it where Long couldn't: by getting funds from the Federals. Governor Leche interferes, but his interference usually comes down to such things as spoiling the architectural design (based on the domestic style of northern Italy) with a law-school building designed after the Supreme Court palace in Washington.

But Doctor Smith's seven years at Baton Rouge haven't been given over entirely to pleas for and against buildings. Two years before his arrival the school was approved by the Association of American Universities. That means that until 1928 an L. S. U. diploma did not qualify a man for admission to the leading graduate schools of the United States. Smith had nothing to do with getting this recognition (and neither did Long, despite his loud claims), but Smith has won more than formal approval. He has reorganized the administration, the faculty, and the method of handling freshmen. His "lower division" plan compels the newcomers to spend a year in general study before passing into what are termed the senior colleges. It is supposedly designed to save freshmen from too-early specialization, but it also weeds out some loafers and cuts the University costs.

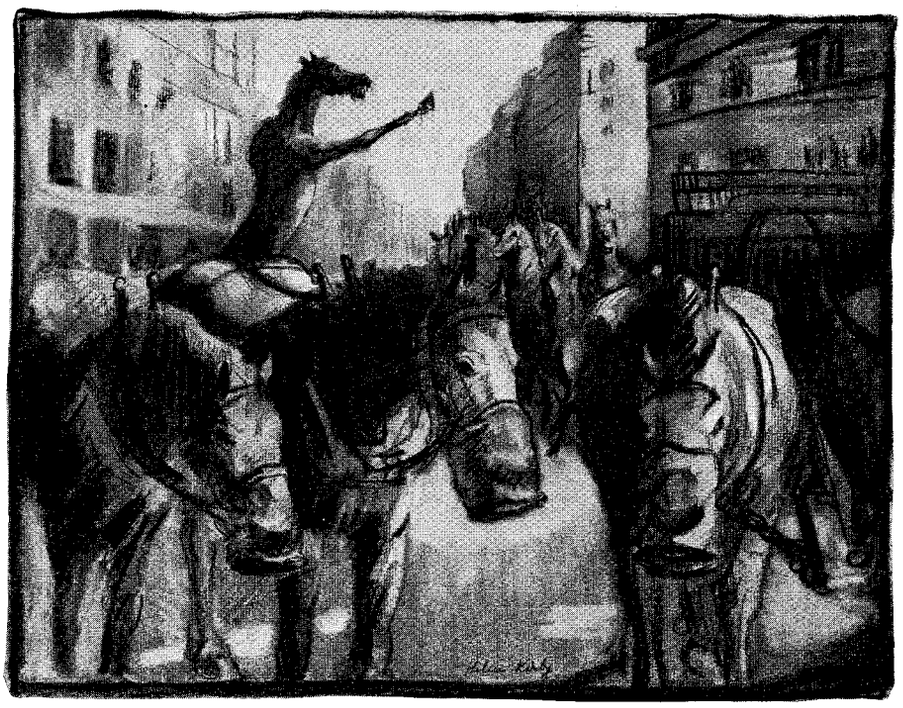
No great scholar himself, and frankly more interested in teaching than research, Doctor Smith has had the good sense to delegate no little authority to deans and departmental heads. These are the men who have raised the academic standards of the University. They have greatly improved the faculty (better than two out of three additions during the Smith period received their doctorates from the best schools of the land). They have developed L. S. U.'s own graduate school in size and scope, and have at least pointed it in the right direction. They have created a respected university press, along with such excellent journals as *The Southern Review*. They have improved and extended the professional schools. And all through the University they have been—and still are—changing the faculty. They haven't succeeded in enticing any deans from such places as Harvard, Stanford, or Minnesota, but they have brought in many good minds, keen and young—possibly names we'll recognize in a few years. You find them teaching English, music, art, sugar engineering, and altogether too many other things to list. Louisiana State is not a great university today in the sense that Cornell is, or California—to name but two. But potentially it is a great university, and that potentiality is suggested by the trend which began in getting a plant and has continued in getting a faculty. There is a tremendous yearning for culture at Baton Rouge. These people are determined not to be provincial. They have a horror of it. They aren't part of the Bible Belt. Some of the best mint juleps of the South are to be had in the homes of L. S. U. professors. The operas produced by the music department have a professional touch. The fresco laboratory is not topped in any university in the country. Already they are speaking respectfully of Sherman and allowing Duncan Ferguson, the sculptor, to use nude models in his mixed classes in the O. K. Allen Hall.

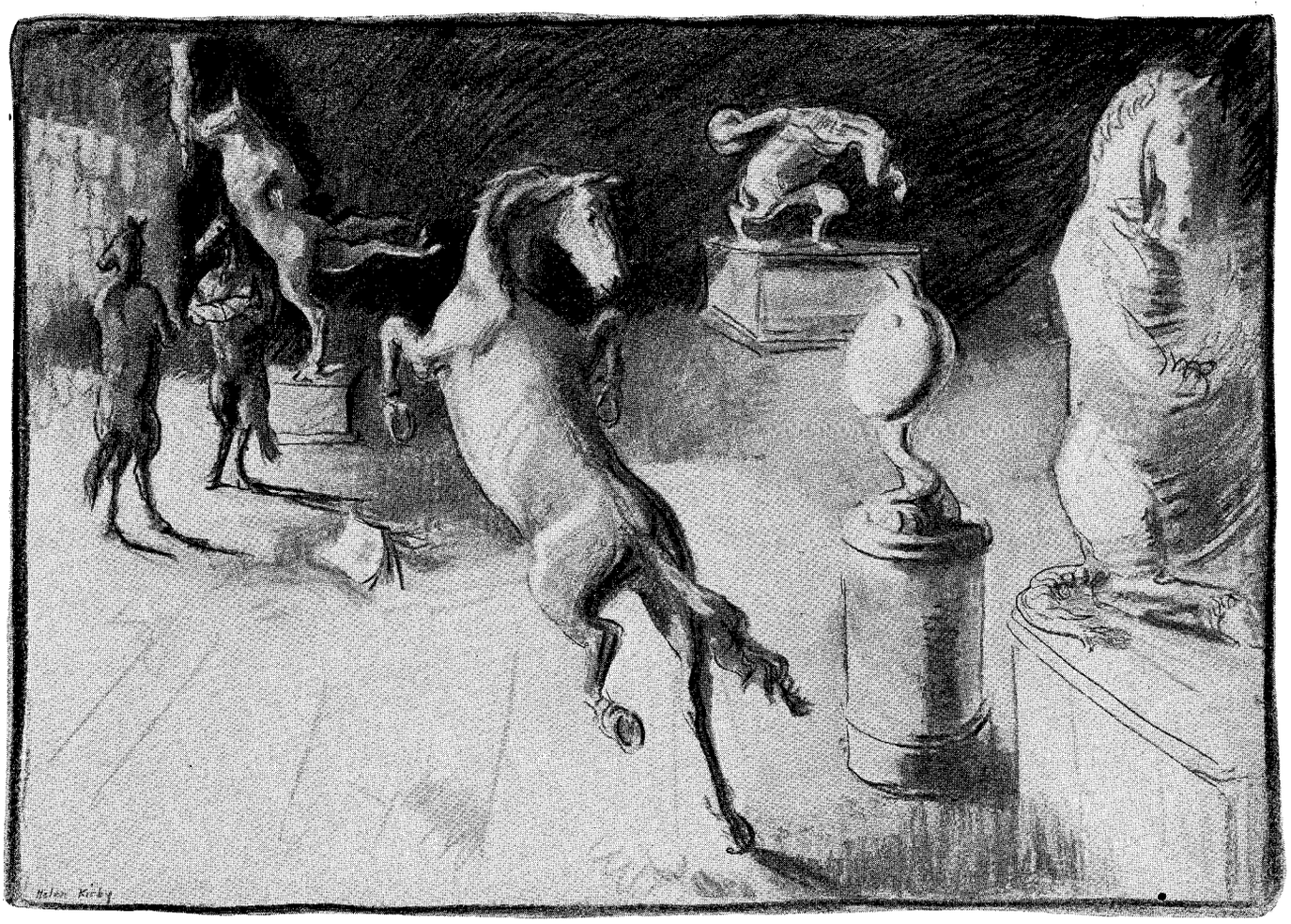
The undergraduates are more under the influence of Hollywood. They wouldn't be capable of conceiving such a thing as Princeton's Veterans of Future Wars. Two years ago they were dunking a Yankee in the University lake for calling them lazy and only last spring they were putting on a one-day strike in honor of their new mascot, a tiger purchased from a Ring- (*continued on page* 92)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Animal Kingdom

Drawings by
HELEN KIRBY

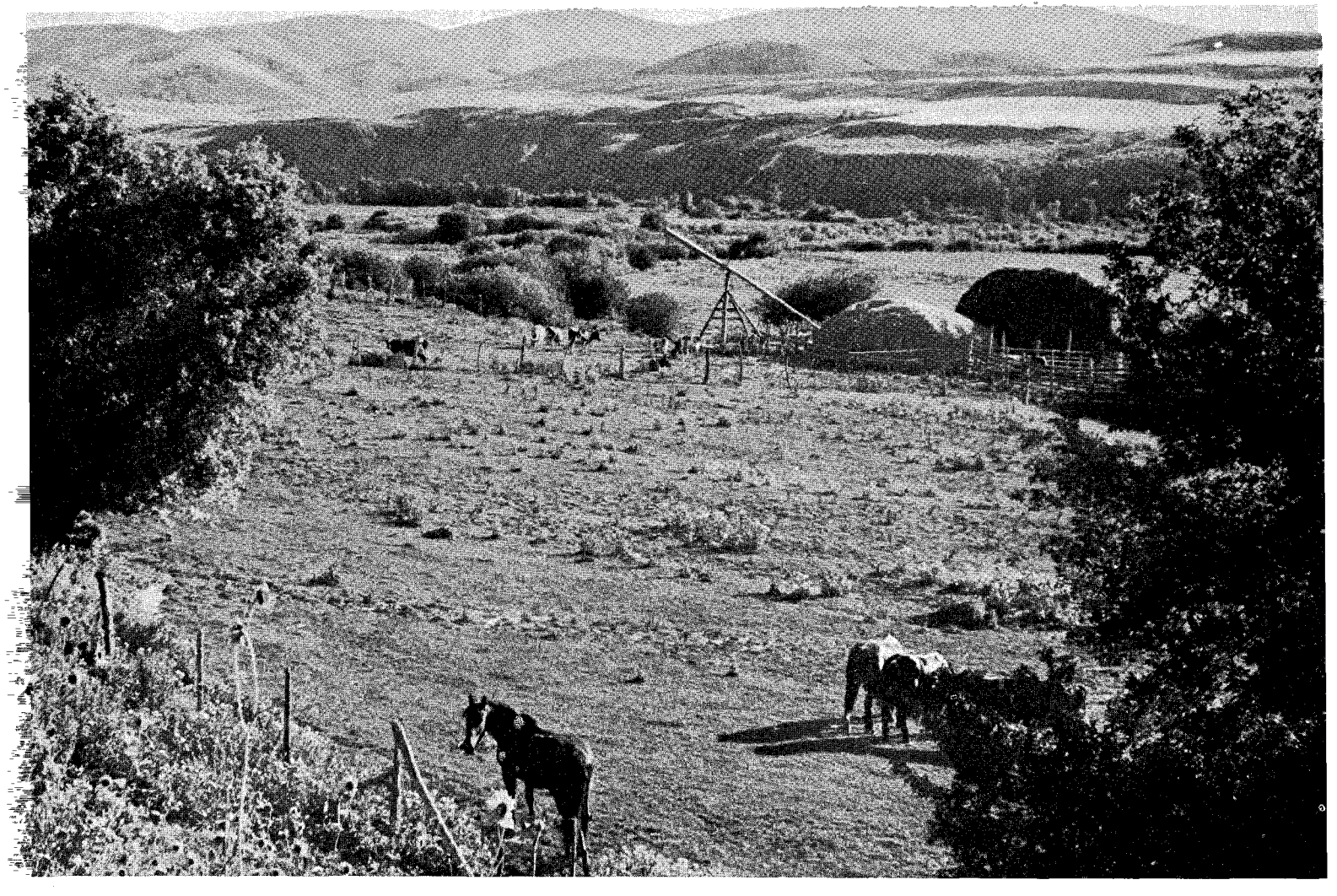




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELEN KIRBY, like Jonathan Swift before her, has a knack of posing lower members of the animal kingdom in attitudes which poke sharp fun at their masters. This specialized satire is a hobby with Mrs. Kirby. Early in her career she grew interested in animals, but academic training turned her attention to realistic nature work. There followed years of teaching art, and finally a period in which she did no painting at all. Fearing stagnation, she returned to her early fondness for drawing animals—and her present work is the result. Neither a communist nor a fascist, Mrs. Kirby prefers a comfortable seat on the fence—with, of course, a pad and pencil for sketching

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Today's rancher is part farmer, part breeder, part banker, and Con Kohrs Warren is showing Montana cattlemen that a test tube is more useful than a six-shooter

6000 Acres and a Microscope

CHARLES MORROW WILSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRIS WOOLCOCK

Back in 1865 Con Kohrs opened a ranch near Deer Lodge, Montana—26,000 acres of barren mountains and broad mesas a mile and more above sea level. Today Con Kohrs' grandson, Con Kohrs Warren, manages the same homestead, shorn to some 6000 acres. During these seventy-two years there have been many changes in the status of ranching. Great ranges have faded, great herds have tramped the glory road, and parts of Montana herself have drifted away in the form of dust, but the clan of Kohrs has stayed put. Con Warren typifies the new school of unfenced Montana just as Con Kohrs typified the old. Each is a link in a chain of natural-born cattlemen.

In Con Kohrs' day cattle operators assembled herds in the vast ownerless spaces, prospered from free grass and water. In a sense, theirs was enterprise via the stiff arm and the six-shooter. Grass waited in uncounted millions of acres: blue stem, buffalo grass, and prairie hay in fanciful abundance. Stockmen pooled personnel and capital, moved free-lance herds over vast graze circuits, guiding them always to greener pastures. These frontiersmen flourished by way of grandiloquent opportunism, developed unknown brands to famed trade-marks, built the greatest pastoral dynasties of this nation.

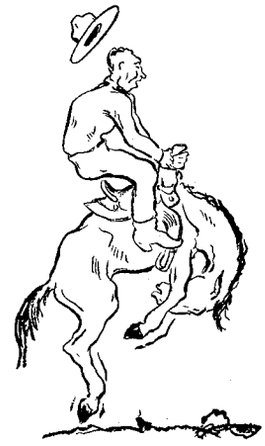
But the cattlemen of today must be farmers as well as ranchers, cattle breeders as well as cattle grazers. They must grow much of the grass and grain that make the meat. They must translate haystacks into steers. The old-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

timers weren't bothered with the trivialities of agriculture. Like the moderns, they had to be accurate judges of cattle from the butcher's standpoint, know grass values and when and how to move herds. Herd motion was actually their most costly necessity. When winter-lean herds became trapped in springtime blizzards, losses were tremendous. River crossings were another great source of loss, drowning not only cattle but many a poor and unsung herder. Without storage of hay or grain, the oldtimers had little protection from unmerciful winters. Con Kohrs used to direct his herders to kill off the leaner stock first, boil the beef with barley, make a sort of porridge to feed to surviving cattle. Thus he saved thousands of head during epic droughts and blizzards.

In those days there were wolves, coyotes, thieves, and mischievous Indians to be considered. There were mavericks and strays, some rustling. A page from Con Kohrs' 1884 yearbook, written in his prim scroll, shows:

No. of cattle as shown by the books	*19,226*
less small lot in Judith basin	*47*
estimated loss on road last summer	*50*
butchered at Fort and at ranch	*68*
last years calves killed by wolves	*128*
losses during winter	*750*
killed by Indians	*1,300*



But fighting off wolves and Indians in the nineteenth century was vastly less baffling than fighting off dust and drought today. The Indians, even in frontier days, were limited as to numbers and capacity to maraud and, as a matter of history, the great majority of Indians were good Indians. Their menace has been grotesquely exaggerated, but there is no way to exaggerate the power and remorselessness of a great drought or the effects of a vanished range. The frontiersmen could defend their holdings with comparatively simple firearms and with fists and iron guts and whalebone ribs. The new school must equip itself with dependable credit, scientific feeding and breeding of livestock, and eternal wheedling of politicians. They must not face the coyote but the fact that there is no longer enough land, grass, and water to go around.

Con Kohrs was an immigrant. Born in 1835 in Wewelsfleth, a fishing village of Holstein, he arrived in the United States just as the Civil War was becoming gory reality. He headed west, hired out as teamster for a wagon train on the Oregon trail, left it at Laramie, turned north into Montana, stumbled upon the Gold Creek rush, and opened a butchershop catering to miners. He swapped beef for gold dust, built up credit and trade in various Montana camps, rode horseback from Canada to Wyoming, buying and selling cattle, and gaining a virtual monopoly of the west Montana beef trade. For a home ranch at Cottonwood (now Deer Lodge), close to mines that were to spread the name Anaconda throughout the world, he paid $90,000 in gold.

As the railroads pushed into the West, ranching began to take real form and substance. In 1881 Kohrs bought the D-S ranch and in partnership with John Bielenberg, his half-brother, set up the Pioneer Cattle Company and ranged herds over the best grass of Montana. In 1890 Kohrs effected Montana's first big purchase of Texas cattle, and hoisted his total ranching resources to nearly one million dollars. He met a New Yorker named Theodore Roosevelt, became his friend, campaigned for him, and in 1915 received a letter in which Roosevelt, disgusted with Woodrow Wilson, said: "I wish to Heaven *you* were President. . . . Regard you as arch-typical American citizen. . . . This country could best be run by you Germans. . . ."

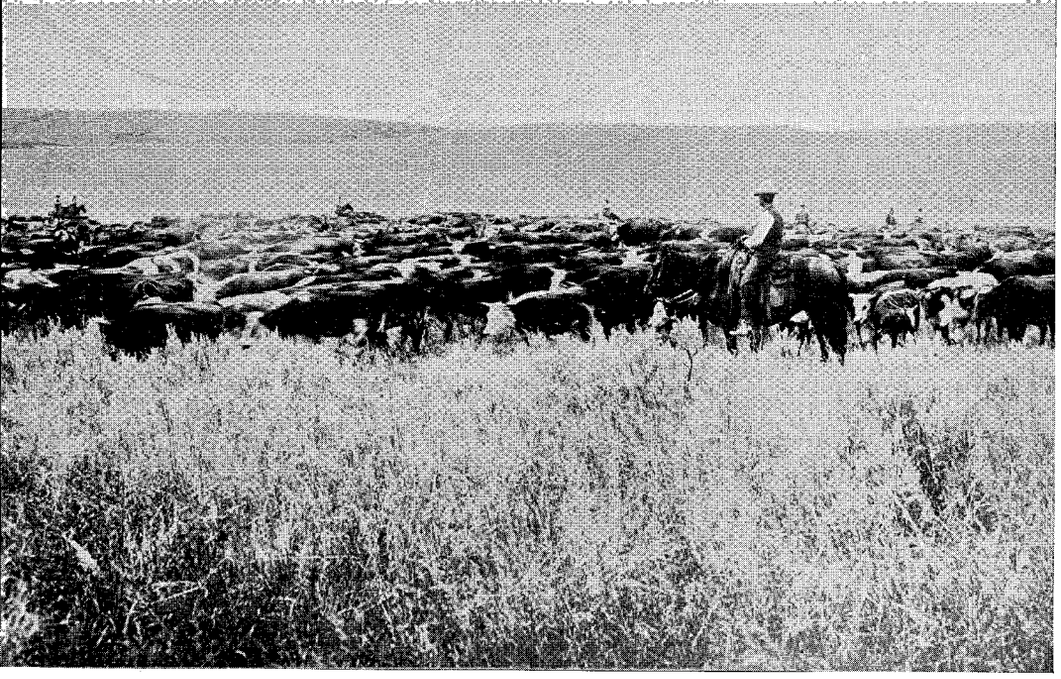
Con Kohrs treasured Roosevelt's correspondence and sentiments, but he cared most about cattle. He directed the Pioneer Company and the home ranch through 1915, died in 1918. Decades before that, however, he had talked with an amiable wanderer who had told him of an extremely pretty girl back in Iowa. Con Kohrs took this man at his word, went eastward, riding horseback the first 300 miles, and within a month had married the girl and brought her back to Montana. She bore him a son, who died while attending Cornell, and two daughters. It was one of these, Katheryn, who married Dr. Otis Yancey Warren, a pioneer alienist from Virginia who had become superintendent of the Montana State Hospital. Their second son, Con, the youngest of three children, was born in August, 1907, some two months after the death of Dr. Warren.

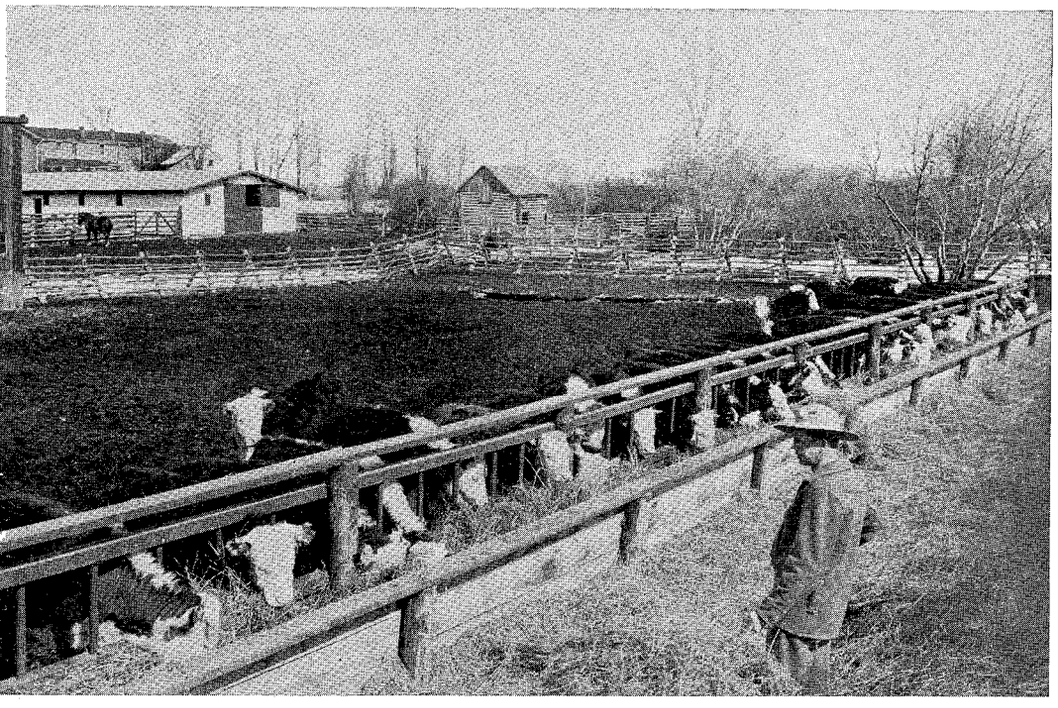
Con Kohrs Warren spent most of his youth in the company of his grandfather and his Uncle Johnnie Bielenberg. His brother and sister were but slightly interested in life on the old ranch. Con adored it. He liked the surrounding mountains—bare, mustard-brown, and capped with snow; the game of ropes, brand and cattle. Like his father, he pored over books and, like his grandfather, he kept a personal saddle horse, wandered alone into the far spaces.

After finishing high school at Helena, Con Warren punched cattle for a year and then reluctantly agreed to go to the University of Virginia to prepare for medicine. His father was a Virginia man and his brother, now a physician, was already doing well in the medical school at Charlottesville. Con Warren didn't follow in his brother's steps. Instead, he gave much study to horses, and with his Western drawl and cowpunching air won great favor at the coming-out parties of Virginians. He had won a football letter in Helena, but he was never robust. During his sophomore year he spent six weeks at Johns Hopkins (as a patient, not a premedical student) and therewith returned to Montana with impressive medical testimony to the effect that he could live only in high air and open sunlight.

Con Warren was delighted. Straightway he set out for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





UPPER LEFT: Things have changed since this picture was taken in 1891. Wild grass was plentiful then, but wolves and Indians were great hazards. Ten armed cowboys guarded this Kohrs Ranch herd on winter range.

LOWER LEFT: Nowadays the wolves and Indians are gone—and so is the wild grass. There are no winter drives, no miles of open range. Cattle are wintered in a feeding corral while one man—Con Warren—supervises a weighed ration of cured hay.

Wyoming, where he spent a year and a half as a laborer on the big ranches. He came home in 1930 to take over the management of the Con Kohrs Ranch—in the face of collapsing markets and withering range. That was also the year he married and received, as a family wedding present, the white stucco cottage in which he and his wife and daughter live.

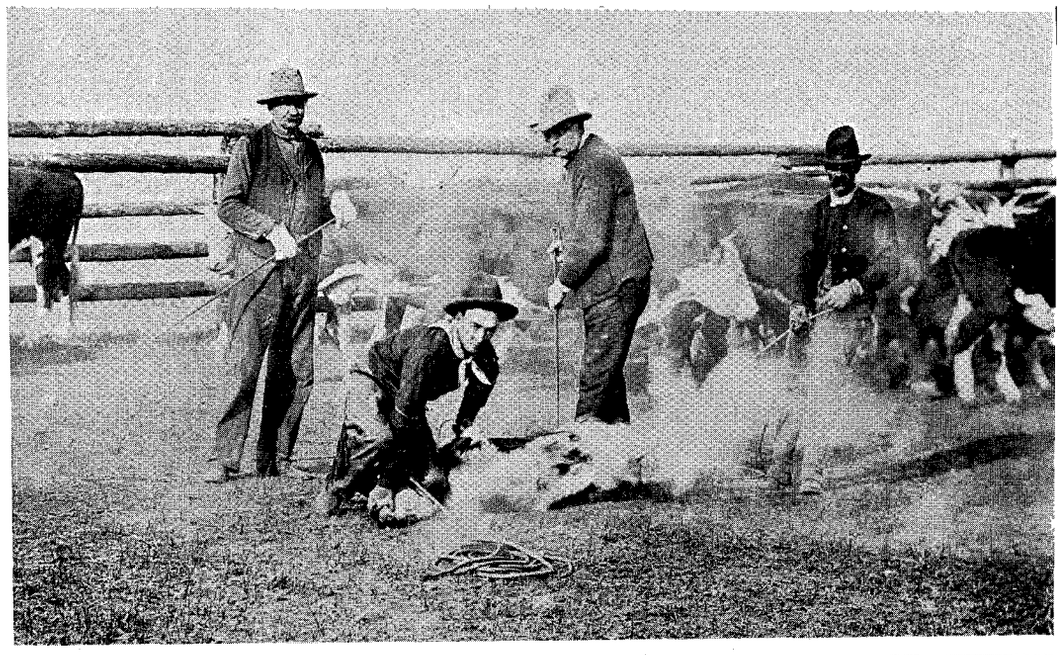
Except for the cottage, the ranch is broadly typical of the cattle-country West. Here are 6200 acres, of which some 500 are put to crops. Thus about 90 per cent of the entire ranch is range, and at least half of this is valid range in normal seasons. The buildings, fields, and fenced pasture occupy a level mesa about two miles square. Beyond the mesa are rough hillocks of open range, brown much of the year, green only in springtime or immediately after summer rains. Beyond the roughlands the mountains rise, lavender and blue, snowcapped most of the year. These are the mountains of the great Sun River. Their high valleys and ravines hold luxuriant summer grass and except in years of extreme drought, their rivulets provide a means of irrigation.

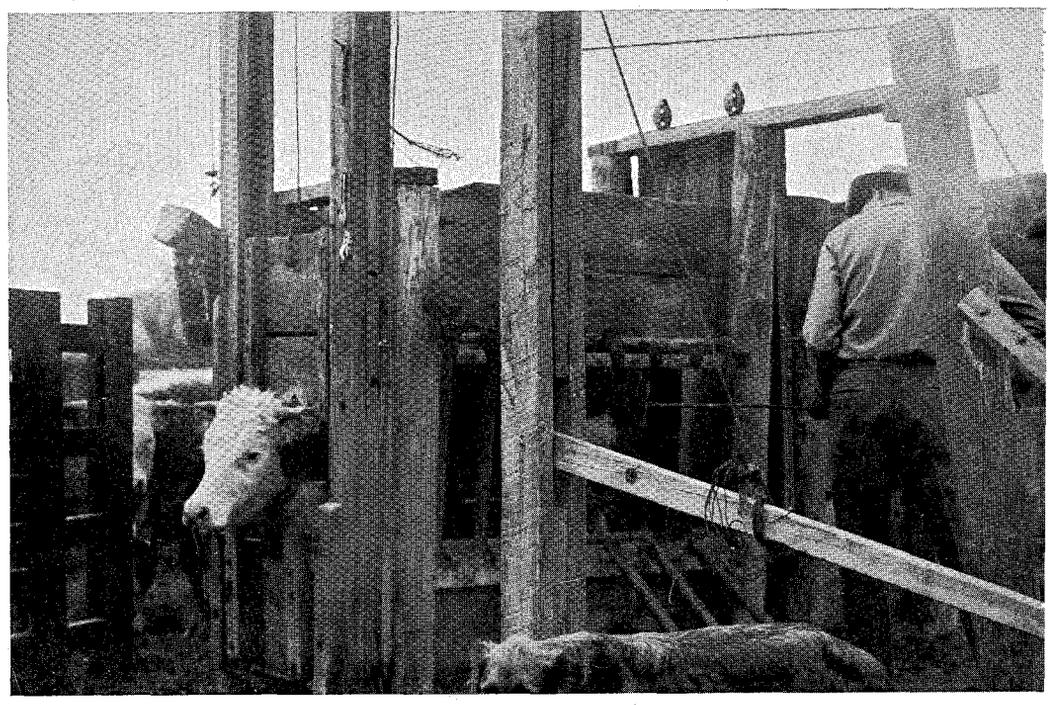
But to understand the Kohrs Ranch and what Con Kohrs Warren has done with it in the past seven years one must understand more than the topography. Where the West has many ranches of approximately the same size and value, it has only a few with such a financial backlog. The Kohrs Ranch itself is probably worth some $200,000, but the total Kohrs estate could hardly be valued at less than $800,000. Thus, during the perilous 1930's, Warren has had relatively large resources to draw upon. They cannot be ignored in any fair appraisal of what he has done, but neither can they be offered as an explanation of his success. Warren has done far more than lean against the backlog hewed by his grandfather. He has introduced and maintained a superior strain of purebred beef cattle. He has made extensive sale of purebred beef-strain bulls and heifers to ranches throughout Montana and other Western states. He has become a significant pioneer in introducing a utility breed of thoroughbred horses (Belgians) in the West. He has, through extensive sale of these Belgians, supplied Montana with a creditable foundation of good horseflesh. He has maintained a model livestock establishment, from a standpoint of equipment as well as management—one visited by livestock breeders and growers from all parts of the West. And he has instituted an active and well-managed farm as part of a landholding which had never been seriously farmed. Raised as a cattleman, he has actually become a successful practical farmer, and it is a transition of practical and timely significance.

GLEN ROUNDS

At Kohrs Ranch, I walked through a mul-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



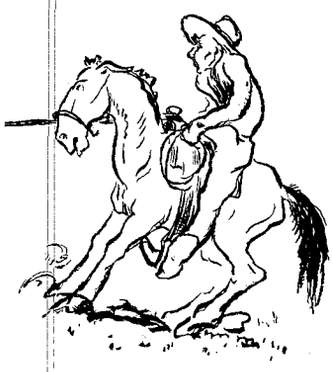


UPPER RIGHT: To brand a calf in the old days, cowboys lassoed the bawling victim, "bulldogged" it by brute force, and planted a knee across the throat to hold it down while the running iron was applied.
LOWER RIGHT: Today one man drives the calf into a chute, pillories the youngster while the brander heats the iron in an oil furnace, and touches it lightly to the flank of the imprisoned dogie. A well-heated brand causes a calf comparatively slight pain.

titude of spick-and-span corrals down to the horsesheds. It was in 1930 that Con Warren added thoroughbred Belgian horses to his ranch equipage and bought an imported and registered stallion, Bloc II de Nederswalm of Antwerp. Last year Con built up his basic herd to about fifty brood mares, three stallions, and four draft teams, all registered Belgians. He believes that Montana needs a "reliable foundation" of horseflesh, hopes that within thirty years he can make a real equine contribution to Western ranching. Movie thrillers to the contrary, there are still comparatively few fine horses in the West.

If he were alive today, old Con Kohrs would favor a Western renaissance of thoroughbreds. But frontier progressive that he was, it's a reasonably safe bet that he would have flinched at the breeding technique now practiced by his grandson. I found Con Warren working at mechanical impregnation of mares; insurance of colt crops by means of impersonal gadgets, a more or less direct outgrowth of sire values in livestock.

Con Warren keeps a microscope in his shedroom instrument cabinet, shoots slides as the work progresses. Though ultramodern cattlebreeders are beginning to use mechanical impregnation to multiply progeny of highly valuable herd bulls, Con Warren finds that healthy purebred cattle usually breed readily enough when left to their own devices.



But from a ranching standpoint, new style or old, problems of breeding are secondary to the basic problem of feeding. When grass and water fail, the rancher must carry on—by turning farmer and irrigation engineer. And it is no longer advisable to plow land not eligible for reliable irrigation. Plowing dry land merely gives the master-thief wind the chance to lift away the soil and to make still more vexatious the prevailing plague of dust storms. Kohrs raised cattle upon native grass and shrubbery, but Warren must supplement range with reservoirs of feeds grown and harvested from fields or with watered pasture. He must fence the fields and pastures, rigidly limit the size of herds so that the grass will not be eaten or trampled to death.

Irrigation is an added burden to the new school of ranchers. Con Warren's ranch now has its own irrigation system, watering five hundred acres, fed by two mountain creeks from snow water. Water is plentiful in the near-by Deer Lodge River. But this, like many other Western rivers, is contaminated by discharges from near-by mines which poison the soil and kill growing crops.

Con Warren plants about two hundred acres of the irrigated land in feed grains—barley, oats, and wheat. He puts about twenty acres in mangels or mangel-wurzel, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

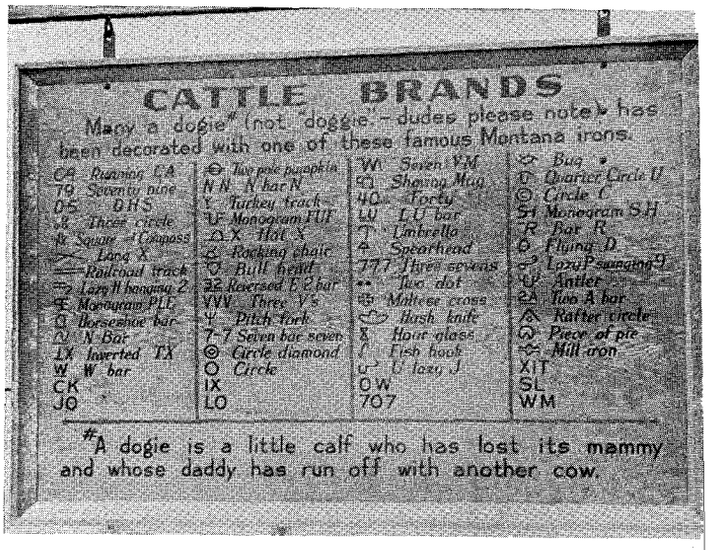
root crop similar to sugar beets which makes an excellent sweet feed for cattle. The rest of the irrigated acreage is given over to timothy, clover, and native hay for feeding horses, steers, and bulls; and to alfalfa for feeding cows and calves.

This means that the old ranch, once a vast arena of wild grass, is now dotted with fattening pens, haystacks, sheds, granaries, and small barns. It means that a shiny, new, three-ton truck and a fleet of horse-drawn hay wagons rumble over the landscape, hauling hay and grain to feeding pens adjacent to cultivated fields, carrying feed and supplies to the farther winter ranges. It means a shedful of the latest styles in farm machinery, numerous gasoline and electric motors, a crew of cowboys who have learned to double as farm hands, veterinarians, milkmaids, and nursemaids to mothering cows.

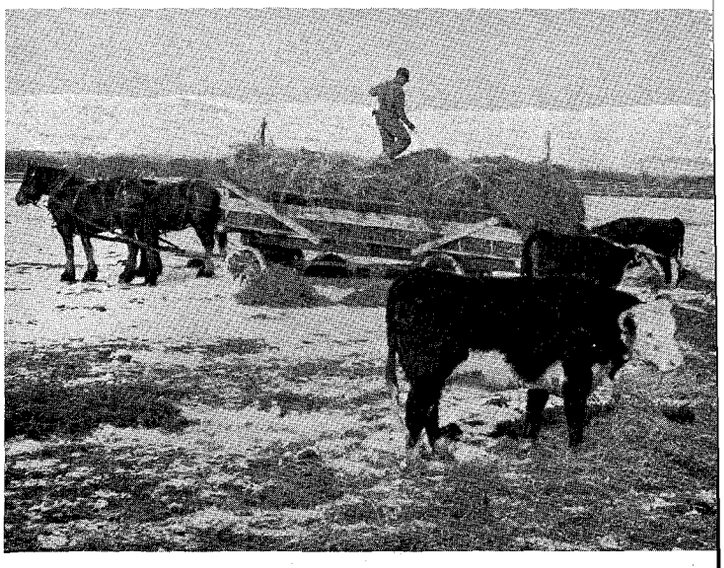
A cowboy is an agricultural laborer who has been fantastically romanticized. In the movies he still rides a broncho at breakneck speed and waves a ten-gallon Stetson. But the demands of modern ranching are more mundane and practical. With the approach of springtime, Warren and his seven "steadies" turn farmers. As soon as late snows thaw, they man the two tractors, tear into the fields for spring planting. They plow with gang plows, harrow with tractor or horse-drawn discs, sow seed with mechanical drills. They vie for tractor duty, reveling in its mechanical uproar. The tractors are supplemented with four draft teams, which means that the 1937 cowboy must know hames and doubletrees as well as saddles. There are no more big drives of cattle; no more colossal roundups. Horseback duty is largely a matter of moving feeders from pen to pen, shaping winter quarters in home corrals; keeping breeding herds to themselves; serving as footmen to registered bulls, which occupy private pens and sheds.

Springtime brings a deluge of blessed events. It's foaling time for mares, calving time for cows. With approach of spring, cowboys must confine expectant cows in a separate calving pasture, move bunks and blankets to near-by sheds. The bovine maternity ward requires unceasing vigilance. The boss and his men must be on hand to make breed records of all arrivals, date of birth, parentage, and strain. When weather turns chilly, they must carry the newborn calves indoors, bed them in dry straw. When a cow has an inflamed udder, the calf must be bottle-fed until the udder is cured. When the arrival is premature, the calf frequently fails to suck, which also calls for bottle feeding.

In old ranching days, nature was left to take its course with foaling livestock. The "get" either survived or else it didn't, and for a big-range herd natural loss of a few hundred calves was to be expected. But with present-day reduction of herd numbers, accent upon purebred and registry, and higher values for animals, livestock obstetrics are a working prerequisite for the cowpuncher.



Roadside bill of old Montana brands. These distinctive marks serve as lifelong trade-marks and copyrights on calves. *CK* means Con Kohrs and has been Kohrs Ranch property since 1872.

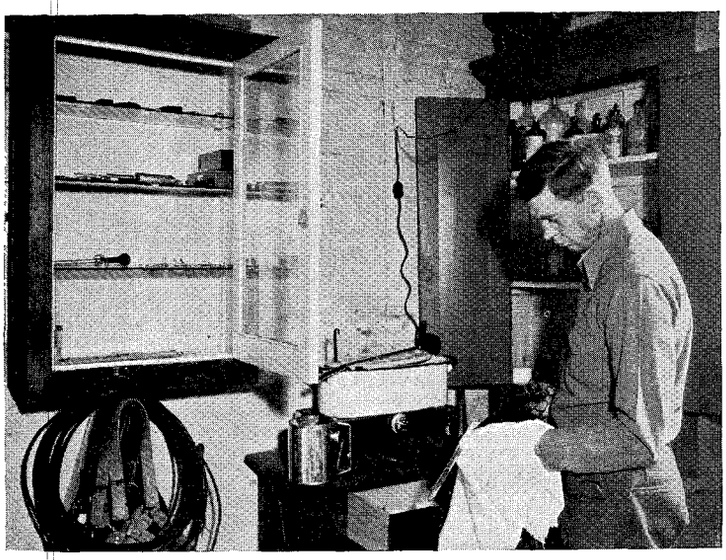


April feeding. Home-raised hay is carried to cattle wintering in the open during the "dead stretch" from October to mid-May.

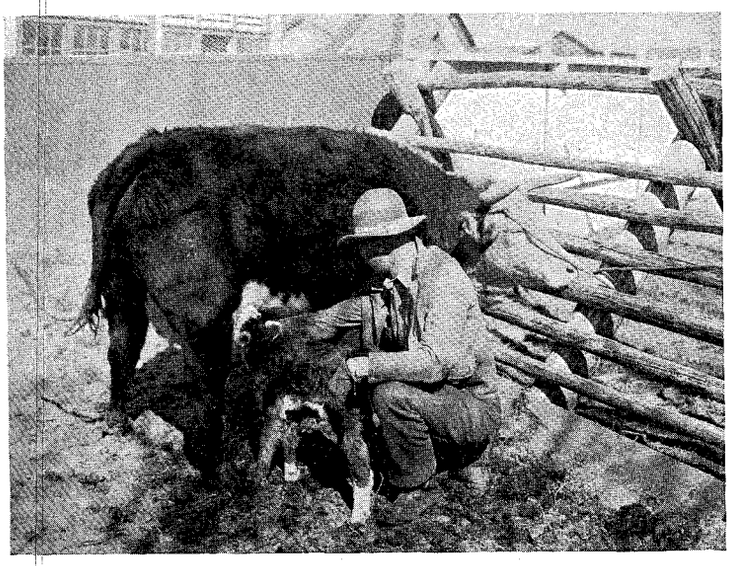
Warren spends as much as $1500 a year on formalities of testing, isolating, and otherwise outwitting Bangs disease (chronic abortion). But his records tell that the best cure for abortion is good feeding—a carefully weighed ration with plenty of mineral content. Horse obstetrics are far more complicated, and Con Warren finds his two years of premedical study of considerable help. When colts are being born, he takes bed and quarters to the instrument room in the big horseshed, and the cowboys come along to serve as equine interns. When horses have registry papers, obstetrics must be as gentle as possible, and attendants must be diligent. Thus the cowhands spend days and nights working to increase the animal population, swigging black coffee, puffing cigarettes, resting by occasional cat naps.

Finally, there is branding, intermittently the gayest and most gruesome of cowboy chores. The ranch uses the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Con Warren works in his shedroom laboratory, washing and sterilizing instruments for mechanical impregnation. This modern method multiplies the progeny of valuable prize sires.



Nursemaid Con Warren assists a new arrival to a square meal from an inexpert mother. Registered calves must be pampered.

same old *C K* (Con Kohrs) brand which has ornamented Montana cowbrutes for three-quarters of a century.

But branding is today rid of most of its former brutality. In place of the old-time branding roundups, where cattle were roped, hurled to earth by sheer cowboy force, held quivering and bellowing while hot irons were pressed to their flanks, Con Warren now brands while the cattle are still calves. Workmen lead the calves from the corral to the branding chute. While the calf stands imprisoned in a narrow, board-built cell, the brand is heated in a patent oil-tank furnace, then applied to the flank lightly enough to prevent damaging the leather. The calf bellows, plunges out to a snack of hay. Occasionally, one will have grown too big for chute-branding in which event the rougher and more laborious tactics are employed.

The new school of cowboys on the Kohrs Ranch are a gay, overalled crew, young and slender (save for the cook). They get from $50 to $100 a month, plus board and lodging. They live in a bunkhouse in use for three cowboy generations, sleep in army cots neatly aligned, eat at a long mess table abundantly furnished. For all the vases of flowers on the window sills, it is a strictly masculine establishment, almost military in routine. Sunday suits, dress-up hats, and tooled boots all wait for occasional nights off. Girls still like cowboys, but Warren's cowboys rarely like girls to the extent of matrimony. They read Wild West and movie magazines, body-beautiful publications, the big weeklies, and now and then a book. They are great radio fans, particularly fond of dance music, both hot and sweet, and ballads of the open spaces.

Con Kohrs hired roughly three cowboys for every thousand head of cattle, but modern ranching is likely to require at least one man for every hundred head. But modern ranching has not yet broken down the ancient and invisible barrier between the bunkhouse and the ranch home. Each goes its own way, and even the bunkhouse dogs rarely associate with those at the ranch home. As for Con Warren's wife, she takes no active part in the conduct of the ranch. She is interested and informed, but she makes no pretense about directing anything more than the home. She and Warren have a life that is neither solitary nor particularly social. They are not devoted to bridge, cocktails, or dancing. Their week ends are often hurried visits to parents and grandparents at Helena. For several years they used a pick-up truck, but today they have a car. Occasionally, they go to a movie at Deer Lodge (as do the cowboys) or to a concert in some larger Montana town. Every year or so they drive to one of the Middle West's great livestock shows, or to New York for the opera and the theater. Some of their trips are called off on account of ranch problems, but they don't mind staying at home. They are ranchers, and they love it.

Where Con Kohrs raised cattle to be butchered and eaten, his grandson is raising them to become parents and grandparents of cattle to be eaten. In the main, Warren sells herd bulls instead of steers, breeding heifers instead of beef cows. This calls for purebreds: eminent bulls, registry papers for every calf. Even today the purebred, as such, means little in cattle ranching. It is still a matter of developing types of young cattle which can carry more pounds of good beef upon the same bone structure. That's a mundane and practical need to which old Con Kohrs gave much heed. But as a student of cattle eugenics Con Warren is more ambitious, better primed with details.

He has invested as much as a thousand dollars each in a bevy of Hereford bulls, headed by such high-sounding registry names as Western Domino, Dandy Perfect, Marquis Perfect, supplemented and atoned by about a hundred Hereford breeding cows. The breed herd is kept

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

separate from other cattle, grazed upon fenced pastures, fed and quartered in home corrals during winter. Young cattle and market steers continue to graze upon common range.

In 1937, as in 1867, inability to foretell rainfall is the complicating factor both in range use and in routine of breeding. If a rancher uses his herd bulls to breed all cows that are fertile, and the next year is one of drought, that's just too bad. He must either sacrifice surplus stock at quick sale or buy feed. Either course is likely to be ruinous.

But if the rancher limits breeding, and the following year brings a good grass season, he loses the chance for grossing a fortune. Yet remorse at having lost out on a "cleanup" is the rancher's surest road to ruin. It leads to overstocked ranges, skimpy feeding.

That's always perilous. When cattle go into winter without fat, disease and casualties are almost inevitable. Once allowed to become "run down" any beef animal is stunted. If it can ever be "brought back," a tremendous amount of feed will be wasted in the process. During the recent era of stingy rainfall, tens of thousands of head of drought-stunted cattle in Montana and elsewhere proved marketable only for hides and bologna.

The free empire of grass which so lavishly cushioned the old school of ranching is finally gone. Modern cattlemen, Con Warren among them, are finding that rental of open range is rarely practicable for purebred herds. Improving beef qualities of a given breed tends to reduce ruggedness necessary for roughland range. That's the way of nature and the Chicago beef market. In the cattle game both are powerful factors. Cattle prices, so far as Montana is concerned, are almost wholly dependent upon vagaries of the Chicago markets. Top prime steers are worth 50 per cent more than ordinary pickups, and a well-nurtured yearling frequently brings twice as much as a poor one.

So the new generation of cattlemen takes careful inventory of the "carrying power" of its lands. Con Warren has reliable grass and enough land under irrigation to carry about a hundred head of horses, about five hundred cattle. When good seasons come, his range acreage is still sufficient to "carry" three or four times that number. But Montana is a semiarid country, and good seasons for grass are but dishings of fate. So Con keeps his herds to proved minimum, or within 10 or 20 per cent of it, and seeks to better returns by improved feeding, breeding, and management.

For the new generation of cattlemen this is a typical goal, and a hard one. It is sounding taps to the Western days of magnificent extravagances, wild betting, careless generosities. It demands new accent upon routine, a rather hopeless warfare against persistent overhead, continued glorification of the purebred. "Safe-play" ranching likewise puts new accent upon young cattle—more calves and yearlings of the fast-growing ages, when grass and grain can be changed to beef with maximum directness. This means a higher percentage of bulls and cows, fewer adult steers, a rising need of breeding stock.

Con Warren is one of these conservatives. A fair estimate of his ranch's annual income is difficult to make. One probably would not be greatly wrong, however, in putting the gross income at an average of $25,000. Of this some 80 per cent comes from breeding stock and about 20 per cent from routine beefstock. The net profit, of course, is something else again. Placing the ranch's valuation at $200,000, one could hardly estimate the current net income at more than 3 per cent. It may go higher if markets behave. In any case, the Kohrs Ranch is no whopper. There are bigger outfits nearby, but still greater numbers of smaller ranch investments.

Here is another indication that cattle ranching is both harder and more exacting work than ever before. There are ever-growing difficulties in finance and credit. From his grandfather Con Warren learned the cattleman's gospel of independent finance— (*continued on page* 69)

Cattle, at home on the modern range, roam in well-tended corrals within easy reach of shelter, food, and human care.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS *each month a short story by a new and talented writer, with illustrations by an equally talented artist—biographical note on page 90*

Not Farewell Fernande

FYNETTE ROWE

DRAWINGS BY REGINALD MARSH

Sam bought his picture for both traditional and sentimental reasons, though he himself would have been slow to recognize either. When his Aunt Carrie Slocum had left him her money and her furniture and, in fact, all her worldly assets, he had behaved as any new recipient of wealth, and had dutifully gone out to patronize the arts. It is no discredit to his zeal that he bought only one picture. His single picture was, in a way, merely symbolic. It satisfied his incumbency, and in turn fulfilled any requirement he might have asked for in a painting. In short, it was the only picture he saw that he liked.

Yet the portrait of Fernande was really more than that. In the rooms of the Auchincloss Galleries, and in his own apartment, so overweighted with Aunt Carrie's mahogany, he had responded to the lady's appeal in the same way, with all the humble gallantry of a Galahad or a St. George. In his youth Sam had been versed in the epics, and he was only to be pitied if in this prosaic age he could find no better object for his chivalry than a damsel in a carved-walnut frame, up for auction at Auchincloss's.

It had begun, this chivalrous impulse, with the notation in the catalogue, "No. 88 Portrait, *Fernande,* Achille Morain (1879–1927), Mod. Fr. Excellent example of Morain's well-known lobster coloring." It was Sam's private opinion that those were no terms in which to describe a lady. Fernande was not the girl for that sort of thing.

The impulse had continued with a look in the lady's eye and a twist to the lady's smile which, though they could be reduced, in a cruel, scientific analysis, to a grain of Chinese white on green, and an upward stroke of vermilion, were enough to cause Sam to determine to rescue her from the opprobrium of the collectors' catalogue and the ill-assorted company of dun-colored nudes and spinach-colored landscapes she had been forced to associate with on the gallery walls.

Fernande, herself, was as fresh as a daisy. There was not an angle to her. The elbow, plunged into a great froth of water lilies and glass beads on a table beside her, was pink and dimpled, and the apple she held in her hand was as forthright as an apple can be. She had red hair, and wore a green dress, and her smile was half-impudent and, strangely, half-frightened. She suited Sam to a T, and he set out to win her with a bold heart. He crashed the private sale bravely, he parried the obliterating scowl of an adversary three rows ahead of him who turned around to despise him every time the bid was raised; and in the end he wrote a check for thirty thousand dollars without flinching, even though he had had no idea that pictures, especially such small simple ones, came so high.

So Sam had bought his picture, had rescued the lady, if you wish, and had brought her home to preside over his study, where she hung happily and serenely for two days and proved to be very good, though rather inscrutable, company. For the smile Fernande wore could never have been explained to Sam as a compound of color and canvas. It was delightful, and he had a hard time to keep from romanticizing.

And now, on the evening of the third day, Fernande was being subjected to the same scowl that had affronted Sam during the sale. Not five minutes before, its possessor, announcing himself as Mr. Heber A. Thompkins, had invaded Sam's foyer, had condescended to yield up his top hat only after persuasion, and then in jealous possession of his coat, muffler, cane, and gloves had settled heavily upon one of Aunt Carrie's eighteenth-century chairs.

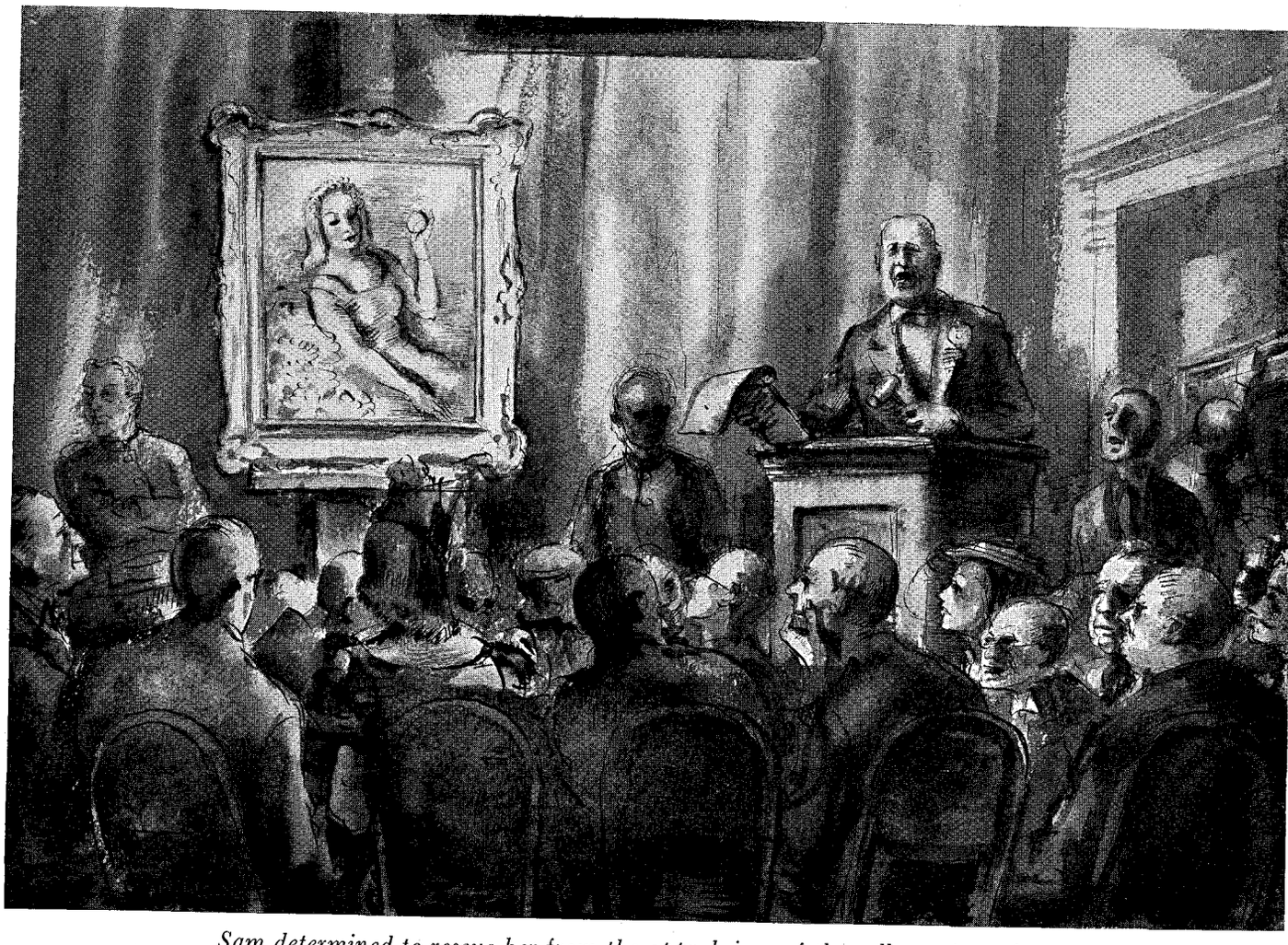
Mr. Thompkins sat with his feet flat on the floor, and his hands gripping the cane, which lay across his knees, as a wrestler might grip an iron bar. Occasionally he raised the cane and let it drop again in a fierce calisthenic way, and his scowl as he admitted Fernande into his notice was filled with disapproval.

"The setting's all wrong," he said, and struck at his knees with the cane. "You should have built the room around the picture."

It was too much to explain about Aunt Carrie's heirlooms and her will, or, for that matter, his own simple reasons for hanging a picture, but Sam did not have to. Mr. Thompkins went right on talking from out of the folds of his muffler.

"Now for my own collection," he said, "I've had my house done over twice. Completely done over. First Moderne, and now Baroque. My decorator and I both decided that Baroque was more in keeping with Morain. And every frame made to order. I'm sure I don't know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sam determined to rescue her from the opprobrium of the collectors' catalogue

what Auchincloss's is thinking of, letting in amateurs."

Sam did not trouble to mention the professional bit of gate crashing he had executed at the Auchincloss auction chambers in the presence of three attendants in plum color.

"If only the market had been a little more promising that week," Mr. Thompkins sighed, "you wouldn't have got away with it. And don't think you've made such a brilliant investment. The thing isn't worth more than ten thousand. It's not in his best manner at all, and I could have had it for eight, if you hadn't sat there like a fool, bidding against me. Well, thirty-one and a half, take it or leave it. You make a nice five days' showing."

"What do you mean?" asked Sam.

He meant, Mr. Thompkins made it clear, that he was determined to have *Fernande* for his Morain collection whether it meant paying as much as thirty-five thousand on the spot, or whether it meant waiting until Sam would be glad to sell it for ten. He was a patient man and he could wait . . . he had waited fifteen years for old Sproul to die, so that the estate could put *Fernande* up for sale . . . but he was not a man to be put off easily, or to take no for an answer, or to be outsmarted by a young whippersnapper who had no business buying pictures anyway.

Sam took all this stoically, whereupon Mr. Thompkins became philosophic himself. "If it hadn't been you, it would have been somebody else," he said. "Collecting pictures isn't just pulling them in." And with great resignation he took off his coat and scarf, and laid his cane neatly alongside his chair, and even accepted the drink Sam proffered, with a degree of cordiality. The gesture with which he wrapped his handkerchief around the glass was that of a man at home in his surroundings, and his move in selecting a more substantial-looking eighteenth-century chair indicated that he undoubtedly was ready for general conversation.

"Don't think it's easy building up a collection," said Mr. Thompkins. "But I never give up. Waited for old Sproul fifteen years, and I'll get this picture yet. Why, this is nothing to the disappointment I had one time in Paris. Went clear over there to look over the field for Morains only to find that everything—lock, stock, and barrel—had been bought up by some foreigner, a Frenchman named Alberti. But I got the best of him in the end. And I'll get this picture yet. I'm giving you fair warning. And at my own price. I don't see what you want with it. Why, in my collection I have a dozen portraits of Fernande that are so much better than this one there's no comparison."

"Then she was a real person?" said Sam. "*Fernande* isn't just the name of the picture?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Of course she was a real person," said Mr. Thompkins. "She was Morain's mistress, and nursemaid, and housekeeper, and everything else, I guess. Just a girl, too." He unwound the handkerchief from his glass, inspected the lump of ice and film of water that remained therein with curious concentration, and accepted without protest the "just a drop" more.

"That Alberti," Mr. Thompkins continued after he had approved the contents of the second glass, "was the queerest party I've run across in any transaction I've ever put through. Compared with him, you and old Sproul are easy marks. He was an odd one. You couldn't do business with him. He wasn't normal.

"You see, when I first started to look into the art-collecting business, I spotted this Morain as a sure thing from the start. I stuck to him, and I wasn't wrong. But in those days nobody'd even heard of him except for a few museums. Why I picked up stuff for a song! Rounded up everything I could get hold of over here, and then I thought I might take a look-see over in Paris, Morain's home town. Went all the way over there only to find that this Alberti had cut in ahead of me. He'd set himself up as a Morain expert, and was writing articles for high-brow sheets on Morain's composition, and coloring, and whatnot. There wasn't a Morain canvas to be had in the city. Alberti had them all. Morain was dead by this time, you know, and Alberti was enjoying one sweet setup.

"There's nothing I hate more to do than haggle with a private individual, they'll skin you ten times to a dealer's one, but I saw what I was up against. So I arranged an appointment with him and set out for his place one morning prepared to do a lot of subtracting in my checkbook.

"He lived in one of those marble-and-mirror palaces they go in for over there. I'll have to admit it was rich-looking. Glass chandeliers, satin furniture, and so on. It really had style. But when they took me in to Alberti—can you imagine it?—there he was, in the midst of tapestries and vases and urns, sitting on some down-at-the-heel, old, red-plush chair, with spots all over it, which looked as if it had just come out of the city dump. He was wearing a beret, and I began to smell something fishy from that moment on. You've no idea how funny that broken old chair looked in the midst of all the French furniture.

"He wouldn't talk business, of course. Just slumped down into that filthy chair till his head fitted into a worn place on the back, and hemmed and hawed, and twirled a ring he was wearing, around a finger. He had not understood. He thought I'd come to see his collection, not to buy it. He'd be very glad to show me his collection, and so on. He spoke very good English, I'll say that for him. Well, we talked around the bush for a while, but you can't get anywhere with these Frenchmen. They're too polite.

"We went in to see the collection. It seems the chair, and the beret, and the ring were part of it. Used to be Morain's. I almost had to laugh. I imagine his mustache was another part of the collection, for it was that Bolshevik kind Morain has, in his self-portrait. But he had the pictures all right, beautifully displayed, all in special frames, some on easels. I had to hand it to him.

"And then there was another room. You'd have to see it to believe it. Morain's coffeepot in a glass case, some crackled dishes in another glass case, Morain's easel, palette, brushes, old tubes of paint, his diary in a glass case, hermetically sealed, a cast-iron stove, a tin clock, some towels, and Alberti kept boasting there wasn't a thing that had ever belonged to Morain that he didn't own.

"From what I heard of Morain's pocketbook before his death, I can imagine Alberti had to search every pawnshop in Paris in order to find the stuff. And from what some of the dealers told me later, Alberti got mightily swindled on some of the items, which would have been more at home in the Flea Market than in Morain's studio. But there it was, a collection, and a museum, and that little milk-fed something or other strutting in Morain's cap and ring and mustache.

"Well, I happened to mention my nine little Morains over here in New York City, and it was plainly news to him. These foreigners, you know, never give the U. S. A. a second thought, and I don't suppose it ever occurred to him that there might be a few Morains in some other part of the world. It probably was a blow to him, too. I was willing to bet I would see more of Mr. Alberti. He'd be playing my game on his own side. I could tell his type, or thought I could. He had to go the whole hog, or nothing at all—a fanatic. But even then, I guess, I didn't quite have his number.

"The first gun in Alberti's campaign was an engraved invitation to a reception. Now when I do business I do business, and don't give tea parties, but some people work that way, and I have endured more than one reception in the ordinary run of things. But this one was the strangest one I ever went through.

"In the first place I didn't know a soul. They were all French, and in cutaways. And then I couldn't find anyone who was passing around drinks."

Mr. Thompkins paused as if listening to a voice that recalled him to the present and the immediate. He glanced around the room to find its source, and then must have realized that the voice had been his own, for the handkerchief was again unwound from the glass, and the lump of ice and the film of water were again exposed to view. Once refueled, he recommenced, full steam ahead.

"Well, believe it or not, it was a party in Paris, no prohibition there, and yet there were absolutely no refreshments being passed around that I could see. I drifted here and there with an eye out for a butler, and finally I came to a queue of people standing in line. This is a funny way of doing things, I thought, make your guests stand in line for something to eat, but if that's their way I'll follow suit. So I took my place, and began shifting my weight on my feet as patiently as I could. But pretty soon it began to look as if we weren't standing in line for drinks, but just to pay our respects to Mrs. Alberti. I don't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speak French, but I can translate 'Madame Alberti' any time of the day, and it was Madame Alberti, Madame Alberti on all sides. Then I turned a corner into a hall, and began to smell something very sweet, not heavy but very sweet, and I thought maybe they were passing out peach brandy or something, though my nose knew better.

"Well, sir, do you know that thing of Morain's called *Freesia?* It's the one that shows Fernande in a white dress on a green sofa, with a lot of white window curtains in the background, and a bowl of freesias on a table. I turned another corner, and there it was, the picture, and the real thing. The picture was on the wall, and the room it was hung in was a dead ringer for the one in the picture. I've never seen anything like it. The sofa was the same, the table, same carving and everything, the bowl of flowers . . . an exact reproduction even, I'm willing to bet, to the proportions. And Fernande was there at one end of the sofa, in the same green dress, her hands held the same way, her feet just so. Everything was there but a Morain signature on the carpet."

"You mean the same Fernande, this Fernande?" Sam asked.

"Sure. Of course I do. He'd found her working in a lace factory. Now and then she'd bow and shake hands with some of the people who went in to her, but right afterward she'd put her hands back into position. Most of the people merely stood outside and looked in, just as if they actually were looking at a picture, instead of at a charade or tableau, or whatever the idea was. The only difference I could see was in the near side of the room, which didn't, of course, show in the painting. Alberti had rather enlarged on the freesia theme there, and had banked the walls with flowers. And in the look on Fernande's face. The two smiles weren't the same. She seemed to be a little at a loss, and frightened, and I don't blame her. The whole thing was beyond me."

"You mean," said Sam, "he'd married her, Alberti'd married her?"

"Sure, he'd married her. Found her working in a lace factory, where she'd been since Morain's death, and married her. She told me later Alberti always had held it against her, that she'd insisted on marriage. Quite nasty about it at times, I guess. Not that he didn't want to do the honorable thing, and so forth, but that Morain had never married her.

"Fernande had loved Morain, I guess, so it hadn't made any difference to her, but with Alberti she was determined to have the grace of the church, if not of the spirit. She was a Belgian, you know, and that makes all the difference in the world."

Sam nodded as if a relationship between one's nationality and scruples was readily apparent.

"But Alberti got the best of the bargain after all," Mr. Thompkins went on, "because Fernande had a couple of unfinished canvases and a handful of sketches and Morain's diary as a dowry, you might say. But I guess Alberti always felt kind of cheated. He'd looked her up in the first place out of curiosity. He'd wanted to see what kind of woman had seemed interesting and desirable to an artist like Morain. And then he carried the investigation further, if you understand me. Eventually, Fernande was in his house, definitely and legally, along with Morain's coffeepot and dishes and all the paintings.

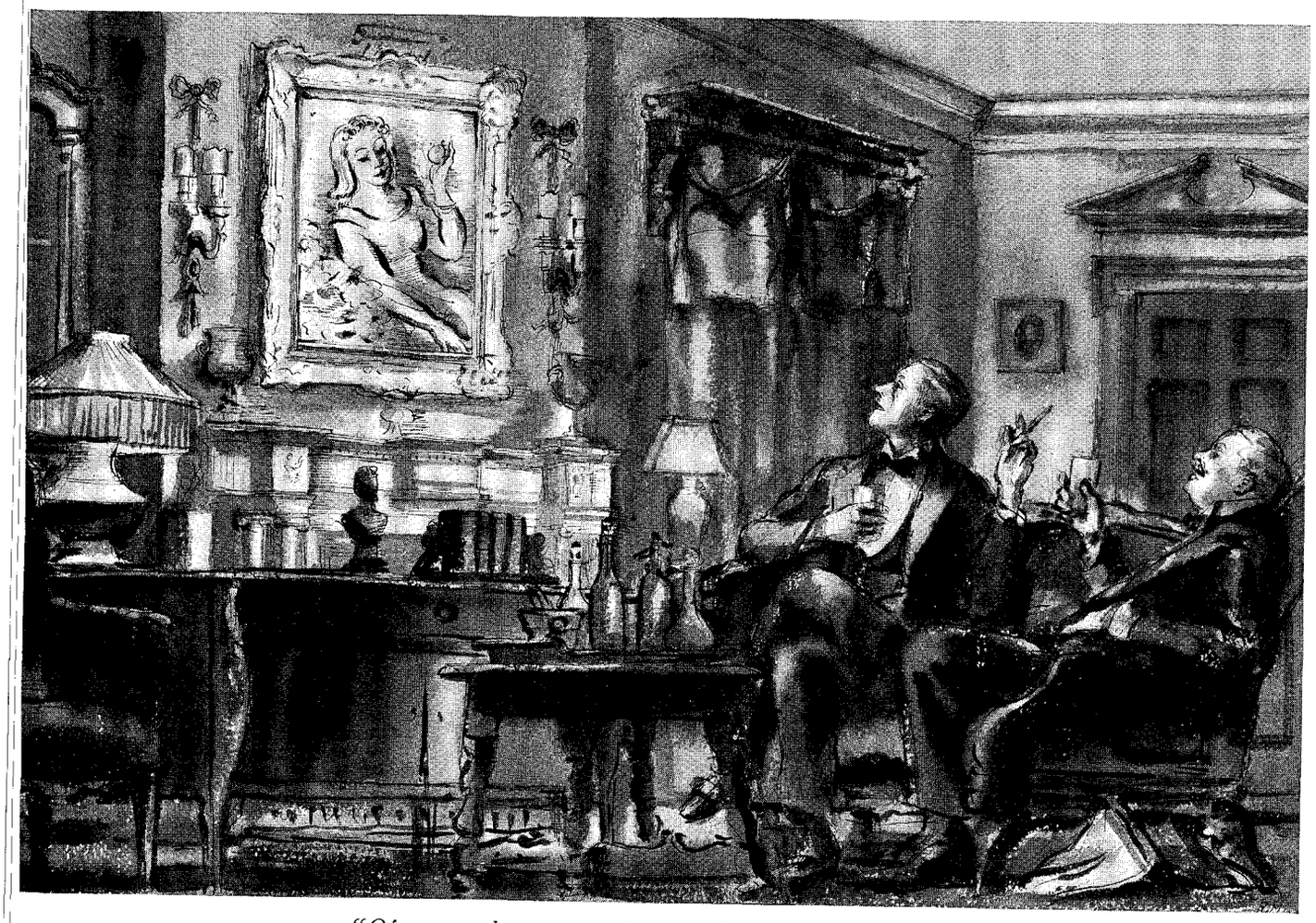
"She looked sort of unhappy and scared, but I don't imagine she really was. She had everything that money could buy. I got to see quite a bit of her during our little campaign. She was on my side, and used to arrange to see me when I went up to their place, in order to give me a bit of encouragement. It was a funny thing, but I never saw her there, not even in the early morning, when she wasn't in costume, dressed up in some long-skirted thing Morain had at some time painted her in, when every other woman in the world was showing her knees.

"She was on my side, I suppose, because the more pictures Alberti sold the less tableaux she would have to pose for. He gave receptions on the average of one a fortnight, and each time some painting was reconstructed and the whole silly business gone through with. Some of these receptions couldn't have been so pleasant for her. For instance, one time he asked me down to his country place on a house party. That's the way these Frenchmen do business. Try to get you off your guard at a party. All politics. It wasn't such a bad party as parties go. Alberti wore his beret around night and day, and Fernande was there, of course, in costume, but she didn't do much. That is, she didn't swim or play bridge with the rest of them. Just sat around looking beautiful.

"Well, one afternoon they herded the bunch of us out on the grounds, and there in the park, roped off like a filly in a paddock, was Fernande, with a couple of hired models, and not one of them with a stitch of clothes on. It was supposed to be that landscape of Morain's, *Avril,* you know it? If you stood by the ropes, and shut out the fish pond from the corner of your eye, the arrangement of the trees and the positions of the figures, and even the perspective, were just like those of the picture. The clouds were a little different, but even Alberti couldn't control the clouds. So there everyone was, leaning against the ropes, and gawping at their host's wife, and spouting art chatter. Some of the guests merely stared, and some would look through opera glasses occasionally. And not for the reasons you might think. They were very serious and cold-blooded about the whole thing, and the opera glasses were used only as you would step up close to a picture on a wall, before you backed away. Now I think about it, they must all have been crazy. They had some kind of notion that if they set the stage exactly right, they could see what Morain had seen. I could have shown them the hole in that, but they wouldn't have listened to me. They were intellectuals, and I was just one of those rich Americans.

"I was well-to-do in those days, too, but it didn't do me any good, trying to deal with Alberti. I knew he wouldn't sell. You can't do business with a fanatic. They just don't follow the rules. And he didn't have a bank account big enough to do business with me. So I came

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Of course she was a real person," said Mr. Thompkins

home after a while, to bide my time, without a single picture in the bag for all my pains, and feeling rather foolish, as you can imagine."

Mr. Thompkins shook his glass vigorously, rattled a piece of ice into his mouth, and sucked upon it ruefully.

"That was the toughest nut I ever tried to crack," he said.

"But what happened to Fernande?" asked Sam.

Mr. Thompkins blew out his cheeks pensively. "She went along in the same way, I suppose. And in a way it probably was too bad, for she was one of those thrifty domestic types that would have liked nothing better than to make soup out of pea pods—they say they do over there—and raise a dozen kids. And instead . . . but then Alberti died, you know, died and left her everything. Yes sir, every single picture, all the odds and ends in his museum, the whole collection, positively the whole thing. I never would have dreamed it of him. Willed them to her outright, forty-seven portraits, twelve landscapes, eight still lifes, two street scenes, three portfolios of sketches, a dozen pastels, a couple of sepias, and of course all the personal relics. Just imagine it! When I married her, we took an inventory, and made out a catalogue, and found exactly three hundred and thirty-three items."

"You married her? Fernande?"

"Yes, I married her as soon as she was out of mourning. She brought the whole collection over with her. Had to pay an enormous duty on it, but those were the days."

Mr. Thompkins shook his glass again, and when no ice rattled in response, he put it gently down and spread his hand across the top to signify that he was through. He stooped down for his cane.

"Well, young man," he said, "this has been a very pleasant conference, and I promise you that you will see more of me. And if you'd like to come over to see my Morains, by all means do so. It's his largest single collection.

"And if you decide to sell, let me know, except that I'll be seeing you before then. I'm going to keep right after you. Though to be fair, I'll tell you frankly I'll never make you as good an offer again. If you prefer to keep the picture awhile, it's your own loss."

Mr. Thompkins proffered his hand, and as he shook Sam's heartily, his commanding scowl in all its splendor reappeared. His exit was a thoroughly businesslike one, and the set of his shoulders and the imperiousness of his finger as he pushed the elevator button bespoke victory.

Sam waited until he heard the elevator descending. Then he shouted to Fernande where she looked down from her treasure of apples and water lilies and glass beads, with the smile that was, indeed, a little frightened.

"Don't worry, old girl," he shouted, "don't worry. I'll never let you down. Don't worry."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Night Trucks

CHARD POWERS SMITH

The black night and the speed of the white roads
Over remote hills, and silence around
In the woods with their bridged streams and their small sounds
Passed swift and unseen by tornadoes of light
Coning ahead. This is the giant time;
This is the hour of monsters when great trucks
Come from their day caves and roar gay
Through the tunnels of night, eating up slow grades
With strong precision, whistling the swift turns
On big beautiful wheels, lumbering free
At painted-elephant speed through the dark towns,
Swaying their necklaces, red and green, swaying
Surcingles bangled with lanterns, frolicking on
In their dark, Gargantuan dance, cursed to be laid
Before dawn in their day graves, their stations, to stand
Innocent, cool, dead, while the small wheels
Skim on the roads, till the sun goes — the curse
Lifts to the joy of the new night, and each
Roars from his den again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life in the United States

BRIEF ARTICLES OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Traveling by Wildcat

ORLA ST. CLAIR

Bound on a five-hundred-mile trip, and of necessity interested in cheap transportation, I went to the ticket office of a large bus company. Answering my complaint concerning cost, the ticket clerk, after a surreptitious glance around, leaned over the counter and whispered, "Go to the Astor Hotel and ask for Brown. He'll fix you up. Be sure to tell him I sent you."

When I asked the desk clerk at the Astor Hotel for Mr. Brown, he merely called out, "Travel," and turned away. A large blonde woman, sitting at a desk in the rear of the lobby, answered and, to my inquiry for Mr. Brown, replied that he was out of town. She informed me, however, that a sedan would be leaving that afternoon about five-thirty. At the desk, equipped only with a telephone and writing pad, she appraisingly took my name, telling me that the driver would pick me up at my hotel about five o'clock. The five-dollar fare would be paid later.

A pleasant young man called for me about quarter to six and conducted me to a small sedan in which there were two people. I offered him five dollars, but was courteously told that I would pay later. We were taken then on an apparently haphazard trip around the city, in and out of alleys, and around and around the busy downtown section, being several times the last car to dart through traffic signals. The driver seemed to be anxiously watching the street behind us. After some half-hour of this aimless voyaging, we were suddenly dropped at a filling station in the manufacturing section of town and, with a muttered assurance that our car would be there directly, our driver left, never to be seen again.

Almost immediately a taxi drove up and, after a whispered conference between the attendant and the driver, the three of us were placed in the cab, in which there were already two passengers. We were driven to a parking lot in the downtown area near the Astor Hotel where the cabdriver unloaded our baggage and drove away without collecting any fares. As I stood there wondering what would happen next, two men, carrying some luggage, shepherded two women and a man into the lot. The latest arrivals tied our baggage onto a large sedan and arranged us in the car; three in the rear, three on a cushioned board laid across the jump seats, and the two women in the front. With this accomplished, the two men disappeared. A tall, youthful-looking, gray-haired man, dressed in a nondescript driver's uniform, sauntered from the parking-station shack and slid into the driver's seat. He introduced himself as Sam.

Sam, too, seemed interested in the road behind us and, as we turned into the main highway, he said, "The big bus companies try to keep us from operating, and if one of their spotters has trailed us, he will radio our number ahead to the state highway police. If a cop stops us, be sure to say that we are all friends going on a trip together."

When we stopped for dinner, I noticed that Sam seemed well-acquainted with the proprietor and waitresses, and that he did not pay for his meal. As we left, I heard the cashier say to Sam, "They're out tonight. Barney was here and said he'd been stopped down by Five Corners." Leaving, Sam turned off the main highway and followed back roads for fifteen or twenty miles, evidently detouring Five Corners. No sooner were we back on the main highway than we heard the sickening whine of a siren and, as we slowed down and pulled off the road, Sam again cautioned us to say that we were friends traveling together. As he stepped out of the car I heard the officer say, "Oh, hello, Sam," and then they moved out of earshot. Sam returned shortly and, as we drove away, he remarked, "We were lucky that time. That cop's a right guy, and he hates the guts of the railroads and bus companies as much as I do."

The conversation now became general, and it was at this time that I learned to refer to the sedan as a wildcat sedan and to Sam as a wildcat driver. A traveling salesman told of a wildcat sedan being stopped by the police resulting in the arrest of the driver and the stranding of the passengers in a small town. A minor public official and three laboring men kept conversationally to themselves, and seemed principally interested in exchanging information on the names and addresses of prostitutes in the town for which we were headed. Sam chatted freely with us until the older woman in front asked him his name. "You look all right to me, lady, but too many of my pals have been tricked by stool pigeons into telling their names. Just call me Sam, and we'll get along all right."

About one o'clock we stopped for supper at a combined service station and lunch counter, located several miles distant from the nearest town. A man ap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peared out of the darkness and said, "Hello, Sam. Well, folks, I'll take your fares now." He collected fares from everyone in the car, except the younger woman in the front seat, and vanished.

We arrived at our destination about six-thirty in the morning, Sam cheerful but heavy-eyed with fatigue. I learned that he had been running regularly for three weeks, sleeping in the daytime and driving at night. He gave each of us a business card having on it an address and telephone number in several cities. As I turned away, I heard the young woman in front say, "Drop me at the old stand, Sam."

Intrigued by the mystery, and interested in the public patronage of what was apparently an illegal business, I started to investigate the wildcat sedan industry. Almost all states have outlawed the wildcatter and have, by statute, made him a criminal. The railroads and bus companies bend ceaseless efforts toward enforcing these laws, but in spite of them all, he flourishes like the green bay tree and defiantly makes his living on the public highways without obtaining a license and without paying taxes. There is bitter feeling between the railroads and bus companies on the one hand and the wildcatters on the other. The railroads complain of bus competition; the bus companies complain of wildcat competition; and the wildcatters complain of the leeches with whom they must share their incomes, reminding one of Swift's immortal lines:

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed ad infinitum.

The personnel of the industry is a shifting group of men, the individual members of which may be here today and off for the other side of the continent tomorrow. It can be roughly divided into bookers, engaged in collecting passengers, and drivers, engaged in the actual transportation. Most wildcatters are ex-stage drivers who have lost out in the race for positions with the big companies because of poor physical condition, age, dishonesty, or instability of character. A few criminals eluding justice add an underworld flavor to the group, and the whole is leavened with members of that deathless class of iconoclasts who will wear no man's collar; the type of man who never grows up, the perpetual boy, the reckless adventurer.

The legitimate bus industry has become "big business," with the attendant routinized operation and standardized sales technique. Tickets are sold by agents, on a commission basis of ten per cent. As additional sales expenses, the large companies have advertising, accounting, and traffic departments. In the wildcat sedan industry, the booker is the ticket agent and the advertising, traffic, and accounting departments all in one. His compensation for this extraordinary diversity of occupations is a commission of at least twenty per cent, or more if he can get it. A good, live-wire booker (his office and living quarters being free, in consideration of bringing patrons to the hotel) may well have a gross income of twenty to thirty dollars a day. His only fixed overhead is the telephone, installed in the lobby, and business cards which he circulates by the thousands. He has to split commissions with those who send him passengers, but cheats wherever he can.

Such a business, allowing a high return without capital investment, would naturally be overcrowded if there were not some drawbacks. In a "hot town" such as the one from which I started, the booker constantly risks arrest. A town is "hot" when the laws against the wildcatter are enforced, either for revenue or because the railroads and bus companies are vigilant in demanding enforcement. The booker is the "man out in front." The telephone is listed in his name, or one of his names, and he must talk to the traveling public, anyone of whom may be a plain-clothes man or an undercover operator for a railroad or bus company. He must arrange a system for picking up passengers and depositing them at a shifting point of concentration, in the ceaseless attempt to elude the police and patrol cars manned by railroad- and bus-company spotters.

The booker uses as many people as possible in a given transaction, thus making it more difficult for the police to fasten the law violation on any one person. This is the explanation for the mysterious people who came and went during the process of contacting me and starting me on my way. I never saw the fictitious Mr. Brown, but was passed from the ticket agent in the bus office to the hotel clerk, to the big blonde, to the pleasant young man who took us to the service station, to the cabdriver, to the two men who loaded us into the car, and finally into the hands of Sam, the wildcat driver. Sometimes, as on my trip, the fare is collected by still another person, in a county or state other than the city where the booker is located. This last makes it very difficult for the police in the first city to prove that any fare has been paid.

It costs the wildcat driver the booker's twenty per cent of the fare to land the passenger in his sedan, a per-passenger cost larger than that paid by the big bus companies for the same services. Granting this last statement, how can he carry passengers for two-thirds or a half of the fare charged by the big companies? The answer is that the wildcat driver ignores such trifling matters as return on capital investment, insurance, safety costs, labor costs, and when it comes to "chiseling," he can give the ordinary businessman cards and spades and still take all the tricks.

Any wildcatter can buy a second- or third-hand seven-passenger sedan for fifty dollars or less down, signing to the contract any name that comes handy. The dealer knows that the chances of receiving any more payments on the contract are very slim, but he immediately sells it for cash to the finance company. If the car is repossessed within ninety days, the dealer must return the money, but if it is not found within that time the finance company absorbs the loss. The dealer takes no risk. The wildcatter is hard to find and, in addition, has many facilities for switching license plates and generally disguising the car from the finance companies.

His repair work is usually done at machine shops specializing in "hot cars." Spare parts, salvaged from the construction of other "hot cars," form a reservoir of cheap parts for the wildcatter. Reconditioned oil, cheap gasoline, inferior brake lining, and retreaded tires are invariably used. Another reduction in his operating expenses is the item of free meals which he gets from the proprietors of the chosen meal stops.

The bus driver's hours are usually restricted by state and federal laws to eight hours in any given sixteen-hour period, following an eight-hour rest. The ordinary wildcatter's run is at least twelve or thirteen hours, and in cross-country tours he may be at the wheel continuously for two or three days, catnapping at rest stops, and often relieved

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by one of the passengers while he snatches such sleep as the careening sedan will permit.

Although admitting that price is a factor, most bus men profess to be unable to understand from where the wildcatter draws his patrons. I found that traveling salesmen patronize wildcat sedans extensively, showing on their "swindle sheets" transportation over more expensive carriers, and then pocketing the difference. Wildcat cars are used by agricultural laborers in their seasonal migrations, and by industrial laborers, following the rumor that jobs can be had in another town. The younger woman in the front seat of our car represented the "oldest profession," one which is closely interlocked with the wildcat industry. It is inevitable that the type of man traveling in wildcat sedans should want information regarding prostitutes in the approaching town. The drivers oblige, and in return, the prostitutes send them passengers without deducting a booker's commission. When a town becomes too "hot" for one of the "girls," she jumps into a wildcat sedan and rides (usually free) to the next town, sure that she will have customers in the new location, directed to her by the drivers.

The connection between the wildcat industry and the true underworld is difficult to investigate. Best-informed opinion seems to be that the majority of wildcatters is engaged only in the transportation of passengers, but that a minority, varying in percentages in different communities, is engaged in crime. Wildcat sedans make excellent conveyances of bootleg liquor and stolen merchandise. Gun battles between wildcat travelers and unsuspecting traffic officers give irrefutable proof that the wildcat sedans are a much-used means of transportation for the fleeing criminal or escaped convict. And although wildcatters vehemently deny that their sedans are used for running dope, an occasional arrest reveals that the industry is one of the principal channels through which narcotics are distributed over the country from the seaboard points of entry.

But still they ride, those unlisted millions of Americans who support the wildcat industry. Thinking only in terms of cheap transportation, they remain indifferent to the possibility that the car may be "hot," that the driver may be smuggling dope, or that they may be riding in the company of escaping criminals who are only too anxious to "shoot it out" at the first sign of apprehension by the law. And as for defective tires or poor brakes, or a driver who is physically exhausted and carries not one cent of insurance—they mentally shrug their shoulders.

The accident is always going to happen to someone else.

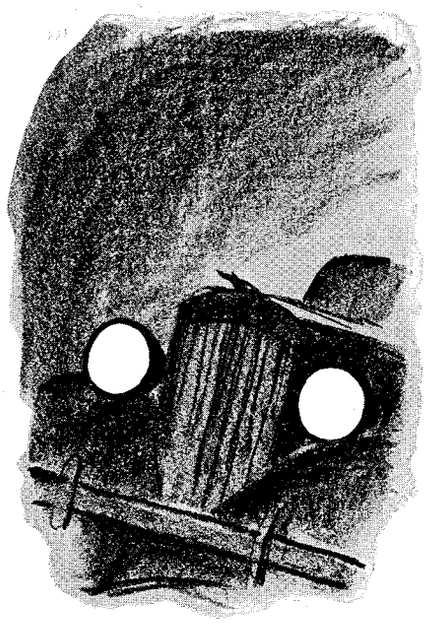
I Killed a Man

ANONYMOUS

In the records of the courts and insurance companies, it was pretty much the same old story. While driving home early one evening, I rounded a familiar curve and faced a pair of glaring headlights. On the right of the road, a millworker was on his way to work on the night shift. He became confused and jumped the wrong way. The impact threw me a little forward in my seat. The millworker's body slid flat on the pavement for perhaps fifty feet, rolled over, jerked, and lay still. The dinner pail he had carried under his arm rattled along the pavement for another twenty feet, then all was quiet. When we got to him, we saw there would be no hurry about taking him to the hospital. He was dead.

During the long court ordeal afterward, it was established beyond all doubt that the accident was unavoidable. I am a free man; free to lie abed on Sunday mornings, stretching and yawning; free to eat when I am hungry and drink deep when I am thirsty; free to feel the wind and sun on my face, to know the four seasons, to love.

But I cannot forget that because of me a man will never see the white sparks from molten steel again, or smell the hot metal in the molds, or feel the satisfying tug of his muscles against a heavy crane, or peer out of a factory window into a moonlit night, or open his dinner pail with the keen appetite of a laboring man. Because of me a mother will never again hear a familiar footfall when work is done, and she will have things to explain to her babies that will break her heart.



I know all this is not my fault—a court of law has told me so—but I cannot stop thinking how different things would have been if I had started just half a minute sooner or later, or if I had been going just a little slower or faster, or if, in that split second, my skill had been just a little greater and my brakes a little better, or if I had thought in advance of all the possible circumstances that might have been waiting for me around that curve. It has been two years since it happened, yet these thoughts go round and round in my mind continually. Nothing can make me forget that I am still walking this earth, and that because of me another man is not. I cannot forget that a combination of factors—factors that could so easily have been just a little different—happened to work out with lethal precision, and I killed a man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Fever Patient Speaks

HELEN IRENE PETERSON

At last I have learned about fever therapy, this new thing in medicine about which so much has been written. I have learned well, but at a dear price. Let the scientists rave about the theory of this artificially produced fever; let them gloat over the triumph of harnessing fever and turning it upon itself, so to speak, to destroy disease. Let the doctors expound upon the wonders it accomplishes; let them prescribe it for such as I. It is justly to their glory and undoubtedly to my good. In the presence of fever therapy I am humble and thankful. I dissent not to anything that is written in its praise, but I would add in the knowing voice of experience and from the patient point of view that it is hell to endure.

Arthritis! There are few words fraught with more portent, or more pain. One morning, when I was in my early teens, I awoke with an unsightly pain in one shoulder. I had been, and I was then, a notoriously healthy youngster. What mattered youth and health? Insidious arthritis mocked them both. The pain lingered; crept down to my wrist. It stayed there twenty years.

Twenty years! During that time I have run the gamut of cures. Their utter futility my ravaged joints proclaimed. Misshapen hands, rigid wrists, a horribly deformed knee—crutches. Complete invalidism lay not far ahead. Fortified with the wisdom of ignorance and with a willingness born of desperation and pain, I entered a hospital to try this machine-made fever treatment.

Came a day when two dour-faced nurses wearing what may have been the latest thing in swami headgear came galloping into my hospital room with their ambulance cart. They had to stay their haste long enough to release me from the captivity inflicted by ropes, pulleys, weights, and sandbags which had been arranged to exert a stretching effect on my flexed knee. Then they took me on board their chariot and transported me lickety-split into the surgical realm where the ubiquitous Dr. K. administered anesthesia. I obediently counted aloud while he pressed the plunger on the hypodermic syringe forcing the anesthetic medicine into my arm vein. "Count louder!" he'd say, and I'd yell until the reverberations crashed in the operating room and the whatnots shuddered noisily. I counted to hardly more than twenty before oblivion stepped in. . . . Yet little came of it.

But all this, and the treatments of the years between, was mild compared to the holocaust of that fever machine. I recall a sepulchral parade of "cures," many of them associated with heat. I remember the medicines, serums, liniments, diets, mineral waters, changes of climate. The unpleasantness of those experiences was merely being singed as compared to being cremated alive in a de luxe sarcophagus.

Those first four hours in the fever machine not only dented my courage; they practically consumed it. My spirit was completely wilted and my will power burned to a crisp. I was sick and unutterably weary in body, but my mind was in strife—playing with the fringe of delirium. I wanted to, but I didn't, beg for mercy.

The fever machines themselves look innocent enough except that there is a depressing resemblance to a grave vault. There are a number of gadgets including a temperature gauge which, when I was trundled into its presence, registered 140° (I began to feel qualms right then), and an icebox nameplate (what a misnomer, that!).

The bed pulled out of one end of the cabinet, and when I hoisted myself upon it, I thought surely I must sizzle, it was so hot. When my nurse wrapped my feet and pinned them snugly in towels I began to wonder what she was up to. Maybe she was a mortician! She soon volunteered that since one's feet and ankles have little upholstery in the way of flesh "they might get pretty hot." A gross understatement, that; they'd have melted into grease.

Whether it was routine to allay any fears or if it was to calm my obvious suspicion I do not know, but my nurse outlined the reactions I might expect. She opened the cabinet to show me the interior, and immediately I thought I smelled sulphur and burning feathers. I suppose I was mistaken. All I could see was a thick insulation of asbestos. Behind a screen at the opposite end was an electric coil which supplied the heat. I learned very soon that somewhere within flowed also the River Styx, fed by some external source—probably the local Missouri.

As a final gesture la Nurse took my blood pressure, baited me with two pink pills, and then calmly slid me, bed and all, into the furnace. There were no flowers. The door came down with a metallic clank, fitting closely around my throat and leaving only my head outside. I was glad that there was a notch for my neck or I should have been decapitated right then. Apropos that subject: I had noticed that my pillow lay in a tray. Now I never heard of one's head being pillowed in a tray except at the guillotine. A pretty pickle I was in!

The gruesome possibility did not engage me for long because I soon began to simmer. Within thirty minutes I had a fever of 104°, the degree prescribed by my doctor. The cabinet temperature of 140° and a humidity of 50-61% combine to throw the mechanism which normally controls the body temperature out of gear, so to speak, by preventing the evaporation of perspiration which deprives the body of the cooling effect of that function. When the patient's fever has mounted to the degree desired, the heat of the cabinet is turned down a little, and the patient is covered with dry blankets. The desired bodily temperature can thus be maintained.

Perhaps it was the effect of the sedative pink pills, perhaps it was the effect of the mounting fever; at any rate the ceiling which I had originally observed to be done in precise squares with three neat nailheads in each corner began to look like a checkerboard literally studded with nails. My keeper developed a third eye and an extra cap on her head. She (*continued on page* 80)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don herold examines:

debts

I really don't know why governments should have debts. Or people either, for that matter. Why are we such optimists about our ability to pay *in the future?*

It seems to me that the United States should have NO national debt. Seems to me a great government like the United States ought, in its century and a half of existence, to have got at least $5 in the bank, over and above what it owes. Why are we so complacent about our shiftless past, so easy on ourselves as to our present, and so hard on ourselves as to our future?

The national debt is now $36,000,000,000. I would like to see this reduced to $5. (We increased it by $2,700,000,000 during the past fiscal year, much against my better judgment.)

Our yearly interest on our debt is now $848,482,326. This is silly. There is something of the dead beat in *My Country 'Tis of Thee.*

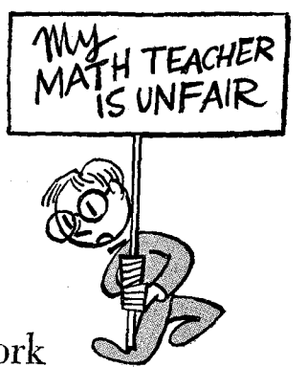
Of course if a war comes along, I suppose we can't wait to save up to pay for it before we start fighting. But I would suggest to certain nations (I'm not mentioning any names) that in the future they save up in advance before they start any wars. I guess I have hit on a pretty nice peace plan, right there.

The only thing I see any sense in going into debt for is something like the George Washington Bridge, over the Hudson River, which is going to be self-liquidating. On a proposition like this you can't collect bridge tolls for ten years in advance, and then give people the bridge rides they've paid for ahead of time.

But nations will go into debt for anything from pork-barrel post offices to petunia seeds, from international brawls to little-theater versions of *East Lynne.*

Nations are such boobs that I am sometimes at a loss to understand our allegiance to them. Of course, a discreet, pretty little nation like Monaco, which has little or no national debt, might be worth fighting for, but Monaco doesn't want to fight.

It would be funny if all young men of fighting age would tell their countries: "I won't fight in a new war until you've paid for the last one."



homework

If I were the high-school and college students of this country, I'd organize a squat for a twelve-hour day, and time-and-a-half for overtime.

While the steel hunkies and the motorcar monkey-wrenchers are striking for (and getting) the six-hour day and the four-day week and afternoon tea and free iodine, the high-school and college students of the land are taking it on the nose for about fourteen to eighteen hours a day, six days a week. And *they* are supposed to be growing children.

Before Doris left for college, I used to write genial letters to her high-school principal saying that if any employer laid it on to me that heavy, I'd throw the job in his face.

Doris didn't complain. I'm afraid that, like me, she's going to be another failure at letting go of work. (I've flunked completely in recreation and relaxation.)

She would frequently pound her typewriter from 9:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. on Sunday, working on a theme or something. She used to come home gleefully with A's, but I would have been much happier if she had come in with reports of seven-pound gains on the school scales.

When I brought the subject up before her teachers, they'd blame it on to college requirements. One teacher told Doris' class at the beginning of their senior year: "Unless you work terrifically hard, I can practically guarantee you will fail any college board."

And I imagine there is a certain savage rivalry among individual teachers as to the importance of their subjects. Some teachers think: "Well, they can get *my* subject, even if they have to let the others go."

College has been even worse, I gather, though I am not there to come in from my easy evenings at the movies or theaters and find Doris still grinding.

In my opinion, individual high-school and college teachers could well remember that they are only fractions of the faculty and could give about one-half their usual homework assignments.

Child labor is recognized today as barbarous, but teachers continue to hang fourteen- to sixteen-hour days on the youngsters, and there is no John Lewis to get the youngsters together to sit down in unified protest.

pastry

The French make excellent pastry, and I wonder what the reaction would be if France would someday stage an air raid over Germany and drop $10,-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

000,000's worth of French pastry in little parachutes into German towns, as a surprise expression of good will toward the German people.

Then maybe Germany would retaliate with millions of dollars' worth of *apfelstrüdel* or German toys for French children, all dropped down on French towns in cute little parachutes.

I would like to see some nation go cock-eyed crazy and try some tremendously expensive good-will experiment like this someday.

It is a cinch that when (and if) we ever do manage to get along beautifully together as nations on this plagued planet, it will be by doing things almost diametrically opposite to the way we are doing them now.

This applies to intranational and, to some extent, to individual life as well as to international life.

It would be interesting to see what would happen if nations would start to think of the nice things (instead of the nasty things) they could do for each other. What a fine thing it would be, for example, if England would give twenty million turkey dinners to Italians next Christmas.

In industry, the craziest employers seem to get along best with their help. Mr. Ford seems to have his workers lined up better than any other big manufacturer, and he has been noted for his insane, unexpected, spontaneous wage increases, and the like.

The Rockefellers have been nuts for a number of years now, and they have been wonderful boys since they quit acting conventionally capitalistic and started giving money away like divinely drunken sailors.

Artists have been the best human beings to date, because they have been the best fools. Men who have made paintings have made something. Men who have made history haven't made much.

What is there in Spain worth fighting about except Spanish art, yet I haven't even heard it mentioned.

What did the World War accomplish except recognition of the wrist watch? Think of the world it would be if we had spent all that money being nice to each other . . . as nations.

It is evident that we are consummate idiots when we are serious and cagey. Why don't we take a cue from ourselves and try to do some unheard-of, gay, unsafe, generous, surprising things for a generation and see how that would work?

heroes

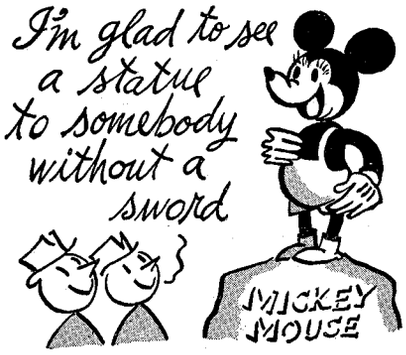
No, men who have made history have usually only changed things, not improved them.

What have Bismarck, Napoleon, Queen Mary, or even George Washington accomplished that compares in importance with the achievements of Mickey Mouse? Mickey Mouse gives us ten or twenty minutes a month of delicious forgetfulness of mortgages, taxes, controversy, and death, and that's more than you can say of Bismarck, Napoleon, or Mussolini.

And what of George Washington? Well, if we had been unsuccessful in our Revolution, we would merely have been like Canada rather than the way we are, and I see no advantages in being us.

A man died the other day who really did make history that mattered. . . . Chester Greenwood, who invented earmuffs when he was fifteen years old. There was a man! There was a fellow to whom we ought to erect monuments in our public parks.

Postmen were Mr. Greenwood's best customers, and somehow I feel that it



is better to give warm ears to the postmen of the United States than it was to give us the United States. The postmen could just as well be Canadian postmen. But warm ears are something to sing about.

I say customers, because Mr. Greenwood not only invented earmuffs—he manufactured them for forty years. His plant in Farmington, Maine, made 1,000,000 pairs a year. I'm glad. I'm glad Mr. Greenwood made money out of earmuffs.

The remarkable thing is, that the world ever heard of Mr. Greenwood at all. We leave unsung most of the real heroes of this world. Who knows the name, for example, of the father of the hot-water bottle?

History merely shifts things around. If we weren't so nervous, we wouldn't need history in the first place. History is not nearly so important as what we do when we get there.

There hasn't been a more important man in the development of the United States than Walt Disney, who gave us Mickey Mouse.

kin hubbard's burglar

The late Kin Hubbard (*"Abe Martin,"* of *The Indianapolis News*) was alone in his home one morning. A burglar came and took his money and silverware, and then cut the telephone wires and left. In a few minutes the burglar returned.

"I can't get your car started," the burglar said. "Would you mind coming out to the garage and helping me start it?"

"I'll be glad to," said Kin.

As Kin backed the car out of the garage for his burglar, he asked: "Which way are you going?"

"Why?" asked the burglar.

"Oh, I thought if you were going downtown, I might ride along with you."

"Sure, that's O.K. I've got a job to do on the other side of town. I'll be glad to give you a lift." The robber took the wheel, and they drove along genially.

"Are you stealing this car for keeps or just for the day?" asked Kin.

"Well, I'd like to use it all day, but I could steal another one tomorrow."

"Where do you plan to finish up the day?" asked Kin.

"Oh, someplace on the North Side. Would you like for me to leave the car somewhere?"

"That would be fine."

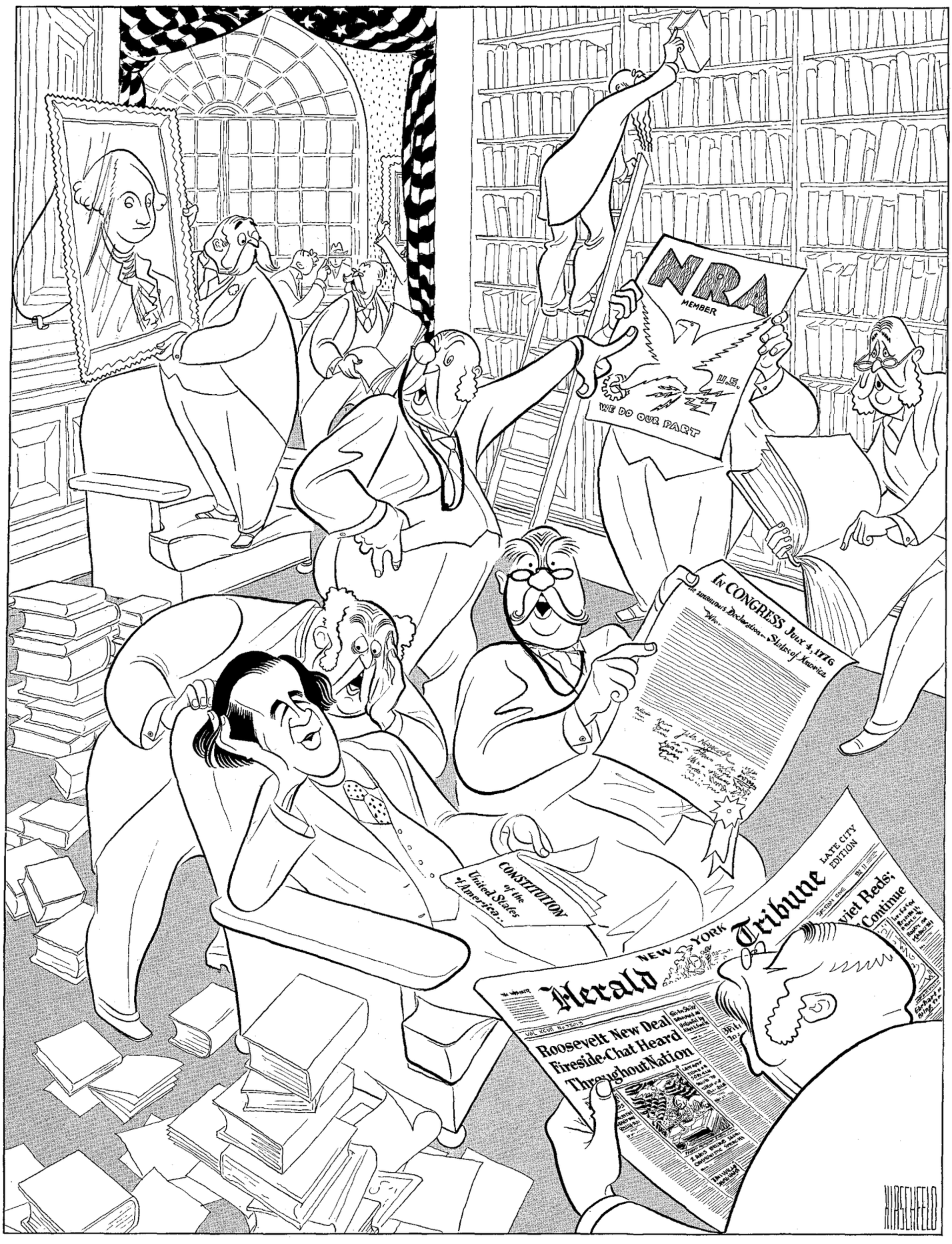
"Anywhere you say—someplace on the North Side."

"What about Thirtieth and Meridian Streets?"

"Oke."

The burglar dropped Kin off at *The Indianapolis News* office, and that night Kin picked his car up at Thirtieth and Meridian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Union League Club helps Emil Ludwig gather material for his projected biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Screen and Radio

GILBERT SELDES

SHORTLY after the lamented death of Miss Jean Harlow, a press release announced that the picture on which she had been working would be completed with a substitute and that from the point Miss Harlow left off "the part will be rewritten to suit the personality" of the new actress. This plan was dropped, but not because anyone saw anything queer in it. To the studio heads there is nothing in itself alarming in the idea of making half of *Hamlet* with Leslie Howard and then rewriting the rest to suit the personality of Charles Laughton. And this tells us more about Hollywood's conception of acting than any amount of critical analysis could do. Players are not expected to render character in necessary situations, but characters and situations are specifically created to allow the free play of players' personalities.

This is a vicious extension of the old theatrical habit of casting according to type. The aggravation in Hollywood is serious because players are often under long-term contracts, and picture after picture must allow for the exploitation of their expensive personalities. Money and publicity build them up, and presently even those who have an actual talent for acting are repeating the synthetic image created by the press agent or giving excellent imitations of themselves as they were in some particularly successful and sympathetic part. I am told by those who get around more than I do that these millionaire players, the personality boys and girls, are as likely as not to slip into their favorite character even in their private lives so that when an actress is offering you a whiskey and soda, you suddenly hear the accents of the mistress-murderess which she created on the screen five years ago.

Anyone who cares for the movies is bound to have some resentment against the star system as a whole; but my present point is that if Hollywood has to have stars—which is commercially probable—they should at least be competent players. The most damning criticism of Hollywood is that it attempts to create a successor to the stage without ever creating an art of acting. But, so far, there is no proof that the general public would not appreciate acting at least as much as it appreciates personality. Even the testimony of the fan magazines is inconclusive.

Movies are supported for the most part by the uncritical readers of fan magazines. Those of us who care more for the movies than for the private lives and cosmetic habits of the movie stars are inclined to consider the fan magazine something of a blight, because there is no question that it whips up interest in pictures which are totally negligible. Moreover, the interest is of the wrong kind—the kind to which the promoters appealed when they announced that "Garbo Loves Taylor in *Camille*." The fan magazine, being the exploiter of personalities, is the enemy of acting. As it lives by the successes of the movies, it has no concern with the art of the movies. It has certainly been a great factor in creating that undiscriminating patronage which Hollywood imagines to be a tribute to its own genius. The fan magazine serves the vanity of the producer who thinks that the people go to see *his* pictures, the stories *he* has chosen, with the stars *he* has discovered or selected. It conceals the obvious truth which every observer of the movies must eventually learn: that people go to the movies today for precisely the same reasons they went twenty years ago when a considerable number of these producers were little boys paying five or ten cents to see the movies made by other producers who suffered from the same illusion.

Yet the fan magazine is not altogether uncritical. At the core of my favorite among them, *Photoplay*, there are several pages reviewing the new pictures, and I am told that this section is held in the highest esteem by the readers, so that any attempt to alter even the make-up brings out numerous protests; and the editors are convinced that without it they would lose a great part of their appeal to the public.

I do not pretend that the judgments in these reviews comply with the strictest standards, but they are definitely not puffs, and the selection of the best pictures and the best performances almost always includes the most worthy pictures. Moreover the headline of these pages encourages the reader also to be selective, adding that if you follow the editor's judgment about pictures, it will save you money and "you won't have to complain about the bad ones." A summary of all the pictures current is also an important feature, and in this department you will find a terse description of the picture with such admonitions as "just don't bother," "skip it," "pretend it isn't there," and, of course, "don't miss it." In the issue of *Photoplay* now at hand eighty-three pictures are so noticed, and twenty-eight of them are starred as being one of the best of the month at the time of the original review. This would indicate that a magazine, going to the average patron of the movies, recommends only one-third of the Hollywood output as being really praiseworthy. The reviewers who do this work seem to have a sense of what is popular and a sense of what is good in the movies; and combining both, they imply that two-thirds of the total product falls in neither category.

The critical estimates in *Cinema Arts* are a bit harder on the Hollywood product, but as the entire magazine has all the appearance of the elaborate folios put out by producers to advertise their most expensive productions, the critical side does not matter. I received my first copy of this magazine, a bound-in-boards copy of a limited edition, as a gift, pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sumably a tribute to my interest in the art of the movies. It seemed to me a producer's dream of having the editors of *Fortune* and *Esquire* collaborating on studio publicity. With the arts of the cinema, *Cinema Arts* apparently proposes to have nothing to do—and I think this is more reprehensible in a fifty-cent magazine with that title than in the popular fan magazines which make no pretences. However, magazine editors often discover that their first issues are exactly the kind of magazine they most dislike; and I shall keep an open mind about *Cinema Arts* to discover whether it can be costly and critical at the same time.

*

The most interesting radio experiment of the entire summer has been the production of Shakespeare by both networks. As I have a slight connection with those sponsored by the Columbia Broadcasting System, I may be prejudiced, so I will pass over any comparison of the results to consider the intentions of the producers. In the series offered by NBC, Mr. John Barrymore and his wife were the stars, doing what they called a streamlined Shakespeare. The CBS series brought a variety of players into the principal parts. Burgess Meredith, who had been called by the critics the Hamlet of 1940, played Hamlet. Edward G. Robinson, whose stocky figure and characteristic gestures might be in his way on the stage, played Petruchio. A great many of the other principals came from Hollywood and had the opportunity to play Shakespearean rôles which would otherwise be denied them.

Both series were experimental; in the summer the networks have hours unsold and naturally use them for purposes of prestige. No one could tell how the less-familiar plays of Shakespeare would be received by audiences, and the experiment was well worth making. It occurs to me that particularly Columbia's arrangements offered a chance to make further discoveries about radio. One of the grave difficulties of broadcasting is that the material exhausts itself. This has been said so often that one accepts it uncritically, usually thinking of puns and catchwords and the half-dozen most popular tunes of the moment. The evidence on the other side exists. The last movement of Brahms's *First Symphony* is not in any sense exhausted for the radio audience because it has been played by four or five orchestras in the course of a year. Only material that is not worth broadcasting more than once is killed off. The experiment to make with Shakespeare is to keep him as a semi-permanent feature of broadcasting, adding sufficient novelty by employing new players in the principal rôles. I would, for instance, be charmed to hear what Mr. Roland Young does with Petruchio and to compare it with the work of Mr. Robinson. There are probably half a dozen stars available for each of the two great parts in *Antony and Cleopatra* (which regrettably was not included in either series). Radio has now only one backlog—the repertory of classics in music. Adding a second in a repertory of the classic drama would doubtless give it a solidity which it really requires.

The summer has also added a new character to radio, that of W. C. Fields. As Messrs. Stoopnagle and Budd vanished (temporarily, I pray) from the air and Mr. Fields appeared on the same program with Charlie McCarthy (Eddie Bergen's beguiling ventriloquist's dummy), the Fields program became an almost unique source of comedy on the air. Technically speaking, neither of these should have been particularly successful. After all, if you cannot see a ventriloquist and his dummy, the words they speak might just as well be spoken by any two people; and if you cannot see Mr. Fields' magnificent port and his even more magnificent nose and the look of concentrated dislike which comes over his entire expression, what is it that you can get from Mr. Fields? The answer is the same in both cases: character. Mr. Bergen's material for his dummy is excellent and renders completely a kind of precocious malice as well as the enchantment of a bad little boy. Mr. Fields in his best moments is as effective with voice alone as he used to be twenty years ago when he was entirely voiceless in the great pantomimes of the *Ziegfeld Follies* at their height.

To be sure, Mr. Fields' producers on the air seem not to have the faintest conception of his genius, because on their broadcast they waste half of his priceless time on some of the most tedious and trivial material ever invented. It is now the fashion, when broadcasts originate in Hollywood, to bring on two movie stars and set them to insulting one another. This is a little worse than the dreary acts in which motion-picture stars used to flatter one another before the microphone. The insincerity of the fake abuse is actively revolting. Mr. Fields is, of course, a giant of integrity compared to most others, because one suspects that he actually has a contempt—as indeed he should have—either for the players he is ragging or for the method forced upon him. But if Mr. Fields cannot manage to make this sort of thing seem funny, that is positive proof that the thing is not funny.

However, I rejoice in the recovery of Mr. Fields' health and, with modified rapture, rejoice in his appearance on the air. In one of his first sketches, he explained how he had once played Romeo, privately. As there was no balcony on his own house, he took the ladder to the house of a neighbor—nothing could be more bland than the assumption of innocence with which this part of the tale was told. After he had scaled the ladder, some malcontent, "a Red, no doubt," had slipped into his hand a bag containing the neighbor's silver. Merely to have heard the half-minute of this episode reconciled me to some bad quarter-hours on the air.

*

George Gershwin was one of the very few popular artists who actually was affected by intellectual criticism, and the notices of his death, most of them written by music critics, indicated that in 1925 he had been young enough and sufficiently versatile in talent not to be harmed by the high-brows. It was a great satisfaction to me at that time to have something to do with the Paul Whiteman concert for which Gershwin wrote *Rhapsody in Blue* and to know with what eagerness Gershwin responded to both the praise he received and the hopes which the critical had for his future. Critics far more learned than myself and of stricter standards were more pleased with his later essays in orchestral and operatic forms than I was. A year ago, my judgment of him was that he "has had to decide whether he wishes to remain popular, and his talents are so prodigious that he has been able to postpone that decision for half a dozen years." I said then that, as a corrective to his grander ambitions, he needed "a contract to write two or three popular motion-picture musicals." While he was at work on the second of these, after an extremely successful first attempt, he died at the age of thirty-eight.

The form and style which American music will take is not yet fixed. When one considers how steadily our popular music has developed through the phases of the cakewalk and ragtime and hot jazz and sweet jazz and swing, it does not seem possible that a nationally expressive music can neglect the popular element. Perhaps Gershwin did not combine the elements in their right and ultimate proportions. That the elements were the right ones, however, seems to me as much beyond doubt as his own overflowing talent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Seeing Eye

"FREEDOM AND A FRIEND!"

Guided by the watchful eye and faithful care of dogs trained by The Seeing Eye organization in Morristown, N. J., many blind men and women are today going about freely and safely.

MOST blind persons say the world is kind. Everyone with whom they come in contact wants to help, but only a few of the sightless men and women in this country are able to have Seeing Eye dogs.

Too many people take their own "seeing eyes" for granted. They fail to realize that neglect may lead to blindness. It is estimated that the eyesight of more than half of the 114,000 blind persons in the United States could have been saved by modern medical science had steps been taken in time. Much of the trouble is due to neglect of the eyes during infancy and early childhood. Surely this knowledge should prompt everyone—especially parents—to guard against the tragic waste of human sight.

What are the causes and what are the symptoms of imperfect eyesight?

Nearsightedness, farsightedness and astigmatism are the most common causes of eye trouble, which usually can be corrected by glasses. Diseases of the eye, involving permanent impairment of vision, are extremely serious. Sometimes they are the result of unsuspected kidney disease, diabetes, or syphilis, and if untreated may eventually lead to blindness. Expert medical care is essential.

Common symptoms of eyestrain may be "diminishing vision," severe, recurring headache, insomnia or dizziness. People may fail to realize the damage done to the eyes by carelessly straining them in dim light. It is harmful to read in bed unless the head and shoulders are propped up, the page well lighted and held below the line of vision. Never use eyewashes, ointments, salves or other remedies unless advised by an eye specialist.

As people grow older there is a gradual lessening of elasticity in the lens of the eye. The muscle does not work as freely as it did formerly. It becomes more and more difficult to read and see close work clearly without corrective glasses.

Testing the eyesight of school children is required by law in most States, but no law compels adults to have their eyes examined regularly. Every grown person should see an eyesight specialist at least once in two years, if he or she would continue to enjoy the blessing of good vision.

We shall be glad to send you, free, the Metropolitan booklet "Care of the Eyes." Simply address Booklet Dept. 937-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

Copyright, 1937, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theater

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

As another theatrical season gets under way, an advance appraisal of the scripts of some of the scheduled plays may provide an inkling of what at least a small part of it may be like. Of these various scripts which I have investigated, relatively the most promising, it seems to me, is *Shadow and Substance,* by Paul Vincent Carroll, a Scotch schoolmaster. It appears, incidentally, what with such others as the medico Bridies, the schoolmarm Daviots, and the like, that everybody in Scotland is writing plays but the playwrights. Certainly the late Barrie, in view of *The Boy David,* could not have been offered in evidence as an exception.

Carroll's play deals with the Catholic Church in Ireland. Its theme lies in the ramifications of faith as practiced by the Church's various constituents, both high and low, faith that, for all its sincerity, has drifted from its deepest moorings, and the manner in which a true, steadfast, innocent, and unselfish believer, a young girl, brings the contentious others, through the uncorrupted purity and simplicity of her own faith, back to first principles. Much of the writing must bear in upon an audience with its passion and conviction. And the rôle of the young girl, a little caretaker in the house of the canon, though built out of materials that in cruder hands would quickly betray their birth in the cradle of hokum, is here flavored with such fineness of spirit and such a restrained gentility of writing ink that, if it is cast at all appropriately, it can hardly fail to dig into an audience's emotions. What is more, although the rôle is a quite easy one and makes few demands upon the higher histrionic talents, it should be, as the vulgate phrases it, "a natural" when it comes to adding, in the less critical eyes, to an actress's reputation.

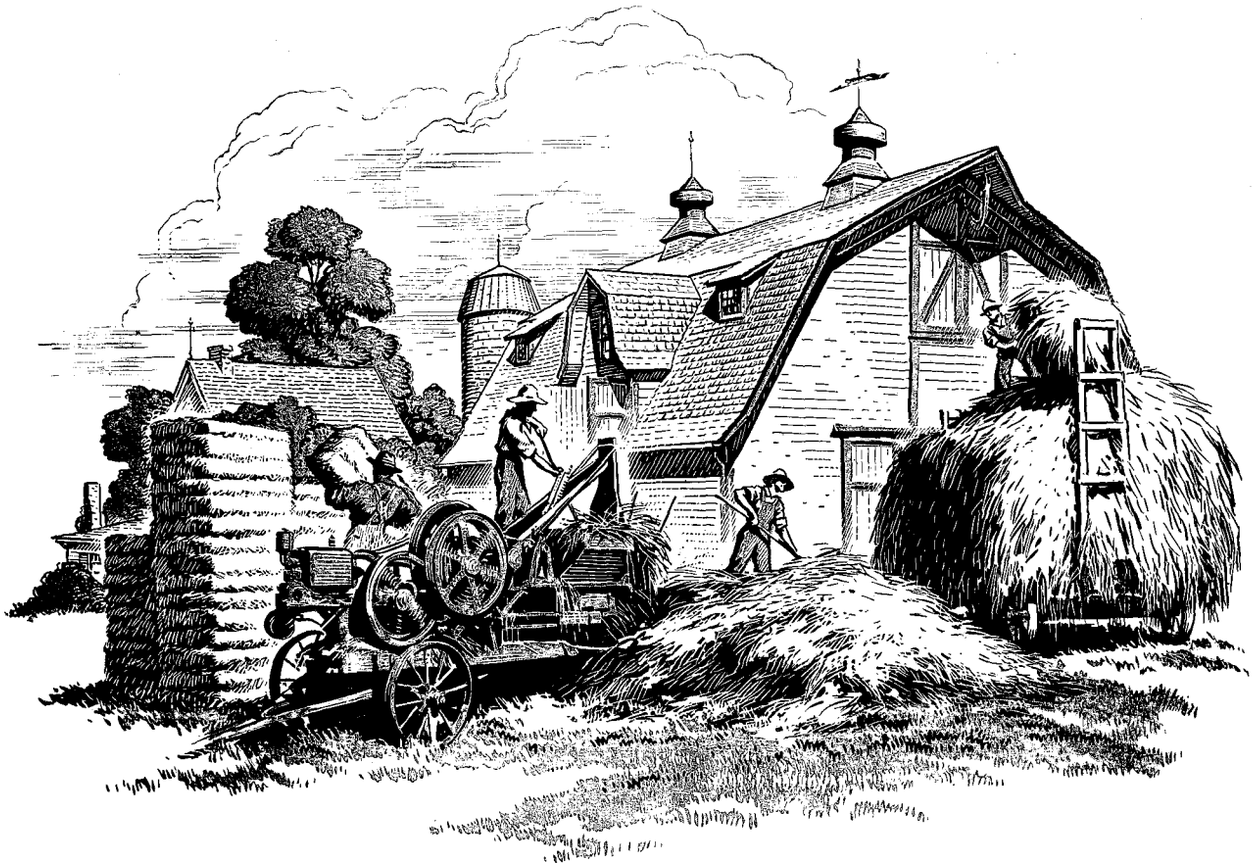
The inner thematic, and even certain of the outer dramatic, machinery of the play may hardly be said to be excessively original. The play of faith brought into self-doubt and re-created and regenerated by another has been familiar to the stage in a dozen and one different forms. And certainly the instrument of regeneration that Carroll employs, the innocent young girl, isn't so very far removed as a stage stencil from even the celebrated little Editha of several generations ago who used to come downstairs in her nightgown, encounter a burglar, and convert him to rectitude and the chaste life through her ingenuous and artless prattle. But the straw out of which Carroll has fabricated his bricks and built his play is of a superior quality, and his dramatic structure, as a consequence, mounts aloft with eloquence and power. Only here and there is there visible a streak of shoddy. The canon's repeated mispronunciation of names, that theoretically humorous device of the bygone vaudeville stage, is lamentable, as is the playwright's apparent idea that he must arbitrarily inject some comic relief into the latter portion of his play, with the result that we are treated to the antics of a silly couple that are faintly depressing. Nevertheless, admitting its defects, the exhibit has many points that will bear critical watching.

W. H. Auden's and Christopher Isherwood's *The Ascent of F6,* already shown in England and to be produced here by the Theater Guild, does not much impress me. It is the type of play that usually gets enormously good notices from literary critics who never go to the theater and who know next to nothing about drama but who are always profoundly suscitated, it seems, by any play written by a poet, however bad, and issued under the imprint of one of the more reputable publishing houses. But it is also the type of play that drama criticism, while admitting the dignity and honesty of its aim, must discern to have one foot on the stage and the other still disturbingly cocked up on the authors' writing desk. To say, however, that it will not, as the theatrical word goes, "play" is nonsense. Almost anything, despite that foolish catchword, will play, when it comes to that. The point is that, while it will play, it won't play quite as the authors intended it would, for they have orchestrated their materials rather more with the ears of poets than with the eyes of dramatists. They have, in a word, listened to their writing with their theatrical eyes closed.

The theme, narrated externally in terms of a struggle on the part of two nations to reach the peak of a frontier mountain which, legend has it, once achieved will guarantee lordship over the lands on either side, has to do with the jingoism implicit in governmental quest for power and the incidental corruption and tragedy of the idealist who offers himself to the adventure. Fantasy, allegory, symbolism, and literal statement make up the xylophone upon which the authors strike out the notes of the theme but, unfortunately for them, their play at times suggests that they haven't been able to feel their way precisely along the instrument in the dark, with the consequence that their hammers sometimes seem to strike the allegorical bar when the aim was at the literal, and the fantastic bar when their hammers intended to hit the symbolic.

The whole play, further, is so insistently, exaggeratedly, and monotonously pessimistic and defeatist in the treatment of its theme that, along toward the middle, one feels an affinity with the man of the old quip who requested that his visitor be kicked out before he broke his heart. The authors peddle the crêpe wholesale, meanwhile spilling their tears all over the place. When one character isn't yowling, "We are lost; we are lost!" some other is jollily proclaiming, "Happy those run over in the street today or drowned at sea, or sure of death tomorrow from incurable diseases! They cannot be made a party to the general fiasco." And when still another isn't grousing that "Nothing that matters will ever happen" or that "In the eyes of the beggar I have experienced the earthquake and the simoom; sitting in the crowded restaurant I have overheard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Packaging food for live stock

LIKE human beings, animals get much of their winter food in packages. During the barren months, live stock subsists cheerfully and well on baled hay, alfalfa or other roughage that rounds out and balances the winter diet.

Steel has contributed largely to the packaging of food for live stock. Bale ties, which are long pieces of steel wire with an oval loop at one end, hold the fodder after it is compressed to a small volume. This wire is amply strong to hold even the most tightly compressed bale. At the same time it is sufficiently soft to permit the end of the bale tie to be twisted and fastened by hand after it has been passed through the loop.

These bale ties of specially-made wire are but one of many ways in which steel is closely linked with agriculture from plowing to harvest. Steel plowshares turn the earth for planting. Steel discs harrow it and cultivate it. Harvesters and binders, built largely of steel, gather the crop. Bethlehem has long been one of the country's leading manufacturers of agricultural steels.

Bethlehem makes a complete line *of commercial steel products*

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the confabulations of weasels; give us something to live for! We have waited too long!" another still is indulging himself in a succulent bellyache to the tune of such gentle whimsicalities as "I wish I were dead!" "As if life had a chance of mending!" and—*fuga incomposita*—"The lighthouse keepers let the lamps go out and leave the ships to wreck, the prosperous baker leaves the rolls in hundreds in the oven to burn, the undertaker pins a small note on the coffin saying 'Wait till I return,' the sanitary inspector runs off with the cover of the cesspool on his arm."

That is the tone of the Auden-Isherwood lachrymatory from first curtain rise to final curtain fall. The play isn't under way ten seconds before its protagonist croaks that virtue and knowledge are simply words "justifying every baseness and excusing every failure," that "under I cannot tell how many of these green slate roofs the stupid peasants are making their stupid children," and that "happy is the foetus that miscarries and the frozen idiot that cannot cry 'Mama'!" And it ends with a derisory view of a monument to the mutilated and skull-cracked dead who have vainly and idiotically sacrificed their lives. The woe goes to such a juvenile extreme, indeed, that even the dedication of the play, to John Bicknell Auden, partakes of the mortician quality:

Ghosts whom Honour never paid,
In the foolish battle made,
Wandering through the stricken grove
Pluck the bitter herb of Love.

That there are isolated moments when the inner power of the play's theme triumphs over the treatment is not to be gainsaid. But I fear that, as a whole, *The Ascent of F6* makes dramatically a molehill out of a mountain.

Numerous British comedies are announced for import, two of the more conspicuous ones being *French Without Tears,* by Terence Rattigan, and *George and Margaret,* by Gerald Savory. Both, I regret to report, are distinctly trivial affairs and quite in the negligible key of comedy writing as the present-day London stage dishes it out. The Rattigan exhibit deals mainly with a prehensile female who sets her cap for everything in trousers by way of gratifying her egregious vanity. Although it contains one or two moderately amusing scenes, the vernal quality of its author's humor may be indicated in his recourse to such quips as concern French learned from a booklet of everyday needs ("Now if a Frenchman asked me where the pen of his aunt was, the chances are I could give him a pretty snappy comeback and tell him it was in the pocket of the gardener"), such retorts, following a discourse on some unrelated subject, as "I'll take vanilla," and such stuff as "I've got a peculiar feeling in the stomach and an odd buzzing noise in the head. I think that must mean I'm in love with you."

As in so many of these English affairs, the young men are profuse in addressing each other as "ducky," "old boy," "child," etc., and in periodically urging each other "not to worry your dear little head" about this or that. The girl, Diana, duly lays her head on her suitor's chest and purrs, "Oh, Bill, I do feel such a beast." There is the scene in which a woman, sewing a tear in her rival's dress, purposely lets the needle slip and, when her rival screams "Ow!" innocently remarks, "Sorry, darling, did I prick you?" The curtain to the second act descends upon the line telling someone to go to hell. "Unutterably" again pops up as a pet expression. So does the line, "As much as I like you there *are* times when I could cheerfully strangle you." The rich flavor of the dialogue may be intimated by such a passage as "That girl wouldn't find it dull on a desert island." "Unless it *was* deserted." "True. But one feels somehow it wouldn't be deserted long if she were on it." The wit takes such forms as "His Excellency says that he doesn't mind me choosing my own career a bit, provided always it's the one he's chosen for me" and "He always sees two sides to every question—his own, which is the right one; and anyone else's, which is the wrong one." Characters who are indignant or perturbed close the books they are reading "with a slam." A man comes onto the stage in a fancy-dress costume consisting of the frilly skirt of a Greek Evzone, beneath which can be seen an ordinary pair of socks and garters. This (stage direction) causes his beholder "to burst into a shriek of laughter." "Oh," drools the contrite Diana in Act III, "I know what you think of me, and you're quite right, I suppose. I've told so many lies before that I can't expect you to believe me when I'm telling the truth. But this is the truth, now. This is the only completely sincere feeling I've ever had for anyone in all my life. I *do* love you, Alan. I always have and suppose I always will. . . . That's what's so funny." And the plain Cinderella girl-of-all-work in Act I eventually develops into something of a beauty, and immensely desirable.

George and Margaret is brewed in the same kettle as *You Can't Take It With You,* but its author is hardly a cook in the Hart-Kaufman class. His first act, which introduces his eccentric family, is the most amusing of the three, but save for a bit of comical dialogue here and there, his general fabric soon becomes thin, monotonous, and fringy. A poverty of invention hovers over the play. The father who can't find his spectacles, which are on his nose; the family squabbles over the use of the bathroom; the narration by the father of a love in his life before he married, by way of persuading his young daughter to his advice on marriage; the humor about the unsmokability of Christmas-present cigars; the character who garbles quotations ("Let him who has a mote in his own cast," etc.); the servant girl whom the son of the household wishes to marry and who observes to the indignant young man's mother, "I haven't dared tell *my* mother yet; she'll be furious; she's always wanted me to marry one of my own sort"; the business of fighting over the names of boy and girl babies before the babies are even born; the subtle evasiveness in allusions to the water closet; the fussy and nitwit materfamilias who argues that "If it weren't for me, Heaven knows what would become of you all"; the quarreling young lovers who get down on their knees to pick up the dropped cards, with the young man, as the girl looks up at him, suddenly kissing her—for how many years, oh Lord, have we been engaging that species of claptrap? Importing it to America at this late date is not merely carrying coals to Newcastle but carrying Newcastle itself to Pittsburgh.

Intermittent snatches of the dialogue, as I have allowed, are quite funny; one or two of the characters, notably the father and the young daughter, are entertainingly drawn; and a few lines like "He always strikes me as being so obviously a lady's man. Mind you, I think men should prefer the company of women, but they shouldn't dress as if they do" and "It's queer how one's family only like one behind one's back" aren't bad. But the play is critically a one-to-ten proposition.

None of the other scripts which have thus far come to my attention has induced in me any particularly greater enthusiasm.

THE SNOB APPEAL

1. Raiment

It was a nice depression because our wives dressed well on dwindling incomes. All the best shops had "budget departments" where a really excellent evening gown could be bought for $35 or $40.—*Scribner's.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6000 Acres and a Microscope

(*continued from page 48*)

a gospel which has changed but little during the past seventy-five years. Warren believes that this gospel, like the make-up of real cattlemen, is misunderstood by Americans in the mass. As a broad generality, cattle people are, as they have long been, a rather upright, God-fearing clan—a kindly people, generous in spending when times are good, inclined toward occasional operas and diamond rings. They want very much to be left alone to work out their own destinies — without government dole, mortgage, or meddling. In general, they are anti-Roosevelt and anti-New Deal.

They know that their banks are not dependable in times of great stress. Since 1929 there has been absolutely no opportunity for the Far West rancher to rebuild a cash reserve, as essential to the new school of ranching as it was to the old. With herd strengths so drastically reduced, the fact that a fat beef cow now sells for $70 or $80 as compared to $30 or $40 in 1933 gives no reason to believe that ranch books will show larger net profits for 1937 than for 1933. Overhead items such as taxes, insurance, and breeding investments are perpetuals. Meanwhile maintenance overhead, lumber, paints, materials for buildings and repairs, farm equipment, seed, livestock medicines, and supplies (normally about one-third of gross income) have virtually doubled in price. Wages, another third of ranch gross, have advanced from 20 to 40 per cent.

Dust storms blow on. Ranchers combat the plague only by private resolve to plow no land which cannot be irrigated. But dry-land farmers, who must live from a chance grain crop, cannot be expected to follow suit. The still-powerful Montana Stockgrowers Association stays dubious of government "meddlings," nibbles but warily at the innumerable new irrigation projects. Some of the water sites can feed only poor soil. Only rich soil can pay dividends upon irrigation. Not even the richest soil can pay dividends upon water bought at exorbitant prices.

Like the run of cattle-ranch moderns, Con Warren dusts off his fancy-stitched boots and stays with the entrenchments built by old-timers like his grandfather. He is neither licked nor on government payroll, and, if continued improvement of feeding, breeding, and ranch management means anything, he won't be.

Don't be a ½ Shaver

Men, there are *two* halves to every shave. The first is to get rid of your whiskers. The second is to take care of your skin. So don't be a ½ shaver. Finish up this way:
1. To make your face FEEL fine, use one of the Mennen lotions—the liquid Skin Bracer or the cream Skin Balm. They give you a zippy, tingling, cooling sensation that wakes you up... and sets you up for the day. They banish razor-rawness. And you'll be delighted with their odor.
2. To make your face LOOK fine, use Mennen Talcum for Men. It kills face shine—and makes your skin look smoother, younger. Moreover, it doesn't show. It's the most popular man's powder. (Also... it's swell after the shower.)

ESPECIALLY IN HOT WEATHER
finish up with
MENNEN

SCRIBNER'S AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

With this issue SCRIBNER'S publishes the seventh of its color reproductions of the work of outstanding artists in its "American Painters Series." Ten of these color prints will be published in the magazine during 1937, the schedule calling for reproductions of such ranking artists as Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, Howard Cook, and others.

These prints will be incorporated into a limited edition of *Scribner's American Painters Series*, each set containing ten prints, suitably mounted. This portfolio will comprise a remarkable collection of American art, of value to collectors and amateurs alike. The completed portfolio will contain work representative of the best being done in America today, and will be published November 15, 1937.

As this edition will be limited, send in your reservation today. A remarkable opportunity to secure fine prints at low cost.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue, New York

Sirs: Please reserve for me ( ) copies of *Scribner's American Painters Series* at $7.50 per copy. I am enclosing a check for ($).

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska is an old man, and during this past summer he has felt too feeble to remain in Washington fighting for a Supreme Court bill which he privately regards as more or less useless, anyway. Representative Maury Maverick of Texas is young, lusty, ebullient, effervescent, a mixture of sage and court fool, sapient Saint Bernard and yapping terrier. This animated bundle of Texas tabasco and cactus spines is quite able and willing to swap punches along the Potomac all summer or all year with the "smug-mugs" who entrench themselves behind McReynolds, Butler, Sutherland, and Van Devanter, the "four old guardsmen" of the Court who have, in Maury's irreverent opinion, "packed the Constitution" against the intentions of the founding fathers and the needs of the foundling children by disregarding the plain words of the commerce and the general-welfare clauses.

But between Maury, the Texas Terror, and George W. Norris, the grand old man from McCook, Nebraska, there is a bond that makes the question of age irrelevant. Norris and Maverick are, indeed, separate links in the chain of American progressivism; they represent two ages of a continuity in a tradition that seems far more vital now than it did in the last days of Herbert Hoover. But they also represent a good deal more than a continuity, for Norris, even past his allotted three score and ten, has kept pace with change, has continually been at pains to reorient his basic ideas to fit the facts of the machine age as it gives way to the power age. Although Norris's political experience dates back to the time when "reform" had a trust-busting, "return" connotation (I say "return" because it then proposed a backtracking to the simpler ways of premonopoly, Manchesterian, laissez-faire capitalism), he has long since ceased to be a Rooseveltian in the Theodorean sense. He and Maury Maverick are together in the fight for the new "reform," which is not really reform but a pragmatic pushing ahead to new forms by piecemeal legislation looking toward "production-for-use."

The essential kinship of Norris and Maverick is made plain by two books, *Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris,* by Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn (Vanguard, $3), and *A Maverick American,* Maury Maverick's bubbling autobiography (Covici, Friede, $3). Reading these, one is heartened and refreshed to see how clear the stream of American progressivism runs from its Jeffersonian-Populist sources toward an incalculable but by no means hopeless future. The experience of reading these books in succession gives one renewed faith that the United States will somehow solve the problem of what John Dos Passos calls "individual liberty vs. bureaucratic industrial organization" without recourse to either Red or Black dictatorships. (This, in spite of the fact that Norris said recently: "If Lincoln were alive today he'd be just like me. He wouldn't know what in hell to do.")

The odd thing about both George Norris and Maury Maverick is that neither one of them began public life as a "progressive," or a "champion of the people." Norris was first sent to the House of Representatives as a Republican machine man, a docile servant of Uncle Joe Cannon, the autocratic czar who, as Speaker of the House, controlled the selection of the Rules Committee and hence was in a position to dictate legislation. Maury Maverick began as a tax collector in San Antonio —surely not an impressive debut for a fledgling people's tribune. Before going into politics, Maverick had put up ramshackle houses for speculative selling; he is now ashamed of himself for having done this, but it gave him some insight into the housing needs of the American nation.

Norris's conversion to insurgency came because of an almost preposterous incident. He had been as bitter a partisan for Uncle Joe Cannon as any of the Republican stalwarts from the conservative East, but on February 20, 1904, the scales fell from his eyes. On that day, John Sharp Williams, Democrat from Mississippi, proposed that the House take a recess on February 22 in honor of the memory of George Washington. The Republicans were against this proposal, not because of any real desire to work on Washington's Birthday (as a matter of fact, the Republicans over in the Senate were in favor of recess), but merely because it had emanated from the Democratic side of the House. To Norris, however, the idea seemed a good one, so he voted with the Democrats. When his party colleagues hauled him over the hot coals for failure to follow the leader, he was properly amazed. The whole silly business planted in his mind the first seeds of mistrust, and that mistrust was to increase the more he saw of the ways of partisanship. With Maverick, conversion to the causes of liberalism had a far less idiotic origin. He simply saw what the depression was doing in Texas and the Southwest in the last days of Hoover and he concluded that something ought to be done about it.

Although Norris's education as an insurgent ostensibly began on February 20, 1904, when he was 43 years old, it really commenced with his childhood on a farm in the Black Swamp district of northwestern Ohio in the sixties and seventies of the past century. He knew what it was to wrest a living for a huge family from the soil, with no electricity, no labor-saving machinery. George Norris is definitely a product of the old frontier. As a young man out of an Indiana law school, penniless and without the law books needed for his career, he was forced to take whatever work lay to his hand. He traveled blind baggage throughout the West, reaching the State of Washington and teaching the three R's to settlers' children in the backwoods. The essential democracy of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frontier was grained into him from his early experiences. And he saw, and disliked, the more predatory aspects of the frontier, such as the seizure of all the good power sites by bold adventurers of the stamp of Jim Hill. Later, as a judge in Nebraska, he was called upon to settle many mortgage cases. As poor farmers came before him to protest eviction proceedings, he often thought of his own childhood in the Black Swamp country. And more often than not his recollection of the hours spent behind the plow caused him to favor the farmer in his decision.

It was George Norris who led the great battle in the House against the autocracy of Speaker Cannon. Long before the World War broke out, Norris was a full-fledged insurgent, a colleague of Representatives Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., of Minnesota, Victor Murdock of Kansas, and Asle J. Gronna of North Dakota. And when he became Nebraska's junior Senator, he naturally joined forces in the upper House with the elder La Follette. The insurgent forces seemed to be making very appreciable headway until the World War came, cutting across the hopes for a peaceful solution of power-age difficulties. After the War, with the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover line stretching out to the crack of doom, the legislative life seemed flat to the Senator from Nebraska. He thought of quitting politics, and on one occasion he actually wrote out a telegram informing his friends in Nebraska that he would not enter the Republican primaries for Senator. Fortunately for Norris and the country as a whole, Paul Y. Anderson, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* reporter, happened to come by as the messenger boy was carrying the telegram from Norris's office. When he learned what was in the message, Anderson chased out into the corridor. "I'm from Senator Norris's office," he said when he had caught up with the boy. "He's decided not to send that telegram." Thus haphazardly was Norris saved to father the TVA, to outlaw the Yellow Dog contract that had been used for years by calculating employers to fight off unionism, and to put through the Lame Duck Amendment to the Constitution.

Important though Norris's postwar career has been, his greatest service to the American nation came in 1917, when he and the other "willful" Senators waged a desperate and inspired rear-guard battle to keep the United States out of a war whose disastrous effects will not be eradicated within the lifetime of anyone who happens to read these pages today. The stories of the filibuster against the Armed Ship Bill and the fight to keep the Senate from giving Woodrow Wilson his declaration of war are told by the Messrs. Neuberger and Kahn with a brilliant comprehension of the issues involved. Norris, La Follette, Stone, Lane, Gronna, and Vardaman, the six willful Senators who voted against the declaration, were called Benedict Arnolds and Judas Iscariots at the time, but no one has proved to this day that the American people actually wanted the war. And more than one book, the latest of which is *War Madness,* by Stephen and Joan Raushenbush (National Home Library, 25 cents), has exposed the nature of the pressures exerted on the Wilsonian Government to get it to proceed without submitting the question of war to any popular referendum. Norris knew at the time just what forces were at work; he had seen the propaganda for preparedness roll up at the instance of bankers, munitions makers, and those who had raw materials for sale. When he said the War was "putting the dollar sign upon the American flag," he was at least speaking the approximate truth. Stephen and Joan Raushenbush make that plain enough.

Since 1917 the six willful Senators have been vindicated. Much of the worthwhile neutrality legislation stems from ideas propounded by them in their fight against Wilson's war; what is vicious in the neutrality legislation is a hang-over from Wilsonian ideas about presidential discretion in the conduct of foreign affairs. (The President should not be permitted to apply an embargo at his own sweet will; an embargo should be either mandatory or left with Congress.) And now that the time is approaching when a second group of willful Senators is needed for the fight to keep us clear of European war, Norris's experience should make invaluable reading.

Unlike Norris, Maury Maverick did nothing to oppose the War. He went to the War. Eighteen years later he entered the Mayo clinic to have a tumor and pieces of five vertebrae cut out of his spine. He had learned by bitter experience what Norris already knew in April of 1917—that the War, so far as the United States was concerned, was a sell. His own wounds took approximately two decades for liquidation, but the harm done to the progressive movement in the United States has not yet been repaired. Maury Maverick is in Congress to help repair that harm. And he is also there to carry on the antiwar fight of Norris and La Follette. If signs are not

"TO READ THIS BOOK IS TO TAKE A VACATION!"

Northern Summer

● "To read this book is to take a vacation. Its chief characteristic is the sweet freshness of its style and content." —*Christian Science Monitor*

● "The peace, exquisite charm and simple beauty of this book are beyond description."
—*Grace Woodbridge, Lecturer*

● "The cheerfullest and sunniest book which has come out in a long time. Simply told but drenched with humor that does not strain and sentiment that does not cloy. A little gem."
—*Saturday Review of Literature*

● "The crying of gulls, the crashing of breakers, the chatter of chickens, the smell of fresh hay, the babble of children, and the sea mists are in this book. There is no fever and no pose, but a rare sunlit serenity."
—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

● "An enchanting and lively book, spontaneous and beautiful, with a touch of reality as light as the flicker of the birch leaves in the sun, and as joyous and clear."
—*New York Times*

● "A book which offers a cupful of peace and joy to young and old. It has the charm and tenderness of Hans Christian Andersen, the mock terror of 'Alice in Wonderland.' The language of NORTHERN SUMMER has a fireside simplicity which brings the reader into intimate contact with the whole scene."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

● "Hurry and get this book—We read it twice, once silently and again to the family in delight . . . Quaint, Delightful!"
—*Winston-Salem Journal*

● "Contains ideas and emotions sufficient to last any ordinary reader a lifetime. Saturated in limpid sweetness, it will clear a tiny resting place in your own thoughts, as still and soft as a sunny meadow."
—*Boston Transcript*

By GOSTA af GEIJERSTAM

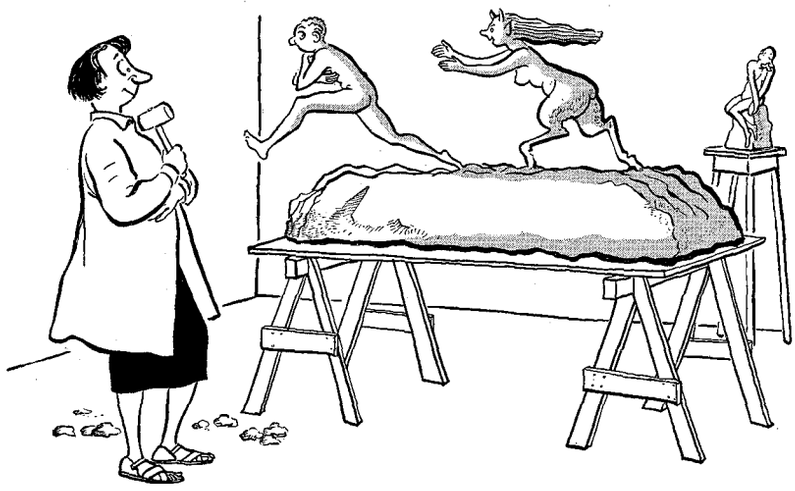
$1.50

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

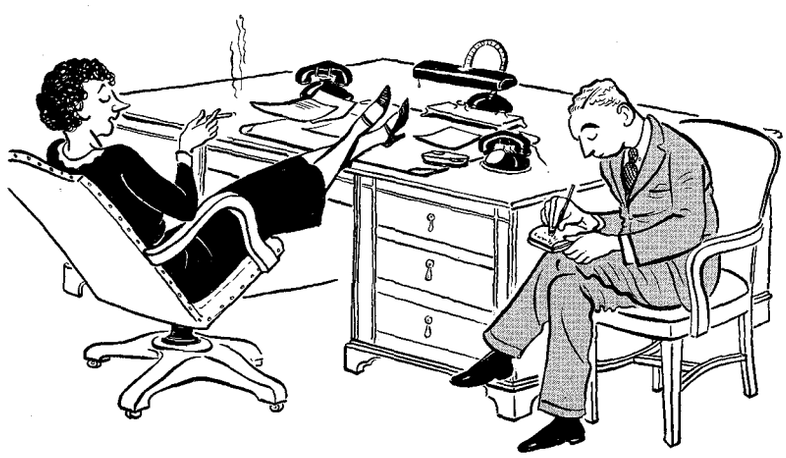
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMES THE REVOLUTION . . .

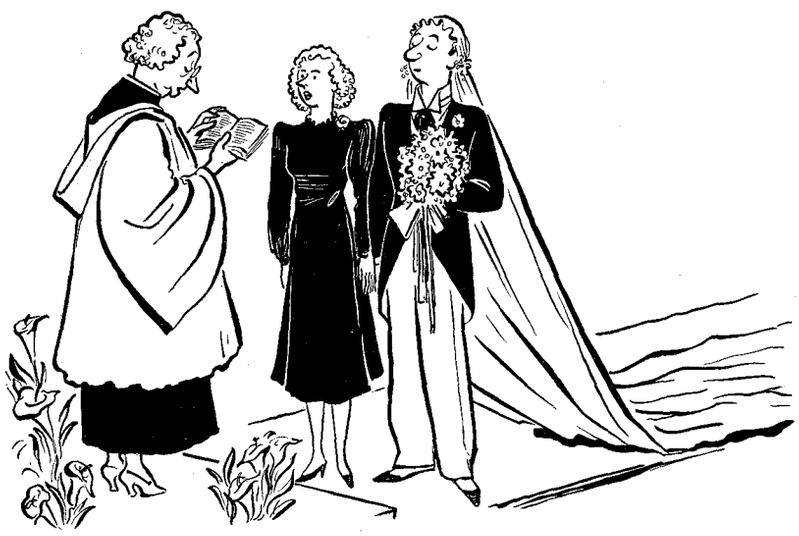
CARL ROSE



1.



2.



3

misleading, there will be more than six willful men around in Washington to try to keep us clear of the next imbroglio "over there."

It is interesting to contrast the attitudes of Norris and Maverick as they view the efforts of President Roosevelt to "pack" the Court. Norris doesn't think adding new members to the bench will prove a fundamental solution of anything. He remembers all too well that he voted against confirming the selection of Harlan Stone and for the confirmation of Owen Roberts. Today, Stone, more than anyone else, represents the Norris philosophy on the bench. And Hughes, whom Norris considered a conservative, voted to uphold the TVA, Norris's pet New Deal project. Because of these tergiversations of fate, Norris is not inclined to put his trust in the presidential choice of justices. Maverick, on the other hand, is for the "packing" of the Court. He thinks the Old Guard justices have been guilty of denying certain guaranteed rights to the American people. And because these rights have been denied, it is, in his opinion, the duty of Congress to take the bull by the horns and certain of the old gentlemen by the hair. He demonstrates by quotation that the founding fathers intended Congress to have the power to regulate the scope and number of the Supreme Court. But he is for a clarifying amendment to the Constitution as well as for "packing." As one who agrees with Norris that "packing" is likely to prove ineffectual, or a boomerang, I should like to see Maverick put the amendment first.

Book Notes

Our desk has been cluttered recently with poorly mimeographed, inexpensive sheets setting forth with considerable dignity the predicament of those about to be dropped from Federal Writers' Projects for lack of further funds. On the other hand, we have been unable to ignore the full-page announcements appearing from time to time in the metropolitan dailies, sponsored by citizens' committees and others in the strike districts demanding in large letters that every man's right to work be protected, by military measures if necessary. We have been as depressed by the one, as we were impressed by the other. And we have been led to wonder, with Herbert Agar in a recent column in the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* how far that militant spirit for every man's right to work is backing up the WPA or similar local projects for relieving unemploy-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cathedral Close

by Susan Goodyear

"A rich and rewarding story," says *The New York Herald Tribune* of this convincing novel of "the secretive sacerdotal world" of an English cathedral community which has "an irresistible appeal."
New York Times. $2.50

Sugar in the Air

by E. C. Large

"It is exciting and very powerful; original, uncompromising, and so powerful that it fades even *The Outward Room.* I warmly commend it."
FRANK SWINNERTON in *The Observer* (London). $2.50

Whirlpool

by David Lamson

author of "We Who Are About to Die"

The dramatic and thrilling story of a northwestern farmer accused and convicted — on circumstantial evidence — of killing his brother. A novel of shattering reality and conviction and a terrifying indictment of small-town politics and "justice." $2.50

King John of Jingalo

by Laurence Housman

author of "Victoria Regina"

How a mythical monarch (of a kingdom much like England) rebelled against his Premier and what happened to him. A gay and devastatingly truthful fantasy. $2.50

Of Lena Geyer

by Marcia Davenport

Now in its fourteenth big printing. For ten months one of the most popular novels in America. $2.75

at all bookstores

The story of the epic struggle for Sun Mountain's bullion

Panic at the Bank of California

Ralston's Ring

California Plunders the Comstock Lode

by

George D. Lyman

author of "The Saga of the Comstock Lode," etc.

More exciting than any fictional Western thriller is this factual narrative of the "financial wizards" of California in the 1870's — headed by the amazing and dynamic William Chapman Ralston — who plundered the bullion of the Comstock Lode, made San Francisco the queen city of the coast, and rode a daily race with ruin.

Here is not only the glittering background of Western America in its lustiest decade but also the story of one of the strangest and most thrilling personal conflicts in American history — that of the imperious Chapman and the dogged Adolph Sutro whose tunnel beneath Sun Mountain spelled *finis* to "Ralston's Ring." Every one interested in American history at its gaudiest, in vivid characters, in authentic thrills, will find *Ralston's Ring* entirely delightful.

Profusely illustrated. $3.50

Charles Scribner's Sons

The Saga of American Society

by Dixon Wecter

The whole lively truth about American first families — and many others — their origins, foibles and future. A serious study of Society that has something delightful on every page.
Fully illustrated. $4.00

Great Mother Forest

by Commander Attilio Gatti

Exploration and adventure in one of the darkest corners of Africa. An authentic record, packed with exciting incident and filled with amazing photographs of savage beasts and primitive man. $3.75

Great Historic Animals

by Ernest Thompson Seton

Wolves play the leading part in this new book by a famous writer on animals and the outdoors — famous wolves of history and legend, as well as other animals whose courage or deadliness has come down through the centuries. With drawings by the author. $2.50

Elephant Dance

by Frances Flaherty

In these "Letters from India" the wife of Robert Flaherty, who made such famous motion pictures as *Nanook of the North* and *Men of Aran*, tells of the exciting, amusing and exasperating adventures the Flaherty party had in making the successful picture *Elephant Boy.* A feature of the book is its many superb illustrations from photographs taken in the jungle. $2.75

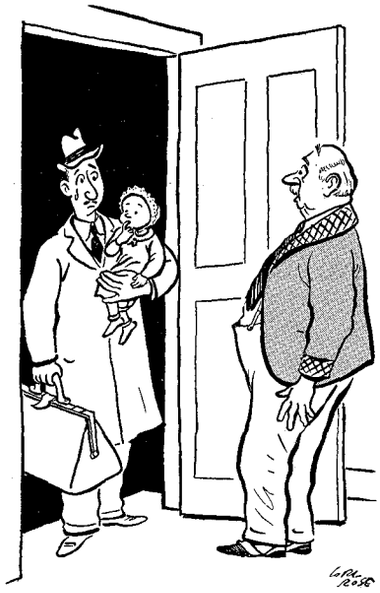
at all bookstores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMES THE REVOLUTION...

4.

5.



6.

ment which may exist in the communities whose indignations have been so righteously aroused.

That is just a thought. There is fact in the announcement that in northern California a Federal Writers' Project, which is to be cut to a handful of men the day this goes to press, has done, in addition to a state and local American Guide, a most intensive study of migratory agricultural labor in California. Files have been accumulated in which are included crop and labor statistics, the history of agricultural development, and charts and monographs of every important crop. The report reads: "This huge compilation will have a value to students of agricultural conditions, and to the government, far beyond the monetary cost of the particular projects which are responsible for the gathering and editing of this material." That point may be a matter of opinion, but we know that projects in New England and Washington, D. C., have produced local guides like the one mentioned above which have received wide acclaim from critics everywhere as being works of scholarly and literary excellence.

*

But now to the ridiculous:

"To strip tease, or not to strip tease, that is the question agitating New York at, of all times, the opening of the bathing-beach season," reads a recent release in *The Pleasures of Publishing,* published weekly by the Columbia University Press. "At the moment," it continues, "bareness is barred and a rollicking Minsky gathers no Moss. This is by no means the first time such matters have upset the metropolis, as those who have read the recently published ninth volume of George C. D. Odell's *Annals of the New York Stage* can testify." (Very nicely worked in, Mr. Editor, oh, very nicely!) The release goes on to explain the first exile of the Can-Can. And then: "But the Can-Can returned. This time the house was closed when the Society for the Relief of Juvenile Delinquents interfered on the ground of unpaid taxes. The Can-Can became, in police parlance, the Can't-Can't." And so on runs the release through several paragraphs. For some time we have been moved by the continued excellence of this weekly publisher's stunt and felt that more should be known of an editor who could toss facts in your lap as bright as buttercups, and slip in the commonplace title of a book so that it never marred the freshness of the bouquet. So we wrote and asked for information. "We are anxious," read the reply, "that the Press receive credit for *The Pleasures of Publishing* rather than the individuals, for there are more than one who write it. If information about anonymous individuals will be of any value to you, we should be glad to supply it." Alas that there should be no glamour or gleam to the armor of Truth!

*

Last June, when we sent out to the publishers our selection of the best spring books, asking them to check on it their choice of ten, Daniel Walden, at Stokes, wrote back: "It is a difficult list to choose from, and I have checked those which seem to me to be most permanent. Our own book, *The Sound of Running Feet,* I have honestly marked not because it is ours but because I feel it portrays in an unusually vivid form social conditions as they are today for middle-class Americans and that it will be a book of enduring value."

We felt somewhat the same way and wrote to ask Miss Lawrence if there was any significant news about herself or her work. "The only way you can possibly fit me into a book note is to consider me a small dot the size of a period," is the way she looks at it. She says that each year her publishers valiantly try to drag some news out of her and each year she explains that all she's done is to write a book. This keeps her so busy that she doesn't travel, cultivate hobbies, or go in for the kind of vacations that produce descriptive reading. "The only plan I have at the moment," she explains, "is to work on another book. But I can't talk about that because what one hopes to do and what one succeeds in doing do not always match.

"The trouble may be that I am not quite bright. Checked against the clarion statements of the Best Minds I seem to have the mentality of a contented cow. For instance, I don't dislike my bread-and-butter job—that's bad. I cheerfully admit that I keep my newspaper position because I like it. I also like to write novels. Oh, I can testify to drudgery and a measure of panic before a book gets under way, but once I'm in it I love the actual tussle. I don't 'shudder away' from my typewriter as I've read that famous novelists do, I swoop happily upon it.

"I've just had the experience of seeing the first screen version of one of my books and I felt none of the anguished regret which seems to be the prescribed reaction. I thought it a swell movie and that Hollywood did nobly by me.

"Then again (this is terrible) I'm an individualist, though alas not rugged. Among my quaint notions is the belief that any economic system which lists

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motorcars and permanent waves among the necessities of life and which compels the wage earner to spend money he hasn't got for things he doesn't need is cockeyed. Your own John Chamberlain has a word for it. He calls it my obsession. Me, I never talk back to a critic."

There's a girl who knows which end is up.

*

And *Co-operative Enterprise,* by Jacob Baker, is, the publishers say, the most compact and at the same time most comprehensive book on co-operation ever issued.

James Henle, of Vanguard, which published Mr. Baker's book, writes us that long before the present trailer craze began, Mr. Baker made, not a trailer, but a caravan of his own. He bought an automobile truck and fitted it up so that it provided very comfortable living accommodations, and traveled in it all one summer. (This proves nothing about co-operation, except to show what a co-operator does when he isn't co-operating.) Also, Mr. Henle says, at one time in his life Mr. Baker grew a magnificent beard. "Since he is extremely friendly with Rex Stout, who also has a beard, the two of them were often seen together and more than once were taken for the Smith Brothers." (This is beginning to sound a little more like co-operation.) "Mr. Baker's appointment by President Roosevelt to head the Inquiry on Co-operative Enterprise was extremely logical. Since his early manhood Mr. Baker has been interested in co-operation. During the early days of the depression he organized self-help groups in and about New York City."

(And here co-operation really begins.)

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Scribner's Recommends:

These books which the editors of SCRIBNER'S *and the publishers pick as outstanding summer publications:*

1. *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town,* by Elliot Paul. Random House. $2.50.

Dual choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club for August.

"It will be a pity if you press on too rapidly toward the tragic melodrama of the later chapters, for their full value is rendered when one has absorbed the leisurely charm of the first half. It is a beautiful book; one wishes it were not so bitterly apropos." CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

2. *Northwest Passage,* by Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday, Doran. $2.75.

Book-of-the-Month for July.

"And Mr. Roberts has succeeded where so many American writers of historical novels have failed. . . . He has more freshness and more real humanity in his major characters than most of the chroniclers. This novel will be widely read and liked." HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

3. *Conversation at Midnight,* by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harpers. $2.

There is more than poetry in this book—the evening's conversation of a group of men, among them a priest, a stockbroker, a communist, an artist. There is wit, understanding, appreciation, and brilliant interpretation of nearly all the subjects which trouble and interest and amuse men in all walks of life today.

4. *And So—Victoria,* by Vaughan Wilkins. Macmillan. $2.50.

This fast-moving novel of excitement and intrigue against a background of pre-Victorian England the publishers promise will be a worthy successor to their 1936 best-seller, *Gone With the Wind.*

5. *A Maverick American,* by Maury Maverick. Covici, Friede. $3.

"This rambling book snorts smoke out of its paper nostrils. Like Stephen Leacock's larruping horsemen, it rides away rapidly in all directions. . . . His opus has gusto galore, lots of entertaining inconsistency and delightful disorder, and some occasional lapses into logic."

EDWARD ANGLY

It is interesting to note:

. . . that Appleton-Century feel *Old London* (4 volumes boxed), by E. F. Benson, should be substituted on their list.

. . . that Oxford University Press want *Twenty Years as Military Attaché,* by T. Bentley Mott, on theirs.

. . . that Morrow feels an injustice was done (and they have the public on their side) in our omission of *American Dream,* by Michael Foster.

. . . that Longmans, Green feel that *Zeppelin,* by Captain Ernst A. Lehman, looms large in importance on the summer lists.

. . . that Elliot Paul's *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town* marks a crescendo in the series of books on Spain coming from the presses, yet still they come. *The Siege of Alcazar,* by Major Geoffrey McNeill-Moss, appeared August 2.

. . . that *The Anointed,* by Clyde Brion Davis, although one of the two books chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club for August, was slighted in the publishers' vote, but this column backs it all the same.

THE THIRD REICH

By HENRI LICHTENBERGER
Translated and Edited by
KOPPEL S. PINSON
$3.00

A BRILLIANT, COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF PRESENT-DAY GERMANY WRITTEN BY AN EMINENT AUTHORITY

THE GREYSTONE PRESS
11 WEST 42nd STREET • NEW YORK

SECOND PRINTING

THE THIRD REICH

WHITE MULE

a novel by

William Carlos Williams

"Its excellence lies in the intensity with which each scene and each character are visualized, and the honesty with which they are set forth."
Carl Van Doren, Boston Herald

"The action evokes so many of the sights and sounds of life that we are stirred at every point by remembrance."
Alfred Kazin, N. Y. Times Book Review

"From a number of angles 'White Mule' is literary news. It is a powerful and resonant novel."
N. L. Rothman, Saturday Review.

$2.50

NEW DIRECTIONS • NORFOLK, CONN.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS

Wanted—All subjects, for immediate publication. Booklet sent free.

Meador Publishing Co.
324 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Wherever you are planning to be this summer be sure to have enough

BOOKS

"Remember Them With Books"

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music and Records

RICHARD GILBERT

Most people will agree that if this is not the golden age of musical creation, it is certainly a halcyon era for music appreciation. Today's listener in search of music from periods forgotten by the concert-hall virtuoso no longer finds himself blocked by conventional program-making. At the point of a phonograph needle the past is recaptured with the greatest of ease. The mechanical revolution, once the curse of art, has become its ultimate salvation.

In taking the harpsichord and other ancient instruments out of the museum, modern science shakes the dust from scores long-forgotten by all but musical archæologists. Music that was never dead returns to earth in a shower of electrons through countless vacuum tubes, and finds, in place of candlelight and periwig and princely patronage, a paradoxical world, at odd moments more considerate of lost elegancies than of its own streamlined adornments.

You have only to glance at recent record lists and lend an ear to an occasional broadcast of unprejudiced program-making to notice that the harpsichord has returned. The disc publishers are determined, so it seems, to leave no stone unturned in their exploration of tonal highways leading back several centuries. And, in the abundance of harpsichord records made available, you will discover several mines of beauty from an unsuspected golden age or two.

After one hundred and fifty years of pianoforte transcriptions, in which harpsichord pieces have been subjected to every conceivable type of misrepresentation, the great keyboard art of Couperin, D. Scarlatti, Handel, Rameau, J. S. Bach, and other clavecinists of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries may be heard without difficulty in the medium for which it was originally created. Moreover, this pristine music emerges from even the most modest loud-speaker with its unique tone quality practically unimpaired.

1537 · Harpsichord · 1937

The harpsichord (Fr. *clavecin;* Ger. *Flügel;* Ital. *clavicembalo*—in England earlier forms were known as *spinet,* from the Italian *spinetta, spina*=thorn; and *virginal,* from its use by young ladies) contrary to popular opinion is not an obsolete instrument, an imperfect forerunner of the pianoforte. The first hearing of a Wanda Landowska or an Ernst Victor Wolff performance must come as a decided shock to those whose conception of the harpsichord places this ancient and noble instrument alongside the modern piano, much as a world's fair exhibit contrasts the original Iron Horse and the Burlington Zephyr.

The piano is not an improvement on the harpsichord; it is an entirely different instrument. The strings of the former are struck by hammers, and the resulting note may be controlled by the performer's touch upon the key. The harpsichordist has no control over the actual note once the key has been pressed, for the strings of his instrument are *plucked* by quills or plectra of leather. Descended from the archaic psaltery (the piano traces its lineage back to the dulcimer), the modern harpsichord has a double keyboard (single- and three-manual instruments are rarities) and a number of stops (pedals, couplers, and dampers). This multiplicity of mechanical device obtains a diversity of tonal effect such as the designers of the piano never strived to achieve. The brilliant and sparkling effect produced by the plucked string is the essential feature of the older instrument. When this characteristic sound is varied from bright, fluorescent registers to mellow and droning bagpipe-like ones, an expert and tasteful executant can produce sonorities of unforgettable beauty, impossible to duplicate with any other musical instrument.

Masters like Champion de Chambonnières (1602–1672),[1] François Couperin, le Grand (1668–1733),[2] and Jean Philippe Rameau (1683–1764)[3] realized the limitations of the harpsichord—its weak sustaining power and narrow dynamic range—as well as they appreciated the fine points of quilling their instruments. They wrote with these limitations in mind, turning out iridescent music that avoided all redundance. These men were the glory of the great French clavecin school; in their arabesques they matched the designs Boucher and Greuze painted on the lids of their harpsichords. Couperin created a new musical architecture and gave, in fact, to the Louis Quatorze period an art that was not exceeded in vitality by any other expression of that glittering era. Possession of the superb Landowska album of Couperin pieces is equal in every way to the hanging in your home of a luminous *Muezin,* by Watteau, and infinitely less costly.

Piano transcriptions of the *Goldberg Variations,*[4] by J. S. Bach (who at one time copied out Couperin's music in order to grasp its peculiar structure), and Domenico Scarlatti's sonatas (of

[1] *Chaconne & Rondeau.* Wanda Landowska. "His Master's Voice" No. DB4973. This fine disc also contains *L'Hirondelle* (Daquin, 1694-1772) and *Les Songes agréables d'Atys* (Lully, 1639-1687).

[2] *Selected Works for Clavecin.* Wanda Landowska. Six "His Master's Voice" discs (Victor).

[3] *La Poule; Le rappel des oiseaux.* Paul Brunold (Watters harpsichord of 1737). Brunswick-Polydor No. 35036.

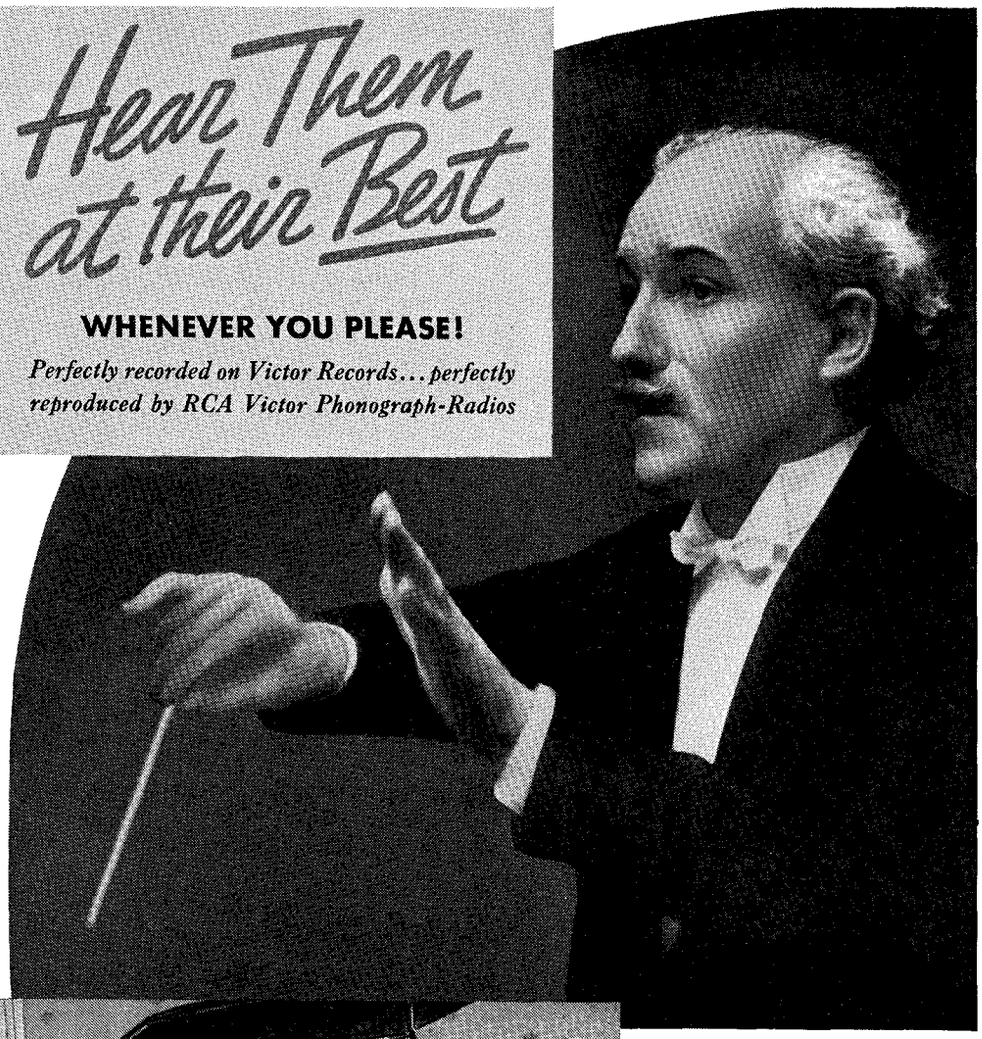
[4] Wanda Landowska. Six "His Master's Voice" discs (Victor).

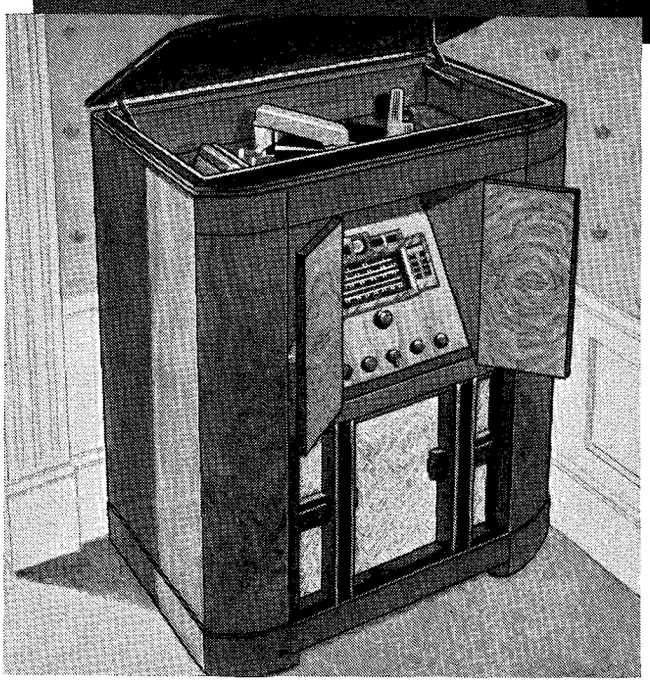
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hear Them at their Best

WHENEVER YOU PLEASE!

Perfectly recorded on Victor Records... perfectly reproduced by RCA Victor Phonograph-Radios





ARTURO TOSCANINI, hailed as the greatest living conductor, has preserved on Victor Records many of his great performances with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Among these is the Beethoven Seventh Symphony (Victor Album M317) pronounced by an eminent music critic "A perfect wedding of genius—a 'once-in-a-lifetime' performance of a 'for-all-time' work of art."

•

RCA Victor Higher Fidelity Phonograph-Radio U-109 . . . Two triumphant instruments in a luxurious cabinet! The RCA Victor Higher Fidelity Phonograph with automatic record changer is specifically designed to reproduce music exactly as captured on Victor Higher Fidelity Records. The radio has RCA Victor Electric Tuning, and other features.

RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m., E. D. T., on NBC Blue Network

RCA Victor Record Player, R-94. Plays Victor Records through any AC radio. Self-starting motor, electrically operated. Plays both 10- and 12-inch records. $32.50*

RCA Victor

PHONOGRAPH-RADIOS AND VICTOR RECORDS

A scene from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer musical production, "Maytime"

NELSON EDDY lets you re-live the glorious moments of the motion picture "Maytime" with the Victor recordings of the songs he sang in that picture. Victor Records bring you the leading artists in your favorite types of music . . . Get the most from your Victor Higher Fidelity Records by playing them on an RCA Victor Phonograph or Phonograph-Radio.

HAL KEMP, with "Skinny" Ennis singing, has an insinuating, utterly individual dance style that is collecting whole coteries of Hal Kemp fans. You can always get his newest hits on Victor Records, for the leading dance bands record constantly and *exclusively* for Victor. ...You get best sound reproduction from Victor Higher Fidelity Records when they are played on an RCA Victor Phonograph or Phonograph-Radio, because these instruments are the products of the same engineering genius which is responsible for the records.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

14382—Prelude and Fugue in F Minor (Bach)—$2.00
Philadelphia Orchestra
Eugene Ormandy, Conductor

12039—La Bohême—Che Gelida Manina...Aïda—Céleste Aïda, Forma Divina—$1.50
Jussi Bjorling, Tenor with Orchestra

14383—Notturno
Tarantella (Szymanowski)—$2.00
Yehudi Menuhin—Violin with Piano

12040—Der Freischutz Overture
Boston "Pops" Orchestra
Arthur Fiedler, Conductor—$1.50

25633—Remember Me, Foxtrot
Am I In Love, Foxtrot
Hal Kemp and his Orchestra

25634—Changes, Foxtrot
Sleepy Time Down South, Foxtrot
Benny Goodman and his Orchestra

TO BE RELEASED SOON

Variations on a Theme by Haydn Opus 56 A (Brahms)
Arturo Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra
Album M355—Price $4.50

Twelve Popular American Ballads
Nelson Eddy with Concert Orchestra
Album C27—Price $6.50

FREE *A fascinating booklet..."The Music America Loves Best." Write RCA Mfg. Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. Write us for the name of your nearest RCA Victor dealer. *Prices f. o. b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which there are over 500),[5] for example, no matter how thoughtfully edited, cannot succeed in preserving the effect these composers intended. Hence, the restoration of these and other great works[6] provides music the whole charm and substance of which can no longer be mistaken.

To trace the evolution of harpsichord music you have to go back to the times of the Tudors. Henry VIII and his three successors kept as many as three virginal players about their courts at one time. In the eighth year of James I's reign (1611) there appeared the first music for virginals printed from engraved plates in England. Three composers—William Byrd, Dr. Bull, and Orlando Gibbons—contributed twenty-one pieces to the collection called *Parthenia* of which a pavan and galliard, *Earl of Salisbury,* by Byrd, is recorded by Rudolph Dolmetsch on a virginal.[7] Other pieces from the days of Merrie England by Byrd, Farnaby, and Peerson, played by Pauline Aubert and Erwin Bodky, will be found in the excellent collections of recordings of old music, *L'Anthologie Sonore*[8] and *2000 Years of Music.*[9]

You will have no difficulty finding recent records of music by Purcell and Handel in which the harpsichord appears either as a solo instrument[10] or merely as a reinforcement in the figured bass of a composition. In the latter category falls Purcell's lovely *Sonata in G minor,* played by Stefan Frenkel, violin; Sterling Hunkins, 'cello; and Ernst Victor Wolff, harpsichord (Musicraft No. 1023). Dr. Wolff's harpsichord is also heard in Handel's cantata for solo voice and flute, *Nell dolce dell' oblio,* joining with Sterling Hunkins in the figured bass supporting the soprano of Ethel Luening and the flute of Otto Luening (Musicraft No. 1010). Handel's *Concerto No. 6 in B-flat* and *Sarabande & Gigue* from *Harpsichord Suite No. 11,* played by Marguerite Roesgen-Champion and orchestra conducted by Piero Coppola, is another good example of the harpsichord blended with other timbres (Victor Nos. 4363 & 4364).

The golden age of the harpsichord came to a close at the end of the eighteenth century. In 1795, the date of the birth of the King of England was not changed, as is today's custom, but on June 4, at George III's celebration, the grand piano was substituted in place of the traditional harpsichord as the accompaniment to the *King's Birthday Ode.* Thus did the curtain fall upon an instrument already considered antique and obsolete. The next scene in the drama of keyboard music set the stage for the strapping pianoforte whose percussive sonority, superior sustaining power, and wide gamut of dynamics were to serve faithfully the new ideal of the expression of personal feeling. The romantic utterances of Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Brahms held sway for over a century, until we find musicians rediscovering the classics. Ravel's *Tombeau de Couperin* and Debussy's *Hommage à Rameau* were written for the piano; but, about that time composers, once more charmed by its aromatic flavor, began to consider the harpsichord's use as a solo instrument and in ensemble music.

OTTO HESS

Ernst Victor Wolff at his Mändler-Schramm harpsichord

Manuel de Falla, for one, found in the harpsichord a means to expression unlike anything already at his service. His *Concerto for harpsichord, flute, oboe, clarinet, violin & 'cello* (Columbia set No. X9) marks a return to the spirit of Domenico Scarlatti. The choice of medium was more than a superficial genuflection in the direction of the eighteenth century. Falla, in common with Stravinsky, Hindemith, and others, had found an intellectual affinity with the concision and clarity of the classics. In the orchestration of the puppet play *El Retablo de Maese Pedro,* Falla included a harpsichord and thus restored the instrument to a place where it had played an important rôle from the first opera (c. 1600) up until last-minute arrangements for George III's birthday pushed it aside for more than a hundred years.

"There are today," said Voltaire, "a thousand people who know music for one who knew it in the time of Louis XIII." With what amazement the philosopher might contemplate the stacks of discs in homes today, containing Raymond Scott's *Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals* as well as Couperin's fragrant *Le Dodo ou l'Amour au berceau,* I leave for you to determine.

The Manuel and Williamson Harpsichord Ensemble—four harpsichords, organ, flute, and strings—can be heard on the NBC Blue Network every Tuesday, 10:30—11 P.M., EDST. This "Past Masters Program" originates in Chicago and specializes in music of early composers.

[5] *20 Sonatas.* Wanda Landowska. Six "His Master's Voice" discs (Victor).

14 Sonatas (only *No. 384* is duplicated in the Landowska set). Yella Pessl. Columbia set No. 298.

[6] BACH: *Partita No. 1 in B-flat; Chromatic Fantasy & Fugue in D minor; 6 Little Preludes.* Wanda Landowska. Victor set No. M323.

BACH: *Partita No. 2 in C minor.* Yella Pessl. Columbia set No. X74.

BACH: *Partita No. 6 in E minor.* Ernst Victor Wolff. Gamut set No. 1.

BACH: *Italian Concerto: Fugue* from "Das musikalische Opfer." Ralph Kirtpatrick. Musicraft Nos. 1006 & 1007. The concerto is also recorded by Wanda Landowska together with *3 Little Preludes & Fugue.* Victor Nos. 14232 & 14233.

HANDEL: *Suites Nos. 2, 5, 7, 10 & 14.* Wanda Landowska. Six "His Master's Voice" discs (Victor).

[7] *Columbia History of Music by Ear & Eye.* Vol. I contains in addition to *Earl of Salisbury,* Bull's *The King's Hunt,* and three virginal pieces by Giles Farnaby (1560-1600): *His Dreame; His Rest; A Toye.* Vol. II contains Henry Purcell's harpsichord *Suite in G,* and three movements from Handel's eighth harpsichord suite — all played by Dolmetsch.

[8] The Gramophone Shop, Inc. Copies of the booklets of analytical and historical notes for Vols. I, II, III & IV of *L'Anthologie Sonore* are available on request and without charge. These sets contain unusually fine examples of harpsichord music by Geoffroy and Dornel, of Couperin's time; Alessandro Scarlatti, the father of Domenico; Zipoli, and J. S. Bach. There are also works by Blavet, Couperin, Telemann, Purcell, Rameau, and Vivaldi for the harpsichord in concert with other instruments.

[9] Decca Nos. 20156 to 20167.

[10] PURCELL: *Prelude; A Farewell; The Queen's Dolour; Hornpipe.* Reverse: HANDEL: *Fantasia in C minor; Capriccio in G minor.* Yella Pessl. Columbia No. 68592.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Records

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's recording of Tschaikowsky's *Romeo and Juliet* is as electrifying an achievement as other triumphs of Higher Fidelity in Symphony Hall would lead you to expect. Stokowski's recording, made eight years ago, and Mengelberg's, which dates back six, are now definitely in a class with the daguerreotype. Serge Koussevitzky is less inclined than either of the above gentlemen to intensify the emotional surges of the score; he phrases its poignant passages tastefully and builds up its tumultuous climaxes with a remarkable precision in timing and a fine adjustment of dynamic values. The sixth record side contains *Maiden with the Roses* from Sibelius's infrequently played *Swan-White*—a work, I am sure, many listeners, after hearing the plaintive fragment beautifully sung by the matchless Boston strings, would like to know in its entirety (Victor set No. M-347).

Whatever the shortcomings of Sir Thomas Beecham's public presentations, in the studio he may be relied upon to record performances which must rank with the best orchestral productions heard today on either side of the Atlantic. His new recording of Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz* (Columbia No. 68986) has that cleanness of line, decisive accent, and exuberant verve which distinguish his other records and make them all worth investigating.

The romantic Weber does quite well this month with another overture—*Euryanthe*—played by the B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult (Victor No. 12037). This full-lunged recording hasn't the Beecham snap, but Sir Adrian drives to a lusty climax, and his strings in the quiet passages are agreeably mellifluous.

A *Concerto in B minor* for viola and chamber orchestra by Handel may be news to many. But the truth about the piece Columbia publishes under that designation is that Henri Casadesus, French musical antiquarian, discovered the music—probably little more than the solo melody and a sketchy figured bass—and worked out the harmonic scheme and the orchestration. William Primrose and an anonymous group perform the three movements with pleasing aplomb (set No. 295). . . . A concerto that needs no explanation is Bach's beautiful A minor work for violin, masterfully played by Yehudi Menuhin, with the Paris Symphony Orchestra (Victor Nos. 14370 & 14371).

The flow of chamber music recordings continues unabated with Mozart's *Quartet in F* (*K590*), played by the Budapest String Quartet (Victor set No. M-348); Dittersdorf's *Quartet No. 6 in A,* played by the Perole String Quartet (Musicraft Nos. 1017 & 1018); three works by Beethoven—*Trio in C minor, op. 1, No. 3,* played by the American Art Trio (Musicraft set No. 2), *Quartet in A, op. 18, No. 5,* played by the Lener String Quartet (Columbia set No. 301), and the 'cello *Sonata in C, op. 102, No. 1,* played by Pablo Casals and Mieczyslaw Horszowski (Victor Nos. 14366 & 14367); and, to bring things up to date, a *Quartet in F,* by the contemporary Italian Vittorio Rieti, played by the Pro Arte Quartet (Victor Nos. 1821 & 1822).

Only the Mozart and Beethoven quartets have been recorded before. Of the other works I call your special attention to the 'cello sonata. It is a noble work consummately played by a noble musician. The fine recording achieves a balance between the 'cello and the piano such as you rarely hear in the concert hall. . . . The trio is a youthful work of Beethoven. Here it is given an energetic performance by a group whose enthusiasm compensates for an occasional lack of polish. The eighth side of this set contains Beethoven's *Little Trio in B-flat* (1812). . . . The Leners have completed their phonographic devotion to Beethoven's quartets, for, with the recording of the fifth work in op. 18, they have perpetuated their readings of the entire output of sixteen quartets and the *Grosse Fuge, op. 133.* However much some of us may prefer interpretations by other ensembles, the sixty discs engraved by these four Hungarian string players represent an artistic achievement none of us can ignore. . . . Rieti could, I suppose, be classed as a twentieth-century Dittersdorf. The vivacity of the material in the first and last movements of his quartet and its dexterous treatment to a clever play of counterpoint recall the contemporary of Mozart and Haydn whose quartets are characterized by fine details and a quaint humor but contain little of a lasting nature. The performance of the Rieti work by the Pro Arte Quartet is a model of perfect ensemble playing. . . . It remains only to say of the lovely Mozart quartet that the Budapests' finely spun interpretation surpasses by far the treatment given it by the Stradivarius Quartet in a recording listed here last month. This Victor set is unreservedly recommended.

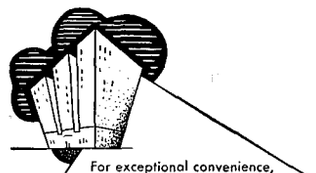
A Synthesis of the Musical Arts
14th to 18th Centuries

L'ANTHOLOGIE SONORE

An amazing collection of gramophone recordings of ancient musical masterpieces, ranging from the dances and Troubadour Songs of the Middle Ages to works by Handel, Lully, Dufay, Janequin, Couperin, Byrd, Frescobaldi, etc. Indispensable to music schools and teachers; an "Open Sesame" to the tonal treasures of the past for every music lover.

Descriptive booklet on request from the Sole American Representatives:

The Gramophone Shop, Inc.
18 East 48th Street · New York City
WIckersham 2-1876



For exceptional convenience, courteous service and reasonable rates, choose the Hotel Philadelphian. Enjoy its cheerful, airy rooms; air-conditioned restaurants and lounge . . . and its location away from street noises within a five minutes' ride to the heart of the business district. Special attention to convention groups and banquet parties.

600 ROOMS $2.50 up

HOTEL
PHILADELPHIAN
FORMERLY
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA
DANIEL CRAWFORD, JR., Manager
39TH AND CHESTNUT STREETS · PHILADELPHIA

Life in the U. S. Contest

WINNERS

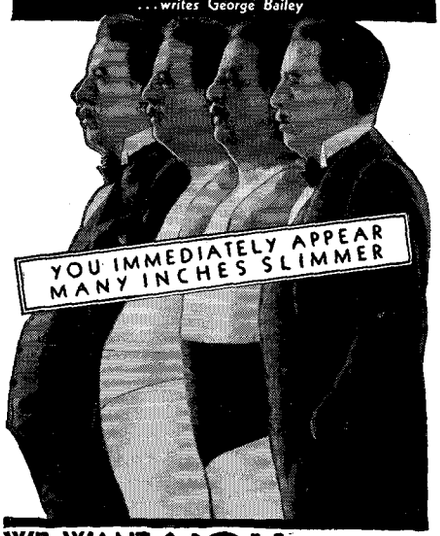
Due to the unprecedented number of manuscripts submitted, the announcement of the winners and publication of the first series of manuscripts will be made in the November SCRIBNER'S. The editors had hoped to announce the results in the October issue, but careful consideration of all entries requires additional time for the judges to arrive at their decisions.

In the November

SCRIBNER'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"
...writes George Bailey



WE WANT YOU TO TEST
the Weil Belt at our Expense!

DON'T let a "bay window" make you the butt of locker-room jokes! If the Weil Belt does not take inches off that paunchy waistline . . . 3 inches in 10 days to be exact . . . it won't cost you a red cent!

■ The old adage, "Nobody loves a fat man", may be an exaggeration, but nobody *admires* his figure. If you want to have that well-set-up appearance get rid of the fat this easy way! No starvation, diets or strenuous exercises . . . just get into a Weil Belt and appear inches smaller at once!

■ Certainly you will feel as though you were rid of a huge load when your sagging abdominal muscles are properly supported. With the loss of burdensome fat, vitality and pep will come back and you will feel, as well as look, like a new man. Many wearers state that when the digestive organs are returned to a more normal position indigestion and constipation are greatly relieved.

■ You don't have to take our word for it . . . and it will cost you nothing to make us prove our claims! If you are fat can you really afford NOT to take advantage of the liberal proposition we offer below?

We make this unconditional agreement...
IF YOU DO NOT
REDUCE YOUR WAIST
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . it will cost you nothing!

IT would take a whale of a lot of nerve to make such an agreement if we didn't believe you would do it! But we know from the experience of hundreds of men that our claims are very conservative. W. T. Anderson writes, "I lost 50 pounds"; W. L. McGinnis says, "My waist is 8 inches smaller"; Fred Wolf says "I certainly feel like a new man".

■ These men and many others are so enthusiastic over the wonderful results that they write us about it! And we know *you* will be just as keen when you see what the Weil Belt will do for you.

DON'T WAIT, FAT IS DANGEROUS!

■ Insurance companies think twice before they insure a fat man . . . doctors warn against overweight. Even your own feelings tell you that with surplus fat stored around your abdomen you lose pep and vigor and tire easily.

■ The Weil Belt is SAFE and QUICK. Its gentle pressure and massage-like action work constantly while you work, walk or sit, persistently and surely eliminating fat with every move you make.

■ Prove it to yourself with our Free Trial Offer!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

THE WEIL COMPANY, INC.
669 HILL ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Gentlemen: Send me FREE, your illustrated folder in a plain envelope, describing The Weil Belt and giving full details of your TEN-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name_____
Address_____
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

A Fever Patient Speaks

(*continued from page 58*)

sounded as if she had her head in a boiler, and my own voice became thick, and speech difficult.

I began to feel as if I were riding the Pacific in a storm. I'd go down with a swoop, come back with a sickening lurch, and then flounder around until the next wave struck, and I'd take another spiral dive. I could turn to one side by laboriously easing my neck around in the allotted groove, but I was soon too exhausted to make the effort. I wanted to feel my own pulse; my battle-scarred old pump was pounding its resentment; but I was too listless and weak to lift my hands to meet across my body. Perspiration streamed from every pore.

A criminal would confess anything after a few hours' third degree in this incinerator, I thought. A man in the next coffin kept yelling for this and that and finally broke into oaths. I despised his profanity, yet I felt a moment's compassion for another soul in torment. I was in hell too, but I was not shouting about it. A child in the third cabinet wailed piteously. What bedlam! And only a little more than an hour gone.

Water! At least I could have all the ice water I wanted. Could I swallow some salt tablets? I would try. Could I raise my head a wee bit so she could pour water out of my pillow? I managed the effort. Oh, for just a moment's relief from this blazing, sweltering heat! Active nausea assailed me until the last atom of my strength seemed spent, and I thought it was all over but the obsequies. Another hour remained. Eternity!

I thought I couldn't bear it another minute, but a fresh application of ice on my head aroused me, and I asked myself: Just what IS so terrible about this? Am I in actual pain? Why not use some will power and fix my thoughts on a pleasant subject?

Let me think. Hmmm. So this infernal machine is a big utilities product. Why can't I think of something pleasant? There is nothing but raging chaos in my head. Where is that professor of psychology who said that persons with a fever are capable of intelligent mental reactions? Was that an idea? Well, it got away from me, zoomed by before I could snatch it away from the dizzy maelstrom of my mind. . . . Does that fool doctor think I'll consent to stew like this another time? No! No! Thoughts like that won't do!

Now what lovely thing have I seen? Why, those white marble stairs leading to the realm called heaven in Arizona's Mormon tabernacle. I'll turn over and *I will* think about those marble stairs, *marble stairs,* MARBLE STAIRS! What? I can't move! Pshaw, I thought I saw a sky rocket just then and I stumbled on the first heavenward step. Will I never stop spinning? Down . . . down . . . down . . . into a bottomless pit on a red-hot roller coaster with an icebox name plate on the front. I'm streaming sweat. Who'd have thought I had so much brine in me?

Just then the three-eyed archangel who sat all the while on the curbstone of hell at my head, slapped another icy towel on my head. Momentarily all the splinters of ideas dissolved. Instead, I began to see pink elephants and purple cows. They were walking right on me. I wondered dimly when they had sneaked into my mausoleum. Just when a bright pink elephant had settled down on my chest for keeps, and I thought I was gasping my last breath, my nurse unscrewed the bolts and drew me back out into the living world. I recall feeling a faint surprise that my body was still there. I thought it would be only a heap of ashes.

Almost at once I slipped into the grateful oblivion which I had craved. Sweet, dreamless sleep; how quickly it heals the scars and effaces the memory of suffering!

Four months, and a second and third session in the fever machine have passed. Now I am practically free from pain; I've discarded crutches entirely. Unless I hurry, I walk without noticeable lameness. A measure of my improvement I attribute to accompanying medication and mechanical aids such as the reduction of my knee deformity.

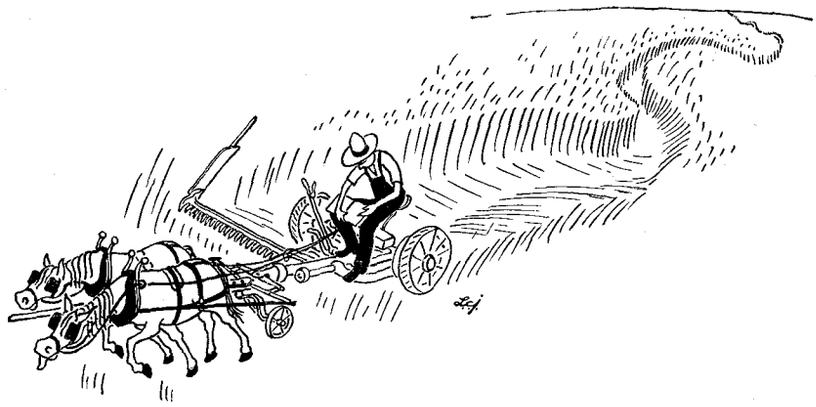
Is it an exceedingly dangerous treatment? No, not under skilled fever doctors and nurses. I spent twenty years in a vain quest for relief from arthritis. I have spent twelve hours in the fever machine, and it has availed me infinitely more than all those twenty heartbreaking years. And out of the crucible has come an appreciation of how sweet life really is.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

1. The Husband

DETROIT — George Loeffler, twenty-seven, told a Circuit Court judge that all his pride in his wife's cake-baking ability vanished when he found that another man did the baking while he was away.—*United Press.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Scribner Quiz

IRVING D. TRESSLER

HERE'S another test for your S. Q. (*Scribner's Quotient*). Like the others, it is designed to test your keenness of observation, your memory, and your all-around knowledge. It won't do you much good to be an H. G. Wells at history or a Jim Farley at remembering names because there's only a certain proportion of each Quiz devoted to each type of question. All you have to do is take a pencil and check what you think is the correct answer listed after each question. Then, when you have finished all 50 questions, look at the answers and find out how many you have wrong. The perfect score is 100, and you deduct 2 points for each question missed (*i.e.*, if you miss 12 questions, you subtract 24 points from 100, which gives you a score of 76, which is not bad at all for this Quiz!). 60 is passing, 76 good, 86 excellent, and 96 outstanding. No questions may be skipped. We wish you luck. (*correct answers on page* 100)

1. According to the Bible, Elijah was carried up to Heaven:

by a dove — *by an angel*
in a fiery chariot — *in a Plymouth coupé*

2. Walter Winchell's column goes by the name:

On Broadway — *Up and Down Broadway*
Along Broadway — *My Day* — *Up Broadway*

3. Those things on a ship which are used to lower lifeboats are called:

affidavits — *flotillas* — *parabolas*
pundits — *davits* — *oleanders*

4. If you buy a Terraplane you are buying a car made by:

Studebaker — *Hupmobile* — *Hudson*
Pontiac — *Cord* — *De Soto* — *Nash*

5. One of these men possesses neither mustache nor beard:

Charles Evans Hughes — *John L. Lewis*
Neville Chamberlain — *H. G. Wells*
G. B. Shaw

6. Small boys sometimes come home from school crying because they didn't know that the state just west of Alabama is:

Georgia — *Kentucky* — *Tennessee*
Mississippi — *Louisiana* — *Arkansas*

7. Lots of voters are getting aroused over the size of our national debt, now approximately:

5 billions — *10 billions* — *15 billions*
25 billions — *36 billions* — *50 billions*

8. And speaking of the national debt, the youngest child of President Roosevelt's is named:

Elliott — *Anna* — *Franklin*
James — *John* — *Emergency*

9. The U. S. Constitution's preamble commences with one of these lines:

"When, in the course of human events—"
"We, the people of the United States—"
"I pledge allegiance to the—"
"At long last—"

10. The impresario of an opera company is usually the:

star singer — *manager* — *male lead*
female star — *best all-around substitute*

11. Contracts have recently been let by the U. S. Government for:

construction of two new battleships
digging of another Cape Cod Canal
erection of a bridge across Salt Lake
new teeth for all Cabinet members

12. If you are ever asked what a moraine is you should reply:

"It's a coarse, stout, woolen fabric"
"It's the earth and stones left by a glacier"
"It's a member of a Protestant sect"
"It's a voracious, savage, tropical eel"

13. You might run into Tom Girdler at:

the Republic Steel plant
a White House press dinner
a meeting of boxing commissioners
the annual A. F. of L. Convention

14. A Scotch engineer gave his name to one of these types of roads:

sandy — *cobblestone* — *cement*
dusty — *brick* — *macadam*

15. Though you may question it at times, the City of Brotherly Love is still:

Los Angeles — *Boston* — *Philadelphia*
Minneapolis — *Atlantic City* — *Reno*

16. You couldn't buy one of these in a music store:

a tuba — *an oboe* — *a cymbal*
a viola — *a padrone* — *a clarinet*

17. The huge British company sponsoring transatlantic flight service from England is:

Cunard-White Star Ltd. — *Rolls-Royce Ltd.*
Imperial Airways Ltd. — *Lufthansa Ltd.*

18. Shakespeare didn't write one of these:

Richard II — *Antony and Cleopatra*
All's Well That Ends Well
A Bird in the Hand — *King Henry VIII*

19. In addition to Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, another of these screen couples was married recently:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T BE A "CARRIER"★

OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

Are you a "Carrier?" Don't say "no" until you answer the following questions.

Do you play golf? Tennis? Do you swim? Do you often tread barefoot on damp surfaces — on locker-room, shower bath or bath house floors — on the edges of swimming pools or the boardwalk at the beach?

Red Skin Marks the "Carrier"

Does the skin between your toes look red? Does it itch, look irritated? Is it cracked or peeling under or between the toes?

Then the chances are, you have a case of Athlete's Foot, and you *are* a "Carrier." For "Carrier" is the medical term for a person who carries infection.

Don't Be a "Carrier"

If red, itching skin warns that you are infected with Athlete's Foot, prompt application of cooling, soothing, relieving Absorbine Jr. may save you more serious complications and suffering, and prevent you from spreading it to others. Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle; economical because a little goes so far. For free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., 455 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

★ "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time, according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread disease wherever they tread barefoot.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers
Loretta Young and Edmund Lowe
Grace Moore and Nelson Eddy
Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond

20. This year's outstanding champion 3-year-old race horse is:

Gallant Fox *Nellie Bly* *Omaha*
Flying Scot *War Admiral* *Pompoon*

21. For more than 10 years one of these universities has been building a 42-story Cathedral of Learning:

Göttingen *Florida* *Colgate*
Chicago *Nebraska* *Pittsburgh*

22. The name of Father Coughlin's shrine in Royal Oak, Michigan, is:

Shrine of the Blessed Sacrament
Shrine of the Little Saviour
Shrine of the Little Flower

23. If you want to do something absolutely silly, then one of these is best:

Use tannic acid on a bad burn
Send a cable to "Premier Blum, Paris"
Fish for tarpon in the Gulf of Mexico
Shout, "Salem is the capital of Oregon!"

24. With recovery almost everywhere, one of these industries has lagged behind:

oil *rubber tires* *clothing*
building *steel* *automobile*

25. You have long seen the sign, but may not know which are the correct initials:

F. L. Woolworth *F. W. Woolworth*
F. G. Woolworth *F. N. Woolworth*

26. It is a pleasure to announce that Joseph P. Kennedy is head of a new U. S. Government commission to:

build up a bigger, better merchant marine
try and harness Mrs. Roosevelt's energy
expand soil-erosion projects in the East
seek new markets for federal-made power

27. When you say 6 A.M. the "A.M." stands for:

après midi *ad modum* *ad minima*
anno mundi *ante meridiem* *aqua monde*

28. About this Spanish situation — perhaps you can find the untrue statement:

Russia is backing the Loyalists
Bilbao was captured by the Rebels
France is aiding the Loyalist cause
The Basques are fighting for the Rebels

29. Normally, an architect would not refer to one of these during a technical discussion of his profession:

a lintel *a sash* *a mansard roof*
a joist *a demijohn* *a console*

30. For many years the "lifetime pen" has been advertised, and it is:

the Conklin *the Parker* *the Eversharp*
the Sheaffer *the Waterman* *the Esterbrook*

31. You would find more sunshine in one of these than in all the rest together:

solecism *solenoid* *solarism*
solatium *solon* *solarium*

32. "I purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" was said by:

General U. S. Grant *General Foch*
General Phil Sheridan *General Sherman*
General Lee *General Petain*

33. On an automobile, the louvers are:

the hood ventilators *the hinges*
the bolts fastening frame to body
the little fan blades in the carburetor
the metal aprons on the fenders

34. One of these names is not that of a well-known contemporary baseball player:

Crosetti *Feller* *Di Maggio*
Dean *Medwick* *Gehrig*
Guldahl *Hubbell* *Greenberg*

35. If you spent the afternoon with Rose Bampton, it would be diplomatic of you to compliment her on her:

recent, highly praised book of verse
dancing in the American Ballet
animal act in Ringling's Circus
singing in the Metropolitan Opera

36. One of these is an Irish lass:

a spalpeen *a colleen* *a tureen*

37. Following that famous line, "I shot an arrow into the air," comes:

"Swiftly, surely I saw it fare"
"It fell to earth I knew not where"
"Noiseless and swift, it struck a hare"
"It hit a cop, and did he swear!"

38. The first 10 days of July saw one of these events occurring in Washington, D. C.:

striking miners marching on Miss Perkins
the new Supreme Court annex begun
a national Boy Scout Jamboree

39. A Dunkard, be it known, is:

someone under the influence of alcohol
an inhabitant of southwestern France
a citizen of southern Holland
a member of a religious sect

40. These state governors have had enough publicity for you to tell which one is listed with the wrong state:

Davey—Ohio *Murphy—Michigan*
Earle—Pennsylvania *Horner—Illinois*
Graves—Kentucky *LaFollette—Wisconsin*

41. One of these is not a news-picture magazine:

Life *Look* *Pictorial Review*
Pic *London Illustrated News* *Foto*

42. The president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company goes by the name of:

Jules S. Bach *Homer Martin*
Walter Clark Teagle *Walter S. Gifford*
Howard Earle Coffin *James Landis*

43. If you were living in Barre, Vermont, it is probable that you would be connected in some way with:

the soft-shell-clam industry
the Plymouth Rock hen industry
the Vermont granite industry
the cloak-and-suit industry

44. Kodak is to Eastman as:

Corn Flakes are to W. K. Kellogg
Frigidaire is to General Electric

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Listerine is to Johnson & Johnson
Crisco is to Swift & Company

45. With a single exception, these things are edibles generally associated with the country to which they are attached here:

England—mutton *Italy—spaghetti*
Holland—cheese *Mexico—tortillas*
Japan—hara-kiri *Sweden—smorgasbord*

46. Citizens of the Netherlands are showing decided interest over the coming:

Tri-Power Treaty meeting at The Hague
International Rotarians Convention
heir to the Dutch throne
dredging of the Zuider Zee for ocean liners

47. Practically everybody in one of these fields knows the name of George Abbott:

yacht construction *ventriloquism*
theatrical production *anti-Aryanism*
labor organizing *outboard racing*

48. If you should come face to face with a Labrador Retriever, you would probably:

pat him on the head
leap out of the way of the exhaust
snip off some leaves to take home
telephone the nearest zoo-keeper

49. All of us have seen chamois skins, but not all of us know the genuine ones come only from:

the small of an unborn calf's back
the split hide of an ordinary steer
a small, goatlike, European antelope
the carefully soaked skin of a sea gull

50. The word *manna* is correctly used in one of these sentences:

"I don't like your manna, my friend!"
"The Israelites were supplied with manna"
"The London Zoo possesses a manna"
"Manna live but it's hot today!"

REMEMBER?

1. Best-Sellers

Beginning with this issue SCRIBNER'S will publish now and then a brief identification test supplied by one of our readers. The test will be one that can be printed in an inch or two of type and taken in a couple of minutes. It is the result of the popularity of two such tests which we published in "Straws in the Wind." One was on the authorship of certain well-known books, the other on the location of some of the world's best-known streets and avenues.

The identification test below was sent in by Wilbur C. Hadden, of the University of Minnesota. Mr. Hadden contends, with what appears to be some soundness, that few people can identify more than half the authors of the following books — books that were in their time best-sellers:

1. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*
2. *David Harum*
3. *The Perfect Tribute*
4. *Captain January*
5. *The Last Days of Pompeii*
6. *Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates*
7. *The Seats of the Mighty*
8. *Tale of Peter Rabbit*
9. *The Garden of Allah*
10. *The Brownies*

(*correct answers on page* 91)

THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

The whole year round finds her facing life with youthful zest.

Her household work is never a drudgery. It is a service she gladly renders as a token of affection to her family.

And her family, in turn, adore her. For she is never a three-quarter wife, never a three-quarter mother!

Her friends are countless.

"Possessions" did not make her happy. It was when she learned to go "smiling through"! When she first discovered that the ordeals of womanhood need not mean pain, discomfort, weariness.

We know her!

We know her because she is the composite of more than a million women who have written us. Because for more than 61 years they have been saying, "At last we have found happiness."

We truly believe that Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may aid you also to go "smiling through." That it may help bring you even more complete happiness.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

**functional disorders*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIESTA SKETCHES BY W. F. CLARKE — SANTA FE

Santa Fe Fiesta

JO H. CHAMBERLIN

Santa Fe was once the most important trading post west of the Mississippi. It marked the hilarious end of the Santa Fe trail, and to it rolled countless wagon trains from the time of the Mexican War until the coming of the railroads in the eighties. In its heyday Santa Fe drew its lively citizens from all races; to it came the Yankees, Spaniards, and Indians to trade, fight, gamble, drink, dance, and pray, after long stretches on the plains or in the mountains. This sunbaked town had color, life, and the restless urge. It was tolerant, vivid, violent, rebellious.

That modern Santa Fe still has the flavor of the old Southwest is due to an accident—the fact that the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad built its line twenty miles south of the town rather than through it, because some of the local citizens tried to hold them up on land prices. Had the railroad gone through Santa Fe instead of building a small spur to it, Santa Fe would no doubt have lost much of its old-time Western character at the hands of progress.

Today Santa Fe does have its typically American neon signs, Greek restaurants, gift shoppes, and a rococo film palace, but it also has more authentic Spanish flavor than any other town in the Southwest; and because of that fact it has become the stopping-off place of a new flow of people from the East: artists, writers, business people, health seekers, vacationers—"pioneers" of a new and different sort. As a result of the new invasion, Santa Fe again has the same sharp diversity of people, the same quick conflicts of opinion, and a moral tolerance and sophistication remarkable for any American town of its size—11,000. It again has color, life, and the restless urge in abundance.

Santa Fe was founded about 1610 by Spaniards looking for wealth. Today it is a refuge for people trying to forget about wealth. In the old days its pioneers rebelled against frontier society; today its people have rebelled against industrial society and all that goes with it. The town also has many people who have come for their health (altitude: 7000 feet) and have stayed on—people who were, or would have been, successful doctors, artists, and business people elsewhere. Santa Fe also has its remittance men, set up by their disgusted families in the ranching or art business to keep them from being a nuisance back home. It's easy to pick them out, and they add color, if not intelligence, to the local scene.

Santa Fe has perhaps more diverse elements than any other town in America. The population is still half Spanish, despite decades of Yankee invasion, and it has only been within the past year or two that the state legislature has functioned without the services of an English-Spanish interpreter. Some of the descendants of old Spanish families, the Oteros, Senas, Bacas, Armijos, and others who once ruled the region, are prominent in Santa Fe life today. Others have been unable to compete with Yankee guile and have been reduced to poor circumstances. Naturally enough, they resent it, cherishing in their bitterness a beautiful chest or two, some silk shawls and dresses brought over from Spain in the old days.

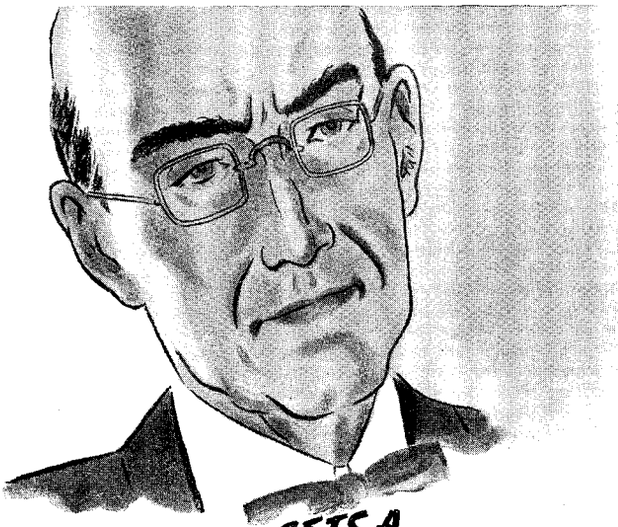
Then there are the Americans who run local businesses or who operate nearby cattle ranches, people who were on hand when the newest invasion began about twenty-five years ago. Some of these people (whose parents came in by wagon train) mix with the politicians (Santa Fe is the State Capital) rather than with the Spanish families or the writers.

The people who add the most color to the town are the writers and the artists. There are some of the Greenwich Village stripe, but most of them really work. Some well-known writers live or have lived in Santa Fe: Roark Bradford, Witter Bynner, Ernest Thompson Seton, Mary Austin, Oliver La Farge, Lynn Riggs, D. H. Lawrence. Also some well-known artists: John Sloan, Carlos Vierra, Will Shuster, and others.

Other towns in this country have artists and writers, but no other town has them taking such active parts in town life. In Provincetown, Carmel, and such places, they keep to themselves. In Santa Fe they run for office, decorate the public buildings, restaurants, and bars; they clamp down on builders who want to erect structures out of keeping with the prevailing style of architecture; and they start most of the local movements to improve the town.

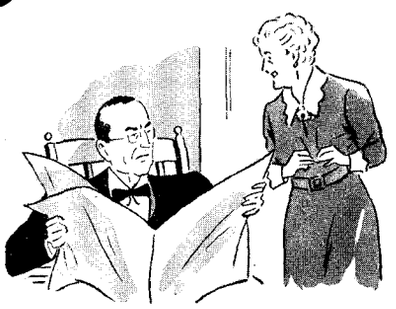
At the moment Art & Literature are very much behind a zoning ordinance which will prevent, among other things, a woodcutter from operating his buzz saw (as he does now) within earshot of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

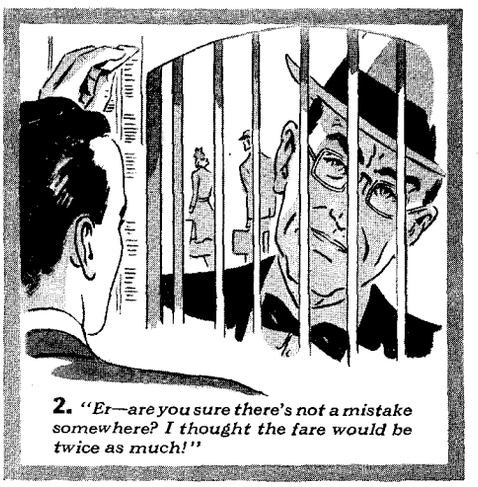


MR. PINCHPENNY GETS A PLEASANT SURPRISE...

discovers the amazing economy of **NEW HAVEN** *coach travel to New England*



1. *"All that distance to see your sister Ann! Bah! What if you haven't seen her in ten years it's downright extravagance. This will be the last time, I'll tell you!"*



2. *"Er—are you sure there's not a mistake somewhere? I thought the fare would be twice as much!"*

3. *"Why doesn't somebody tell me about these things! This is the first trip I've taken in years that wasn't spoiled by worrying about the cost—and say, these new-fangled cars are pretty comfortable too!"*

4. *"Girls, if the fare were double, it would be worth it to see you two so happy. But as it is, something tells me we're going to see lots of one another from now on!"*

More people are traveling these days . . . thanks to the ECONOMY of the "boulevard of steel". And how they enjoy their journeys! Air-conditioning . . . streamlining . . . other superb comforts . . . are provided in New Haven coaches at 2¢ a mile. It's the sensible way to travel to and from New England!

IT'S SMART TO RIDE IN NEW HAVEN COACHES

For illustrated booklet "Southern New England Resorts—and How to Get There"—write Room 596, South Station, Boston, Mass.

THE **NEW HAVEN** R. R.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the studios of some of the town's best-known writers. The real aim of the zoning ordinance is to maintain the prevailing style of architecture. Many if not most of the houses today are built of adobe, cool in summer and warm in winter, and inexpensive to build. Another movement is on foot to find a market for the old Spanish arts and crafts, such as decorative tinware, which is produced locally. Then, too, as one writer put it, "We're always saving the Indians." They have opposed all misguided efforts to turn the Indians into Yankee farmers.

When Larger Problems are lacking, small ones will do. A few years back a movement to bring a week of Chautauqua to Santa Fe was stoutly resisted on the ground that Santa Fe need not seek "culture." Recently, because listeners were tearing up the shrubbery and autos piling up in the streets, the traditional Sunday-evening band concerts in the town Plaza or public square were discontinued—the bitterly resentful musicians being moved to Fort Marcy Park. On the first Sunday of the new regime a mere handful of spectators showed up, so it is quite likely that another movement will soon be under way to Put the Concerts Back in the Plaza, and shrubbery and traffic be damned. People are always lining up differently in these local battles, and your friend in one campaign is likely to be your enemy in another.

The majority of the people in Santa Fe realize that the town's economic health is bound up with tourist trade of the higher type, not the tin-can variety, and there is an effort to avoid cheap exploitation. Visitors usually arrive by train, and the Santa Fe has found it worth-while to inaugurate new supertrains on the route.

A good example of this community feeling may be found in the interest the town as a whole, and particularly the artists, shows in the Santa Fe Fiesta which is held annually in September. This year the Fiesta occurs on September 11-12-13. As a matter of fact the artists revived this old-time festival about twenty-five years ago. And let it be said that here is no empty ceremony promulgated "to boost the town."

The Santa Fe Fiesta offers the visitor a chance to enter into the social life of the place; an opportunity to see Santa Fe homes, Indian wares, and authentic Spanish dances; and an occasion to listen to old Spanish and Mexican music. It is a revival of an eighteenth-century Spanish celebration of the retaking of Santa Fe by De Vargas in 1692 after an Indian uprising. The program lasts three days. It used to be four, but people were so exhausted by the last day that the time was reduced.

On Saturday night the Fiesta is officially begun with the burning of Zozobra, a Spanish symbol for Old Man Gloom. This papier-mâché figure, some forty feet high, has been manufactured in recent years by an artist, Will Shuster, who fills the figure with firecrackers and sparklers, and manages to make Zozobra's eyes roll and terrific groans come from his lips as the flames lick his shins.

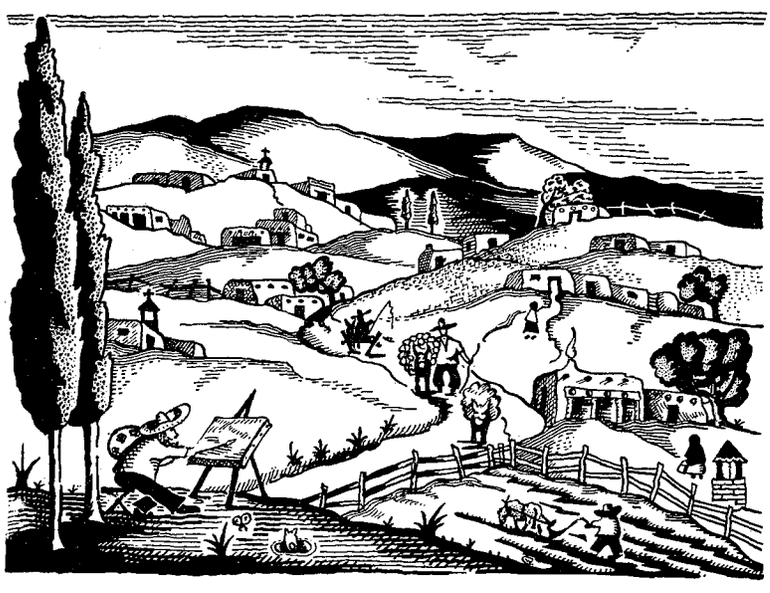
On Saturday night there are the Conquistadores Ball, general merrymaking, small parties throughout the town, and Spanish dancing in the streets. Appropriate costumes are worn, and there is Spanish and Mexican music. You'll hear *Las Golondrinas* (The Swallows), *Lupita Divina* (divine Lupita), *Paloma Azul* (the blue dove), *Cielito Lindo* (pretty creature), and it is quite likely that you will see such dances as the *Baile de Paño* (handkerchief dance), *La Indita* (similar to a Maypole dance), *La Cuna,* and the *Varsouviana.* This last has been danced hereabouts for nearly three centuries. It is a Polish folk dance originating in Warsaw which was supposedly taken to old Spain by Spanish gypsies and thence brought to New Mexico.

Saturday-night celebration usually keeps the local constabulary busy, and now and then there is a fight. Usually the participants are so pixillated, however, that they can do little harm to each other.

During the three days, small ranchers (or farmers) from near-by valleys bring in their produce and serve Spanish and Mexican dishes in and around the Plaza. There are strings of dried chili peppers, muskmelons, watermelons. All sorts of foods are served, such as biscochos (cookies), tamales, sopaipillas (Mexican bread similar to doughnuts), tortillas (pancakes made of blue corn meal), acitron (cactus candy), and many other dishes and sweetmeats. Indians from near-by pueblos bring in their blankets, silverware, and pottery for display in and around the Plaza.

On Sunday there is a religious procession to the Cross of the Martyrs, just north of town, marking the spot where fifty-two Spanish friars were put to death by the Indians in the uprising of 1680. There are also vespers in the Cathedral. In the afternoon there is a concert by Spanish and Mexican musicians.

On Monday—the last day—there is a re-enactment of the entry of De Vargas into the city, but more interesting, the Pasatiempo or "hysterical" parade. Some years ago the artists and writers, led by Witter Bynner and Mrs. John Sloan, thought that there should be an "hysterical" pageant to offset the "historical" pageant. Since then, the artists and writers have particularly contributed their talents to this latter part of the program. Usually there are several hundred people in the parade. Floats have satirized dude ranching, and the local archaeologists have been portrayed as lugubrious bone-diggers. Once there was an old-time Western funeral with the deceased's feet sticking out of the coffin. At another time, a fake bullfight. Fiesta



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is also a time for jokes. Not too long ago Santa Fe was visited by the Gaekwar of Baroda. At Fiesta time, shortly afterward, there showed up (abetted by favorable advance newspaper publicity) the "Peshwah of Poona." This spurious gentleman was introduced, accepted, and fêted by local society, which did not discover the hoax (with a few exceptions) until months after the "Peshwah" had departed.

September is a good time to visit Santa Fe, even if you don't care at all for lively scenes. The Indian life and ruins nearby are interesting enough at any time of the year, and the mountains near Santa Fe are always impressive, but most attractive to this writer is the life of Santa Fe itself. For many residents, September is a breather. Dude ranchers have straggled back to their desks in the city, and there is a chance to relax. No visiting firemen, Wall Streeters with the jitters, or writers sick of unappreciative editors barge in on the local residents for lengthy visits to pull their egos together. The days are not as dry and hot as in July and August, the mountain forests are turning color, and life flows on . . . slowly, yet colorfully, vividly and much as it did a century or two or three ago.

East-to-West – 6. Russia

GEORGE BRANDT

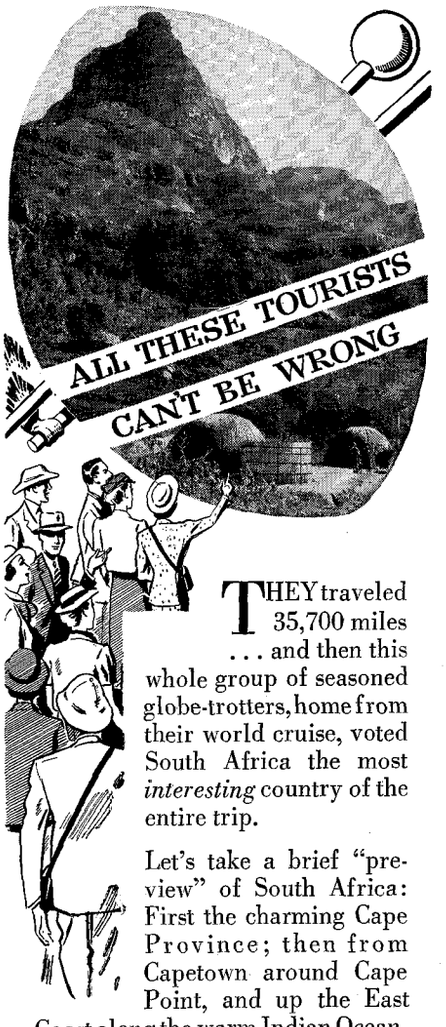
(*This is the last of a series of six travel articles written for* SCRIBNER'S *by Mr. Brandt.*—THE EDITORS)

As we drew near the border of Russia, it seemed, truly, as though I were leaving everything I knew, for the unknown. I felt somewhat as Marco Polo must have felt, setting out for lands he knew only by distorted legends. The train sped past isolated log cabins, over widening snowbound steppes, past miles and miles of empty white vastness, then, finally, puffed into the station at Tighina, on the Rumanian side of the Dniester, opposite Tiraspol and Russia. Rumanian soldiers peered in suspiciously at a traveler entering the Soviet Republic by "the back door." On the platform, bayonets bristled menacingly, on constant guard against capitalism's enemy. My car was disconnected from the train, slowly pushed halfway across the great bridge. On the Rumanian side a medieval fortress topped the high cliffs, like a scene by Pieter Breughel. From the distance rang an army call. Then the Soviet officials climbed aboard, in long gray-green coats and strangely Oriental caps, peaked and identified with red stars.

The car moved slowly over into Soviet territory. Along the frozen river bank raced two Russian cavalry officers, their horses blowing gusts of vapor in the frosty air. I thought of the Middle Ages. But beyond the broad river and rows of neat peasant houses rose tall smokestacks —outposts of vast new industrialization— and two enormous radio towers. Carefully, the officials went over my papers. The car came to a stop. Then, with a Soviet engine, it moved on, to Tiraspol. I was in Soviet Russia!

At Tiraspol's clean new station I met my first Intourist guide, a young Jewess in red beret who greeted me with the latest American slang and saw me through the most thoroughgoing baggage inspection conceivable. Even my letters were rigorously dissected, under the all-seeing eyes of Stalin, looking down from a Gargantuan poster. A bust of Lenin stood near the doorway. And so I was introduced to the dual satellites of the Soviet world. Henceforth, I was seldom out of their sight. In the station café, filled with huge, high-booted workers and blasts of rich choral singing from a radio, I spent three of my newly acquired rubles (about sixty cents) for a thick beef sandwich on brown bread, and scorched my fingers on my first glass of Russian tea. The bar was loaded with sausage, cakes, beer, and vodka. The floor, characteristically, was strewn with sawdust. The hearty camaraderie of the workers recalled an American steel-town café.

The same gruff friendliness greeted me as I boarded the train for Odessa. The passengers—from the bobbed-haired girl across from me to the roughly dressed laborers—were all workers. Their talk was brisk, animated, about new production norms and model dwellings. I began to feel less the stranger as we rolled past old hamlets, new factories, and community centers. And, indeed, I felt really at home when I was met at the station in Odessa by an alert young Intourist guide and was driven swiftly to my hotel in a swift "M" car. The Russian Fords and Lincolns are being re-



THEY traveled 35,700 miles . . . and then this whole group of seasoned globe-trotters, home from their world cruise, voted South Africa the most *interesting* country of the entire trip.

Let's take a brief "preview" of South Africa: First the charming Cape Province; then from Capetown around Cape Point, and up the East Coast along the warm Indian Ocean, stretches a marvelous "Riviera"—prosperous towns and gay resorts, with charming country clubs, miles of smooth white beaches, surf-bathing, tennis and sporty fishing —

You will want to lounge awhile in glamorous Durban; visit Zululand and its primitive native life; then, by modern railroad or motor bus, tour inland to Victoria Falls, Rhodes' Tomb, the Zimbabwe ruins, Johannesburg and its great gold mines; Kimberley, famed for diamonds; and other wonderful places.

After seeing the "Sunny Sub-Continent" *you, too, will vote*

SOUTH AFRICA

"THE WORLD'S *MOST INTERESTING* TRAVEL LAND"

Detailed information from all leading tourist and travel agencies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Argosies of Asia"

For a full century the great ships of P & O and associated Lines have been the "argosies of Asia". On your next voyage Eastward sail Cunard White Star to England . . . thence in any liner of the P & O and British India fleets, led by the new, 22,500-ton Strathnaver, Strathaird and Strathmore . . . to Egypt, Sudan, Persian Gulf, India, Burma, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, China, Japan, Australia, East or South Africa, Mauritius.

Round-the-World Tours — Itineraries as low as $826 with Top Class in all ships, $553 with Second and Tourist Classes. With British India steamers between Europe and the Orient — $732 Top Class.

P & O Cruises — From England to Northern Wonderlands, Atlantic Isles, the Mediterranean — in season.

Book through your local travel agent or

CUNARD WHITE STAR LINE

GENERAL AGENTS

25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Avenue, New York

EAST OF SUEZ

is the realm of

P&O

PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL AND BRITISH INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANIES

Send your travel queries and perplexities to the Travel Editor, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

A cosmopolitan center with a million and a quarter population, the Aztec capital, in point of sheer interest and contrasts, has justly been pronounced the metropolis with the greatest 'it' not only on the western hemisphere, but the world over.

Spend your summer holiday in air-conditioned Mexico City -where the thermometer rarely goes above 70°- and travel by rail, IN AIR-CONDITIONED COMFORT. Through, up-to-date service.

Budget? A twentyeight cent 'peso' renders your trip extremely economical.

As a fitting climax, include in your schedule GUADALAJARA, PATZCUARO, URUAPAN, GUANAJUATO or JALAPA, charming and exotic by-ways which are so many pages from a story book... whose cozy and modern hotels and overnight Pullman service from Mexico City are their only claim to twentieth-century civilization.

Ask your travel agent about his blue-ribbon Mexican 'packaged' tour. Or write us for our latest folders, fare and general information.

10¢ will bring a 7-color pictorial map of Mexico.

National Railways of MEXICO

201-I. North Wells Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

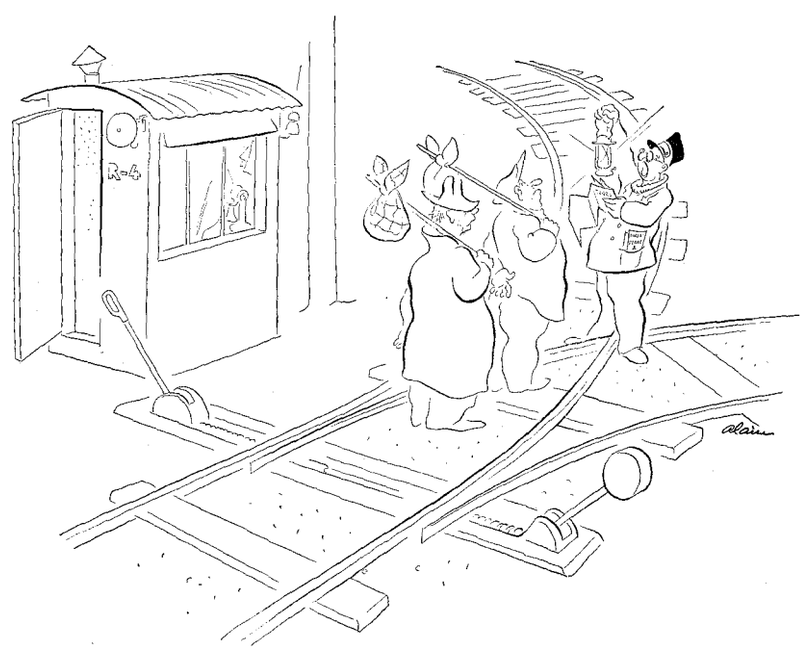
placed by Soviet-built "M" cars and "Zis"—the latter a de luxe affair something like our La Salle.

The hotel was a regal structure, near the famous stairs where citizens were shot down in 1905, during the revolt of sailors on the *Potemkin*. And here I had my first insight into the way Soviet hotels are run. Intourist (the monopoly travel organization of the U.S.S.R.) is out to prove that a socialized agency can be at least as efficient as a capitalistic one, and isn't sparing the horses. With its own hotels, fleet of cars, lavish use of telegraph, and its guide service, travel is made the easiest I've come across anywhere. As you may know, coupon books —first-, second-, or third-class—include all transportation (including cars that meet your train), hotels, meals, baggage transfer, sight-seeing, and tips. The traveler is allowed one excursion at choice, with guide, each day. The rest of the time you are entirely free, and may go about alone as you please. (Of course, munitions works and the like may not be visited, which is true all over Europe.) It is a myth that "you can only see what they want you to see."

The Russian visa is secured through Intourist's office in New York. Coupon books sell for fifteen, eight, and five dollars for each day in the Soviet Republic, with a twenty per cent reduction during certain winter months. Lovers of Russian cooking will be delighted to learn that there is no restriction on choice, and a very liberal allowance for amount of food—at least in first- and second-class. (Russia, for all her revolution, cannot forget that she's a part of Europe, and must still have classes, in hotels and on trains.) Dinner, as a rule, begins about ten in the evening, and runs on indefinitely, for these people are notorious night owls. What with shashli borsch, beef à la Strogonov, roast goose, turkey, black caviar served as freely as butter (in the south), and innumerable other dishes (and orchestras playing classical music), the audacious traveler who dares to come to Russia is in for a big disappointment. Never will he (or she) be able to boast of going hungry, far out in the wilds of socialism.

A major disappointment may be found in the fact that the trains now run on time. No longer is it possible to have a Soviet engineer awarded a medal for bringing his train in on time, only to discover later that it was a day late. For some strange reason, no matter where you are going, trains leave between ten and one A.M., and invariably set you down at your destination promptly at ten in the morning. Of course, trains are crowded, and it is quite customary to be put in a compartment with a member of the other sex overnight. In Intourist hotels, sanitary conditions are improved, and now are passably decent, as are those on trains. I wish I could make myself seem more of a martyr to travel, but honesty prevents it.

Of course, the life of the average citizen here is not so idyllic. I add this quickly, anticipating your remark that I certainly must have been the victim of Intourist's special treatment of visitors. True, many a meal I had would have



". . . while the other route, although somewhat longer, will be found rewarding by the traveler in perennial quest of beauty"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cost the equivalent of ten dollars for natives, and few can afford them. The average Russian today (despite new housing and better salaries) lives in a poorly furnished, crowded apartment in an old building with primitive plumbing, or in a simple wooden house in the village. But even this, it is claimed, is better than before, and tomorrow things will be much better. *Hope* is the greatest possession of the Soviet. With hope almost anything can be excused. However, in fairness, there is no reason why efficient workers cannot enjoy precisely the same luxuries as the visitor. Indeed, my Odessa hotel was packed with them, as are all others here. The newest and finest hotels in Moscow and Kharkov, for example, are not used by Intourist, except during busy summer months. They are crowded with workers. With both husband and wife exceeding "Stakhanov norms," a family can exceed the reported salary of Stalin himself. The new Stakhanov system, as you probably know, was devised by a champion coal miner and is the cornerstone on which has been built the recent unprecedented industrial progress. To an American it seems to resemble our own piece-payment plan. The difference is that normal outputs are determined by shop committees, and workers correlate their individual labor so as vastly to increase production. A good Stakhanov can make as much as eight hundred rubles or about $150 a month: four times the ordinary straight salary. And his wife usually works, as well as older children.

The morning after my arrival in Odessa I walked through the streets, which were filled with the steady tramp-tramp of drab pedestrians' feet, and as an introduction to the fruits of socialism the spectacle was anything but thrilling. Odessa's lifeblood was foreign trade. Today there is practically none, and conditions are the worst I've seen in Russia. My guide made no effort to distort the true picture as we passed dismal store windows, lined with ordinary light bulbs and displaying cheap furniture, battered radio sets, piles of sausages, and tinned foods. At newspaper kiosks long lines of customers patiently waited for the news; in shops with sawdust on the floor hung dull suits and coats; the dark food stores (with simple but adequate stocks) were jammed. The housing problem still is acute. New dwellings cannot be put up quickly enough to accommodate all the workers in the big cities. All in all, Odessa is a sorry place.

With a radio on the pier bellowing *Sailor's Hornpipe* and *Little Dutch Mill*, I took off from Odessa in a Soviet boat

MISSISSIPPI

Modern Land of INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY

- NATURAL RESOURCES — Abundant pure water, minerals, clays, pulpwood, hardwoods, and scores of agricultural products essential to varied and aggressive industry.
- LABOR — Friendly, abundant and 96.6 per cent native born, ready to supply industry the type of employees that fair employers need and want.
- NEW LEGISLATION — Enacted to assist, in a co-operative, helpful way, the balancing of agriculture with industry.
- FRIENDLY COMMUNITIES—That look forward with civic pride to an opportunity to assist sound companies seeking new locations.

Write Today for Your Copy

of this illustrated booklet, "Mississippi, a land of Industrial Opportunity." Within its pages you will find the first authentic summary of industrial Mississippi.

Mississippi Industrial Commission
A DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI A GREAT AGRICULTURAL STATE THAT IS GOING TO TOWN INDUSTRIALLY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Yalta, in the Crimea. The ship was built in the U.S.S.R. in 1930. Its spotless cabins included hot and cold running water, a well-provided dining room, and a lounge with chair and table covers, locked up like the old best parlor for company. As we approached Yalta, the resort center on the Russian Riviera, the white walls of numerous sanitariums and rest houses rose in tiers against the mountains. Not remembering that this was a national boundary, I took several photographs. (Ordinarily it is permissible to take pictures, subject to development in Moscow.) Immediately my camera was confiscated. At the pier I was not permitted to land until the police and the local Intourist manager arrived. Solemnly we rode to the hotel, and I was assigned a room adjoining the manager's, pending development of my film.

Next morning everything was straightened out. And since it was entirely my fault, the incident didn't prevent me from setting out in a fit mood to enjoy the splendor of Yalta's setting. I am not exaggerating when I say that this stretch of the Crimea is at least as lovely as any along the Mediterranean. High snowcapped mountains rise above fertile, state-operated vineyards. Fine paved roads, arcaded with pine and poplar trees, wind among the former mansions of the aristocracy, providing magnificent views of the soft rolling fields. Old castles jut out on the hillsides high over the pounding surf of the Black Sea. We drove to Livadia, once a palace of Czar Nicholas II. Where a thousand servants once provided for the needs of one family, now a thousand workers each month rest in gardens and dwell in regal halls, finding health and the beauty of the mountains and sea. Dozens of such institutions—now fitted with outdoor auditoriums for classical concerts and plays, tennis courts, and the like—extend all around Yalta from the peaks to the shore. Here both ill and well escape the monotony of factories and shops.

Over a good paved road I rode through the mountains to Dnieproges, where, almost overnight, an industrial city of some hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants has sprung up. Here is a steel mill employing nineteen thousand workers. Eventually there will be thirty thousand. The mill is entirely electrified. I went through it, watching men and women working shoulder to shoulder at lathes, seeing electromagnets lift tons of iron and carry them to the furnaces and the molds. Here floors rise and tilt and fall. Ingots vanish into white heat and come charging back as long rods of steel taffy. This plant, like most others, has its own nurseries, community kitchen, and clubhouse. The latter is a building nearly as large as a New York club, with smart dining rooms, an auditorium with free lectures and cinemas, numerous lounges equipped with magazines and books (including such popular American authors as Erskine Caldwell, Sinclair Lewis, Josephine Herbst, John Dos Passos, Jack London, Michael Gold, John Erskine, and Eugene O'Neill). Upton Sinclair and Theodore Dreiser, I am told, are losing some of their popularity here. On the roof of the clubhouse I walked about in an electrified greenhouse where flowers and plants grow the year round. Here, as long as a worker does his job with reasonable efficiency, he cannot be discharged. If he isn't efficient, a shop committee transfers him to another department, or arranges to have him sent to a different sort of plant. Those unable to work are sent to sanitariums for treatment.

This steel mill is but one unit in new Zaporozhie's metallurgical combine. Here is "the world's largest aluminum manufactory." Near by, the biggest steel-rolling plant anywhere is under construction. To provide for workers, a whole city is rising, built at breakneck speed with prefabricated walls. Characteristically, Soviet engineers overlook all the mire of old Zaporozhie's streets, in their plans for municipal parks, new boulevards, and a subway. Nowhere else have I seen such a perfect copy of an American boom town.

As I departed from the hotel to take a train for Leningrad, crowds gathered around the Intourist car, watching two or three porters struggle with the luggage and lunch basket. As I marched through the ranks of onlookers, I felt like a movie star at a Hollywood première.

But soon the crowds were left behind and the train hurried across the broad, ice-bound countryside. The winter wind, howling across the empty steppes, was most depressing. Yet the dreariness was relieved by my jolly Russian companions and by the excellent lunch which had been put up for me by an ex-chef of the Czar.

Leningrad manages to resemble London, Paris, and Venice, all at the same time. The River Neva recalls the Thames; the tree-lined boulevards of the residential quarters, Paris; the numerous canals and arched bridges, Venice. Here Peter the Great tried to hide Russian "barbarism" with Western European architecture. Here the Greek Orthodox Church built the world's third largest cathedral, St. Isaaks. And here were situated Russia's greatest schools and institutions. It was in the fortress of Peter and Paul that Lenin's brother was imprisoned, later to be killed. And it was here at the Smolny Institute that the revolutionary leaders sat quaking in their boots following the "ten days that shook the world." Yet today, despite the revolution, Leningrad is the most aristocratic city in all Russia.

Huge shipbuilding, machine-making, electrical, and car-building plants employ the majority of the city's three million inhabitants. Here are enormous textile mills, food manufactories, printing establishments. Although many institutions have moved to Moscow, medical and mechanical experimentation of great significance still is being carried on in Leningrad. There are literally hundreds of institutes and schools of every sort. And in the Hermitage the city possesses one of the finest museums in the world.

In Lenfilm's studios are made the majority of Russia's best moving pictures. Here I saw pictures being made with the latest equipment from Hollywood. Leningrad, as you know, was the home of the Russian Ballet. At the Kirov Academic Theater I saw the most spectacular ballet of my experience. And yet the routines of the chorus were less precise than those of Manhattan's

Scribner's Presents

(*see page* 49)

FYNETTE ROWE, the unpublished author whom we are presenting this month, is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College and of the University of Michigan, where she won the Hopwood prize for fiction in 1934. Since college she has written a novel the merits of which, she says, have up to the present time been unrecognized. *Not Farewell Fernande* is the first short story she has written since 1934, and her first piece of writing to be accepted for publication. She was born in New York State in an old town of the Finger Lakes region, is married to a lawyer, and lives in Brooklyn Heights "on top of the most stupendous view in the world."

JAMES COPP is the name of the unpublished author whose story, *Dance at Highland Park,* SCRIBNER'S will present in the October issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Rockettes." The days when Grand Dukes spent fortunes sponsoring ballet girls are no more. Even so, for pictorial effect, Leningrad's ballet still is unrivaled.

Yet for all the proof of progress it has to offer, Leningrad remains at heart an aristocrat. It was inevitable that Soviet leaders should move the capital back to Moscow. For Leningrad has never been in harmony with this vast and chaotic nation.

Today, of course, Russia still lacks many Western comforts, but remember that nearly everything she has she has made for herself, and with little technical experience. These people are not accustomed to anything but bare essentials. It is obviously unfair to compare their status with our own. Even so, there were times when I felt like catching the next train back to capitalism. But just as I was becoming fed up with communism, I would see a group of chubby, well-dressed Soviet urchins march, singing at the top of their lungs, on their way to a Palace of Young Pioneers—to one of those amazing structures with halls of art and music and mechanics by the score, where youth rules supreme. Or I would visit a university and see erstwhile peasants brushing shoulders with young students, eighty per cent of them *paid* by the state to take degrees, living in big new dormitories. I talked with a prominent doctor who told me, with apparent honesty, that not for five years had he had a patient suffering from malnutrition. Or I would spend an afternoon in a workers' sanitarium (Odessa has over forty), where plant superintendents send laborers at the factories' expense to improve their health with the latest thermal and other medical equipment. For all types of workers there seems to be plenty of work, and for eventual old age there are pensions. I would see special courts, special theaters, special books for Ukrainians, Jews, Poles, Germans, and the many other racial groups here. In all these complex manifestations I would see one-sixth of the world being completely transformed, and if I am honest I cannot close my eyes to this accomplishment.

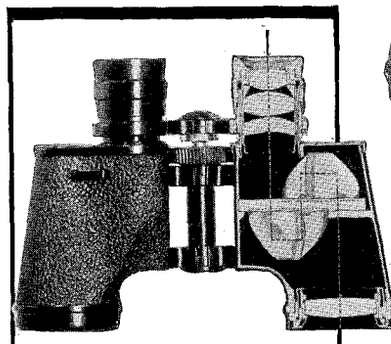
ANSWERS TO "REMEMBER?"

(*see page* 83)

1. John Fox, Jr.
2. Edward Noyes Westcott
3. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
4. Mrs. Laura Richards
5. Edward Bulwer-Lytton
6. Mary Mapes Dodge
7. Sir Gilbert Parker
8. Beatrix Potter
9. Robert Hichens
10. Palmer Cox

Try THIS FINE BINOCULAR

Above, 6 power, 30 mm Bausch & Lomb Binocular. 10 other models to choose from.



Correct design and precision manufacture give the Bausch & Lomb Binocular its remarkable qualities—wide field, brilliant image, light weight, easy handling, and rugged sturdiness.

Army and Navy officers, aviators, yachtsmen—those who need fine glasses—express an overwhelming preference for the Bausch & Lomb Binocular. Try this remarkable glass yourself—for yachting, at the races or polo, for touring or hunting. See why we say, "by any test the world's finest binocular."

★

SEND FOR CATALOG Forty-page deLuxe catalog of useful binocular information, free on request. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 539 Lomb Park, Rochester, N. Y.

BAUSCH & LOMB Binoculars

THE WORLD'S BEST—BY ANY TEST

You Can Sleep—and Sleep—in Our Ozone-Laden Air!

Our seashore air brings you a restful blend of ocean ozone and the scent of pine from the great forest in our 250-acre estate. And can you *sleep!* In your waking hours you can enjoy golf on two 18-hole courses, tennis, riding, indoor swimming, dancing, and gay social life. Moderate fall and winter rates make a Cavalier holiday cost not much more than staying at home.

Consult your travel agent, or our N. Y. office, 1 E. 44th St. MU. 2-2907

The Cavalier Hotel and Beach Club Virginia Beach Roland Eaton MANAGING DIRECTOR

"People come miles..."

—to stay at the Bellevue in Philadelphia. For here they find the traditional Philadelphia hospitality at its best. And, of course, the finest food and drink in Philadelphia.

BELLEVUE-STRATFORD

MODERATELY PRICED
CENTRALLY SITUATED

"Best Food in Philadelphia"

Claude H. Bennett, *Manager*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When America Learned to Dance

(*continued from page* 17)

was slow: Mary Pickford of the long golden curls and the sweetly childlike air still had several years to reign as the embodiment of the national feminine ideal. Nor, for that matter, did women yet have the vote. But they were emerging nonetheless—and the more surely because the dance craze so strikingly encouraged easy, casual, informal social intercourse between men and women. When Mr. Smith may call up Mrs. Roberts and ask her to meet him at 5:30 under the clock at the Biltmore and then dance with him at the hotel restaurant, and she may come because "Everybody's doing it," and propriety no longer forbids, she has won a sort of liberty which may be more important in her eyes than the vote.

The stream of social history, it is true, is always full of perplexing eddies and crosscurrents. We have been speaking of relaxation and liberation—yet it was during these very years that the prohibition movement, which certainly did not represent relaxation and liberation, was gathering headway for its sudden triumph at the end of the War. And as we have already seen, the forces of Puritanism did not give ground readily. Yet I think it is fair to say, nevertheless, that the dance craze constituted an opening engagement in that revolution in manners and morals which was to excite America during the nineteen-twenties—that revolution which was to bring with it short skirts, short hair, lipstick, corsetless dancing, smoking among women, mixed drinking at the bar, necking in the parked car, a sharp increase in the divorce rate, and other new and disturbing phenomena. And if this opening engagement resulted in a victory for the forces of liberation, this was in large measure due to the fact that Irene and Vernon Castle's leadership was so contagiously light-hearted and the example which they set was so gracefully distinguished.

IV

By the time the United States had entered the World War the craze had come to an end. Not that the declaration stopped the dancers: still there were tea dances, still the Fox Trot music sounded every evening in thousands of hotels and restaurants (sometimes more piercingly now, for the saxophone was making its way into dance orchestras); sometimes it seemed as if the only difference, now, was that half the men wore olive drab. Yet there were sterner matters to occupy people's attention. Besides, the new dances had long since lost their novelty: what had been an exciting vogue had become a settled custom. And the Castles were no longer dancing.

For while the thunders of war still seemed remote to many Americans, English-born Vernon Castle had decided that his country needed him. In December, 1915, he had left his dancing for military service. Presently he was in France, flying a plane, bringing down two Germans, winning the *Croix de guerre*. There was one delicious evening when, returning to the United States, he sat in a box at an Indianapolis performance of *Watch Your Step,* and Frank Tinney pulled him to the stage and the audience roared its applause. But the end was not far away. He was sent to Fort Worth, Texas, to teach novices to fly; and on the 15th of February, 1918, he was killed. Just as his plane was about to land, another plane, piloted by a student, rose unexpectedly in his path. He made an abrupt turn to avoid a collision—and succeeded in doing so. But he did not have sufficient altitude, and he crashed.

Vernon Castle dead!

Newspaper readers glanced at the headline and their minds went back to the days when his dancing with the lovely Irene had set the keynote for an era. How long ago that seemed already! The era, too, was dead, though the changes which it had brought would continue to affect American life for a long time to come.

Louisiana State University

(*continued from page* 39)

ling. The cadets came out in their uniforms, established picket lines, prevented students from bringing books out of dormitories and faculty members from coming onto the campus. Doctor Smith tried to laugh it off, and later Governor Leche presented the students with a tiger house, building it with his "personal funds."

The campus politicians use an airplane to scatter dodgers, and, according to student charges, pretty girls' kisses as bribes. Currently, Huey Long's children, Russell and Rose, are winning most of the offices. The student government doesn't function, however, in the usual sense. Doctor Smith censors the student newspaper as rigorously as in the days of Long. He also controls student discipline. The elected council isn't allowed to expel anyone until the University has looked into the case. But none of this disturbs the boys and girls. They are a frank lot, more interested in sending their beauty queen to June Week at Annapolis. When they found their honor system wasn't working, they told the University to do its own proctoring. As one sorority girl said, "We *do* love a good time."

Distaste for studies comes partly from L. S. U.'s being a state university, which has to take any high-school graduate who wants to get in. It probably has some connection with the climate and possibly with a willingness to let some scholarships go to undergraduates with political endorsements. But it is also a consequence of a rapid growth which led the University to construct one of the most ingenious football stadiums in the land. Others are larger, but Louisiana State's not only seats 45,000 but sleeps 2500. The rooms are beneath the stands, in the great spaces which most stadiums waste. Where Colonel Ruppert has filled his empty spaces at Yankee Stadium with beer, Doctor Smith has simply filled his up with boys. It's a great idea (originally Long's, they say), but obviously four boys in a single room are just enough for a bridge game. Doctor Smith realizes this overcrowding hurts scholarship. In his own time and way he'll probably fix it up. But it won't be soon. People tell me that throughout the land there is a pronounced trend toward scholarship among undergraduates. Everywhere we hear of senior-class ballots showing that Phi Beta Kappa keys are preferred to varsity letters. That isn't the situation at L. S. U. The school has no chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, but that doesn't worry the undergraduates. The great majority probably doesn't even know that, since the passing of Mr. Long, Louisiana State has been placed under observation by that learned society as a possible location for another chapter. But Smith knows it, the deans know it, and, if necessary, the legislature will be informed.

CHANGE OF NAME

1. Magazines

From: Pseudopodia
To: The North Georgia Review

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I've got a weakness

. . . for Barbasol Faces"

Are you getting birthday conscious?

Do you feel a bit antique when in the presence of pretty young girls?

Take confidence. It isn't how old you *are* that counts, so much as how old you *look*.

It may not be your age so much as your shaving methods that make you look older than you are.

That's why thousands of men, discarding old methods and switching to modern Barbasol, are able to shave years away from their faces. Better still, start using Barbasol young and stay young.

For Barbasol is a cream. It contains none of those harsh alkalis that tighten and draw and dry out the skin, resulting in wrinkles and roughness.

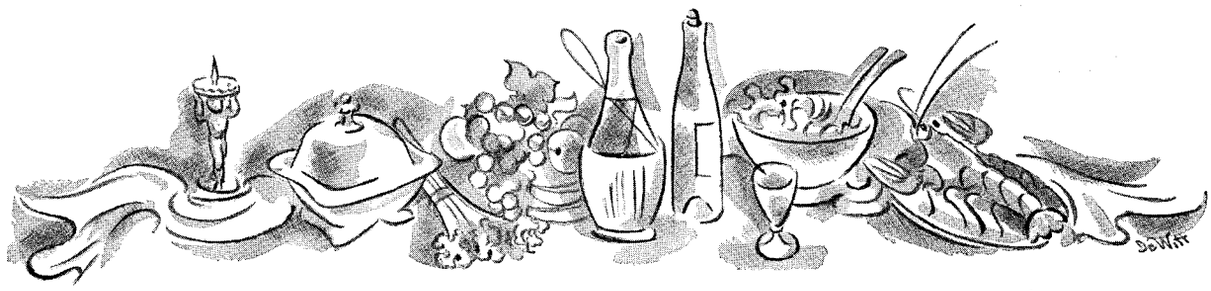
On the other hand, the soothing, refreshing ingredients which Barbasol contains leave your smoothly shaved jowls feeling softer and looking younger —a handsome Barbasol Face.

Ask your druggist for a tube of Barbasol today. Try it for two solid weeks and see the wonderful improvement in your skin, the cleanness of your shaves. Large tube, 25c; giant size, 50c; family jar, 75c. Five Barbasol Blades for 15c.

For modern shaving

No Brush - No Lather - No Rub in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wines, Spirits, and Good Living

G. SELMER FOUGNER

In this issue G. Selmer Fougner, perhaps the country's leading authority on wines, spirits, and fine foods, makes his initial appearance in SCRIBNER'S. *He will write for* SCRIBNER'S *exclusively in the magazine field, and his articles will be addressed to both men and women. For the past several years Mr. Fougner's column in the New York* Sun, *"Along the Wine Trail," has set a high standard for wit, humor, and facts about foods, liquors, and the art of entertaining simply and well. He is particularly interested in assisting men readers who like to entertain and who take a real interest in the table. Mr. Fougner will make several recommendations each month and he will be happy to formulate menus, suggest foods and drinks for special occasions.*

WITH the experience still fresh in mind of a ten-thousand-mile tour just ended through the leading gastronomical and wine-and-spirit-producing centers of Europe, this writer now sets out to unfold before the readers of SCRIBNER'S his complete bag of tricks.

From the sunbaked plains of the Bordeaux country to the snowcapped peaks of the Dolomite Mountains in Italy, we have been through almost every vineyard of real importance, and have tasted the wines, new and old, of winegrowers great and near-great. In the realm of good food we have sampled the best of regional cooking in all parts of France and Italy and have brought back a full collection of recipes, some of which will appear here from time to time, while all of the others will be available for the asking.

For example, there was a way of serving strawberries at Bolzano in the Dolomite Mountains which is bound to appeal to every lover of the fruit. When the bowl was first set before us, the berries had a strangely captivating taste which prompted us to inquire as to the name of the wine used in their preparation.

"None," said our host, "they are merely sprinkled with the juice of freshly squeezed oranges and lemons."

"Then how do you account for the vinous flavor?"

"Well, we wash the berries in red wine before we bring them to the table. After this 'wine wash' the juice of one orange and half a lemon is poured over each bowl of berries. The next step is to add a tablespoon of powdered sugar and to stir the berries around in the bowl until all visible traces of the sugar have disappeared."

Are you fond of peaches? In Burgundy we learned of a delightful way of preparing this luscious fruit. The wine used there for the dish was a Chablis, but any good American wine of the same type will do for *Pêches au Chablis:*

Scald the peaches; peel them and cut them in two.

Poach them in sufficient Chablis wine to cover them and sugar the wine to the extent of ten ounces of sugar per bottle.

Leave them to cool in the sirup and dish them in a silver timbale.

Reduce the wine by three-quarters; thicken it with a little raspberry-flavored red-currant jelly. When this sirup is quite cold, sprinkle the peaches with it.

Scrambled eggs may sound like an ordinary dish, but try it as we had it served to us in a little restaurant in Paris, and you will be surprised. If you are dining out, don't hesitate to have the eggs brought to the table in a special dish and, if possible, in the pot in which they were cooked, placed on a small alcohol burner before your eyes. Now, the tomatoes and freshly grated cheese having been brought in separately, pour the tomatoes in first and the cheese last, stirring vigorously the entire mixture. Be sure that your cheese has been freshly grated and, if possible, do the grating yourself immediately before the cheese is to be used. By following these rules to the letter you will have something quite different from the customary restaurant variety of scrambled eggs.

There was a method of cooking trout on the banks of Lake Garda which cannot be forgotten; Maxim's in Paris gave us the recipe for their tiny pancakes; and we know how to do the duck with oranges enjoyed at Bordeaux with a bottle of red Haut Brion 1923. As to the Florentine sirloin of beef, roasted medium rare with a sauce of mushrooms and chicken livers cooked in white wine and Marsala, it has no secrets for us.

From Alsace we have brought back the best of all methods of cooking sauerkraut in the old Strasbourg manner; sauerkraut with a taste all its own, cooked for hours with all of the traditional trimmings of ham, sausage, and fresh pork, and with it a bottle of light Alsatian white wine. From the Basque country we bring the original recipe for the famous Poule-au-Pot; and they told us in Marseilles of a way of preparing mussels which will make your mouth water. From Italy, we also bring a recipe for something called Costoletti di Pollo, a succulent dish utterly unlike its literal translated name of "chicken cutlet," and many other delicacies which may be made just as well in this part of the world.

And from our tours of the wine cel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lars of the Old World, we bring new hints in the selection of wines, as well as new drinks from the sidewalk cafés of the leading European capitals.

And yet after this recent tour and many years of first-hand observation, it is our contention that the best in the world, both in food and in drink, is obtainable today in America, and all that is needed is a series of simple explanations as to how this best is to be found—and enjoyed.

The collecting of wine and food recipes has been a hobby of many years, and our files to date are fairly complete—with over three thousand recipes for every form of cocktail made of Scotch, rye, bourbon, or Irish whiskey; of brandy, sherry, and port, and of liqueurs, champagne, applejack, absinth, and vodka; recipes for cobblers, flips, and mint juleps; and punches—hot and cold; for eggnogs, egg flips, fizzes, fixes, daisies, and slings.

These recipes have been accepted as standards among the mass of contradictory formulas, and readers can feel free to call upon us at any time to fill their needs for any specific formula or to create something new for special requirements.

As for the foods, we have gathered over one thousand recipes which will also be at the disposal of readers. These are not the traditional cookbook recipes, but directions for the preparation of dishes which we have enjoyed in the course of our wanderings along the wine trails of the world.

And while on the subject of these world-wide wanderings, it may be timely to state that the main, the outstanding, impression with which we have returned this year is that Europe has little to offer in regard to the arts of the table which cannot be duplicated today in these United States.

There is of course a tradition, born of centuries of civilization, which should be upheld, and our American chefs will do well to continue to emulate those of Europe, just as our vineyardists should follow in the footsteps of those who for so many centuries have been producing the fine wines of France. American cooking has already won a high place for itself, and due attention will be given here in time to the best-known examples of regional cooking. For obvious reasons, greater progress has been made in this country in the field of gastronomy than in the production of wine, for there has been no prohibition to stifle the activities of the kitchen. In due time, however, our American winegrowers will come into their own.

Many are those who, in the light of past failures, proclaim that America will never be a wine-drinking country and that all attempts to popularize wine should be abandoned. But you cannot laugh away something which is as old as civilization.

Wine has had no fair opportunity to date, but the pace at which inquiries are coming in to our daily newspaper column furnishes a clear indication that its time is at hand.

Whiskeys, brandy, gins, liqueurs, and beers all have their places in our daily life and all are now fast returning to their respective corners, after the wild scramble of the first postprohibition years. All of them—with the exception only of beer—are between-the-meals beverages. As to wine, meaning by that term table wine and not the fortified variety, its place is on the table, served simultaneously with the food.

A knowledge of good food is no longer sufficient for the modern host; he must know wines as well. The real epicure is grateful to wine for the refinement it lends to the table, and for the great charm with which it graces the meal. He looks upon a good bottle not merely as a receptacle of something to drink but as a potential factor of happy thoughts, good temper, and, last but not least, the best of health.

The epicure cannot find the advice which he needs in a retail store, for the man behind the counter has not yet had time to learn. The chemist may help you to discover adulterators, but he can be of no assistance in telling you what wine to adopt. To gain the necessary knowledge, there is no need to study the history of the vine, or viticulture, which is the art of making wine. But it is necessary to know the simple rules which govern the making of all wines.

These rules have been the same since time immemorial. Ever since the remote days of antiquity, no machinery has ever been used in the making of wine, and modern science has played practically no part in its manufacture. Early methods, of course, have been simplified, but no important invention has come to alter in any appreciable manner the process in use today; that process, as a matter of fact, is very much the same in this twentieth century as it was in the days of Cæsar.

If, in the course of your early experimentation in the field opened up by repeal, a wrong bottle has come your way, do not be discouraged. An ancient poet has said that wine was given to mankind as a compensation for the miseries suffered during the flood; but, if this be true, then indeed, must we have committed many major sins, and some of the miserable products which have been offered to the American public constituted the punishment. For every bad bottle, however, there are thousands of good ones now available, at prices to suit every pocketbook. And it is the good fortune of the wine industry that public interest has been sustained.

That there is a lamentable want of judgment in the selection, care, and service of wines is, of course, a well-known fact, and it will be our task to correct that want in this monthly column. But there is a similar want of judgment in the use of all other alcoholic beverages which were admitted to free use as a result of the repeal of the prohibition law. And here again we shall endeavor to set things right by placing at the disposal of our readers a store of knowledge collected along these lines over a great number of years.

Our business, first of all, is that of simplifying much of what is unnecessarily complicated. Our school is that of the single bottle of wine at all except festive occasions; and our school of gastronomy is that of the best, and yet of the simplest, in cooking.

The extent to which interest in good cooking has spread since the advent of repeal is clearly shown by the great prosperity which the restaurant business is now experiencing throughout the coun-

Mr. Fougner Recommends:

SEPTEMBER COOLER

Pour into a tall tumbler the juice of one orange, and two ounces of gin. Add two ice cubes and fill with ginger ale. Decorate with orange peel, suspended from top of glass.

WHISKEY DAISY

1 jigger Rye or Bourbon
1 teaspoon sugar
2 dashes of Grenadine
Juice of ½ lemon

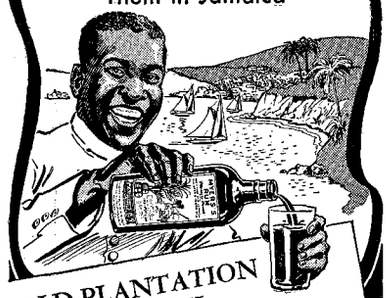
Stir well in glass half-filled with fine ice. Fill up with club soda. Top with sprig of mint for decoration.

LITTLE ONE COCKTAIL

⅔ Cuban rum
⅓ Grand Marnier
1 teaspoon lime juice
Ice well and shake vigorously.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Mix Them as They Make Them in Jamaica



OLD PLANTATION COCKTAIL

The Tropics' Most Popular Short Drink

⅓ lemon juice, ⅔ MYERS'S Fine Old Jamaica Rum, ½ teaspoonful sugar for each cocktail. Dash of Bitters. Plenty of ice. Shake thoroughly and serve with cherry.

Use

MYERS'S RUM

"Planters' Punch" BRAND

100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
ALL OVER 8 YEARS OLD
97 PROOF

For Free Booklet with 60 delectable recipes write to
R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc. U. S. AGENTS
Dept. SR-1, 57 Laight St., New York, N. Y.

For Special Occasions

SCRIBNER'S SUGGESTS

. . . that you write to Mr. G. Selmer Fougner for expert advice. A simple or elaborate dinner . . . a new drink . . . an unusual salad — whatever your needs are, Mr. Fougner will be glad to help you.

Recipes far removed from the traditional cook-book variety are his specialty. In his recent travels over the wine trails of the world, he has collected more than a thousand new ideas for eating and drinking. Some of these dishes or drinks will add the extra touch that lifts a good party or a good dinner into an extraordinary occasion.

Address: G. SELMER FOUGNER
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue, New York

try. A knowledge of good food, have we said, must be completed with a knowledge of fine wines. But while an interest in wine has been slow in developing, the desire for higher standards in the arts of the kitchen is spreading fast throughout the land, as evidenced by the large number of epicurean societies which are springing up in many of the principal cities. Thus the "Friends of Escoffier," an organization formed by this writer with the co-operation of the leading chefs of New York, is now developing branch societies organized along similar lines in several important centers. Twelve other gourmet societies, organized under this writer's guidance, are now functioning in New York City, and the response which they have received is a clear indication of a decided revival of interest in good food, well-cooked, and properly presented.

Thus, a new type of "gourmet" is being created all over the land, but it must not be imagined that the use of that French word concedes to France a monopoly of knowledge of the arts of the table. The gourmet is a product of high civilization. The dishes set before him must not necessarily be samples of rare and expensive cooking; he values some of the most common dishes, provided they be excellent of their kind.

The word gourmet has a meaning of its own for which no precise equivalent in any language has yet been found, and we may therefore continue to use it, just as we may hold on to the foreign names of some of the most famous dishes despite the fact that they may be cooked as well as and even better than in their country of origin. The foreign "taint," if it may be so called, will be quickly forgotten when it is borne in mind that the world's finest kitchen products are now to be found in this country, and that the world's greatest cooks are now practicing their art here.

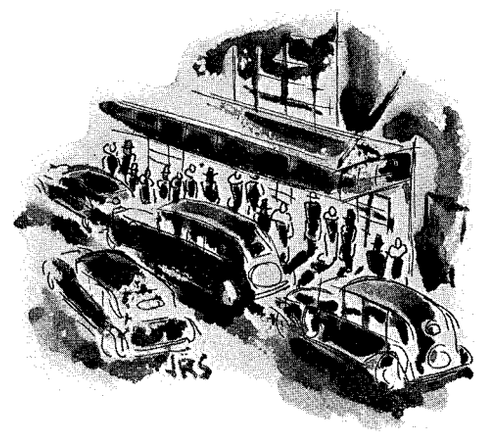
Our task, therefore, will not be to emulate those misguided hotel men who, at a recent convention, set out to find an American substitute for the French term *hors d'œuvre*. Their appeal having been printed throughout the country, it produced a number of more or less foolish suggestions, not one of which will ever be adopted.

The French names used in cookery are, to say the least, poetical, and there is more to be gained by preparing the same dishes with our incomparable facilities, than by trying to find a substitute name for the original dish. Delightful as they are in the original language, some of the names given by French cooks for their kitchen creations become utterly ridiculous when literally translated. Surely, nothing could be gained from a translation into English of "beef in scarlet" (*bœuf à l'écarlate*), "sauce in half-mourning" (*sauce en petite deuil*), and "eggs in a looking-glass" (*œufs au miroir*).

We shall endeavor to present in these monthly articles our views on the arts of the table, and to bring together the best of the foods and drinks of the Old World as well as of the new, hoping that our followers will partake of them in the same spirit in which they are being offered.

We are particularly anxious to be of assistance to the man who takes a real interest in the arts of the table; who wants his food well-cooked and his drinks well-mixed, and who is willing to take a hand in their preparation if need be; to the man who is anxious to dispense with the interested advice of the professional headwaiter or bartender and wishes to order the things he wants, made the way he wants them.

Next month we shall have something to say on the subject of "debunking" the wine-drinking question. In the November issue, special attention will be given to the midnight supper, with detailed recipes for a dozen or more dainty dishes which may be made at home, on returning from the theater, or may be ordered in your favorite restaurant. And, of course, there will be the usual recommendations on foods and liquors.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Student's Room

KATHERINE KENT

RIGHT: *well-executed desk lamps of the eye-saver type, very important for study.* LEFT: *a new idea in a lamp for the sports lover*

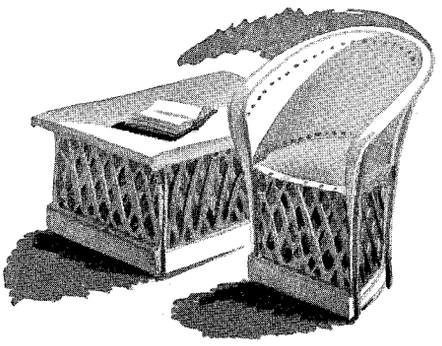
SOMETHING is happening to college and prep-school rooms these days that well-nigh defies analysis. Like the new education itself, individuality and catholicity hold sway. No longer are there hard and fast rules for the cautious to follow; no longer pat dicta for the reckless to defy. Good taste, coupled with an awareness of practical needs, is arbiter.

Eye comfort is undoubtedly the first practical problem. Low desk lamps, no matter how decorative, should never be used for long study hours. If eye strain is to be reduced to a minimum, a *full and wide* circle of light is essential. A table lamp, preferably twenty-eight inches high with a wide, light-reflecting shade serves the purpose nicely. But not any tall lamp will do. Unless the light bulb is encased in a translucent bowl reflector, glare from the naked light bulb becomes nerve-wracking and straining. In choosing a study lamp, then, consider the height of the lamp, the width and light-reflecting qualities of the shade, and the type of light-diffusing bowl that houses the bulb.*

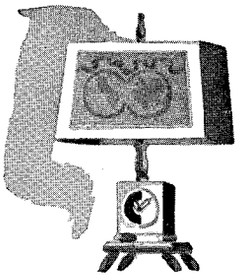
* For a more complete survey of study-light problems turn to page 94 in the February, 1937, issue of SCRIBNER'S.

The tall table lamp illustrated (left) was designed to meet the exacting requirements of the government for its cadets at the Naval Academy in Annapolis. Base and column are made of excellent castings, and the spun-copper shade is finished like the rest in a deep, rich, bronze plating. For added light-reflecting quality, the inside of the shade is coated white. This lamp may be had with either a single wattage bulb or with one of the three-way type.

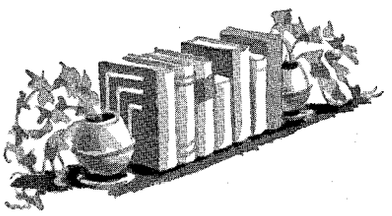
Not quite as tall, but still excellent for study purposes, is the clamp-on-the-desk lamp with swivel arm which makes it possible to vary the position easily and focus the light on any portion of the desk. This lamp may be had either with a bronze parchment shade or with a bronze metal one, matching the Georgian bronze finish of the base and arm. Like the "Navy" lamp, it throws an even, bright, yet glareless light over a wide surface, and throws enough upward light to give the room a soft general illumination. Too often, the lamp chosen for study sheds only immediate desk light, leaving the rest of the room in darkness. At first glance this may seem the most economical way of lighting, since all the power of the bulb is concentrated downward. But it is not when eye strain over a period of hours is a matter of consideration. To look up from a bright surface into darkness, and again from darkness into light requires extra work of the eye muscles in making the accommodations, thus inviting more rapid fatigue during long stints of study.



From Mexico come this chair and generous-size coffee table made of pigskin and split-wood



A clock that tells the time anywhere in the world at a glance is the feature of this maple lamp



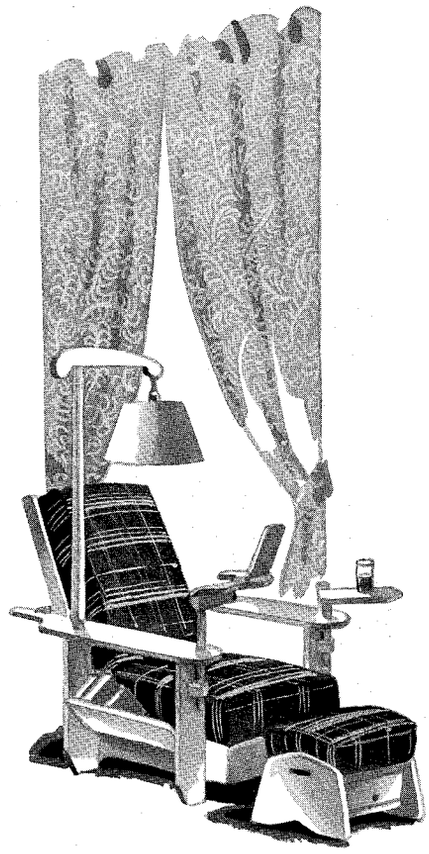
Colorful ivy bowls set in painted metal stands are a new and charming decorative note in bookends

But since not all that goes to make up the student's room is dedicated to study, here are two more lamps designed as unusual and decorative additions. The floor lamp with its old rifle base and hunting-scene shade is sure to win the heart of the sports-devoted and bring admiration aplenty from classmates. Quite out of the ordinary too, is the little maple lamp with a clock that gives, not only the immediate time, but tells as well the hour and minute on any point of the globe where fancy or study may lead its possessor.

*

Curtains, and couch or bed covers, are as ever the prime decorative features in the room already set with basic furniture. Chintzes, blocked linens, and cretonnes—hardy-perennial favorites—are with us again in new and attractive designs, but they far from exhaust the possibilities. Most interesting in the new and inexpensive decorative materials are some of sturdy and colorful homespun type loomed by the Forster Mills. Not only do the designs recommend them, but the width makes them a boon to busy mothers. Instead of the usual thirty-six or fifty inches of width, these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Designed for all-in-one ease, this chair boasts book and magazine racks, serving tray, bookholder and lamp, all incorporated in it

fabrics come *one hundred* inches wide. Two and a half yards make a couch or single bed cover without a single seam to be sewn! My favorite among these is a feather design so cleverly contrived that the width can be used as the length in making drapes, and the weight is such that no lining is required. It comes in white on a ground of gray, dubonnet, rose, blue, green, or gold (see drapery sketched above).

In the same width there is also a wide, horizontal stripe that does equally well in the modern room or one furnished in maple. Indeed, bold designs and bright peasanty colors are decidedly rising in favor. In this mood, things Mexican are excellent, either to give accent to a room or to set the whole scheme of decoration. The colorful serape leaps first to mind for floor, wall, or couch covering. But not all serapes are riotous in hue. There are grays, whites, and subdued tones with widely spaced daubs of brightness that are excellent for the small room. Then too, the pigskin-covered chairs and tables with split-wood supporting construction merit investigation. They take little space, are very sturdy, and give welcome relief from the monotony of wood in a room. Saddle soap is all you need to clean and preserve them, and like all good leather things, they mellow in color as the years pass.

All-in-one comfort is the key to the gadget-invested chair sketched. Despite the sissified name—The Cushy—by which its maker christened it, the chair is essentially a masculine piece. Big, squarish, and homey, it boasts the convenience of a book trough, a magazine rack, a swinging arm with a bookholder, not to mention a built-in bridge lamp and a swinging tray for note-taking or for the midnight snack. Nor do these exhaust The Cushy's wonders. The cushions are unusually deep and built upon a coil-spring base; the back is adjustable, rising and dropping like the old Morris chair; and the footrest contains a concealed compartment for storing books or whatever you will. They even tell me that, by lowering the back and drawing up the footrest, The Cushy becomes a thoroughly comfortable bed! And now for ordinary details—the wood is northern birch, hand-rubbed and waxed either in natural finish or in maple; the covering, durable homespun.

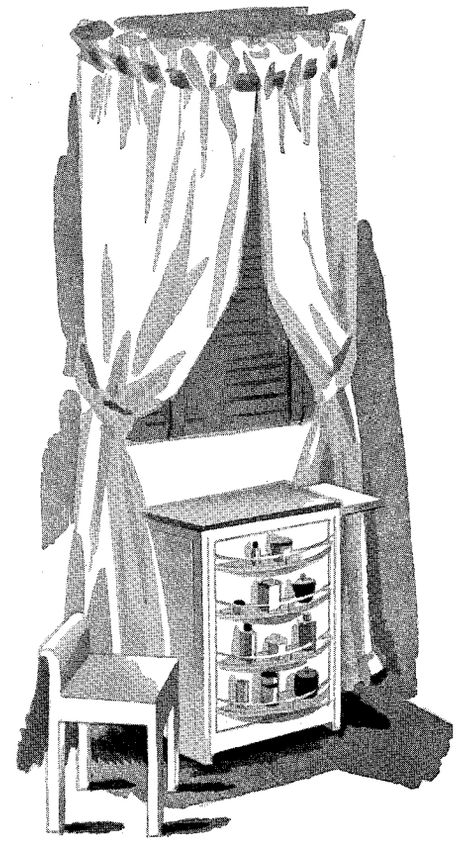
*

For the frankly feminine room, Kirsch has a new rod that bows out from the window top in a gentle arc, permitting the curtains to sweep gracefully back to their tiebacks. It is perfect for softly draped ninons, voiles, marquisettes, and with the dotted curtain which, incidentally, appears more closely dotted this year than ever before. With these curtains, ball-fringe trim is threatening to replace the wide ruffle of yester-season, lending not only variety but giving an opportunity as well to relate curtain to the ever-favorite candlewick spread in a new and really charming unity. Take, for instance, a white dotted marquisette curtain of the priscilla type edged with a fringe of closely set puffy blue balls; choose with it, a heavy chenille-tufted spread that carries the blue of the fringe in its design, and there you have something as refreshing as it is practical and right for the sub-deb's room.

A grand little space saver with this general scheme is the new vanity called the Revolvit put out by Vogue (purveyors of bathroom accessories, not fashions). At first sight it is just a small, well-built cabinet on modern lines. Touch the front panel and it revolves, bringing to sight four open shelves with chrome guardrails. No poking back into crowded drawers for cleansers and make-up, since everything is clearly in view. Don't let the idea that this vanity is made for bathroom use stop you. It is as well-constructed a piece as you'll find anywhere. Set it under a window (as sketched at the right, below), semidraped by curtains that fall from the bowed-out rod, and you have a charming little nook.

Another innovation of the season, sure to delight the girl just-feeling-her-grown-upness is the festoon-ring window treatment. The rings are simply oversized bracelets that may be had in wood painted in various hues, in crystal, or in colored catalin. Three rings do the trick. One is fastened to the center top of the window, the other two, somewhat lower, at either end. The material, preferably a light fabric, is then looped through the rings—excellent for small windows and for those where good daylight is at a premium.

A new, inexpensive, and attractively decorated Venetian blind has just appeared on the market—Selofiber, by name. Unlike ordinary fiber blinds, it is weatherproof, waterproof, and by virtue of an ultrahard surface finish, very easy to clean. Selofiber is to be had in the usual widths, in plain colors or in two decorated styles. One is a very light, conventionalized pattern; the other a simple, well-executed leaf vine—green, blue, brown or maroon on a cream ground. In the narrowest blind only one vine is used, running from top to bottom through the



Curtains draped from the new bowed-out rod frame the little dressing table whose panel of trays revolves at a touch and vanishes from sight

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

center. In the greater widths, two parallel vines rise at either end.

And while we are on the subject of Venetian blinds, just a word about the new tape designed to give another lease on life to the blind whose faded tapes give away its years. A clip arrangement at the back of the renewing tape makes it utterly simple to slip it over the old, without taking down or even disturbing the blind. It comes in a host of colors and a great many designs; its name—*Clip-On.*

*

BURNING-THE-MIDNIGHT-OIL DEPARTMENT: Parents being the thoughtful souls they are, there is no need, I suspect, to put in reminders about heating pads and such. But no less important to the after-dark hours is preparation for the pajama and bathrobe fests. . . . Decorative, practical, and sure to stir admiration is Mexican Tonala ware—that red-brown glazed earthenware (decorated as a rule) that goes with equal aplomb on the stove and the table. Inexpensive as it is practical, this ware is to be found in shops throughout the country. In New York, Fred Leighton's on East Eighth Street is the place for you. The five-inch *camalie*—just right for frying an egg or chop—is 17 cents; the eight-and-a-half-inch size, 45 cents. Casseroles and luncheon plates begin at 32 cents, and there is a grand big sandwich plate for less than a dollar.

For the helpless young hopefuls who simply can*not* make coffee come out the right color, there is a foolproof electric percolator put out by the Samson people. A dial near the switch does the trick, turning off the current when the brew is done. A little experimentation will soon establish the point at which the control should be set to make coffee exactly to the individual taste, and after that the whole thing is completely automatic. Nor is that all. Once the brew is done, a secondary heating unit keeps it hot without repercolating it, as long as the current is on. . . . For drip-coffee, there is that ingenious device, the Coffee Robot, which automatically makes and stirs the coffee, turns off the current, then keeps it hot as long as it is needed. It comes in an urn-type, chromium-plated model and can also be had in sets with tray, sugar, and creamer—a dressier affair than the automatic percolator and one certain to be highly popular not only in the wee small hours but on state occasions in the fraternity or sorority house. . . . Manning-Bowman have a new electric *double* waffle iron that occupies not a whit more space than the single-grid variety. Now don't jump to the conclusion that skimpy

Garden Rooms

Live In The SUN
With The Flowers You Love

ON THOSE windy Wintry days when the sun shines brightly and looks warm, yet out-of-doors it is too biting cold, you will appreciate a glassed-over sunshine room. A place where you can keep fit in the sunshine and raise your favorite flowers. You feel the need of sunshine and flowers in the Winter months more than any other time of the year. Why not plan to have a Sunshine Room, giving you Springtime all the year, right at home? We can do the building and heating now or any time, without inconvenience to you.
Send for folder "Garden Rooms, Sunshine Rooms, Play Places."

Lord & Burnham Co.

IRVINGTON, N. Y.—Dept. S
DES PLAINES, ILL.—Dept. S

A NAME
IRWIN
THAT STANDS FOR GOOD FURNITURE

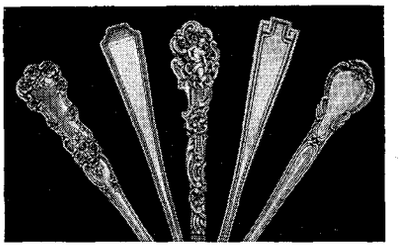
MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURNITURE FOR OVER 60 YEARS

Sold Through Furniture Dealers

For the Convenience of Subscribers

Your address may be changed as often as it is desired. Please give present name and address and new address to which SCRIBNER'S is to be sent.

Buttercup Fairfax Versailles Etruscan Chantilly



UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY

We have collected a large stock of the above patterns of Sterling Silver. Have had same refinished and is practically as good as new and at prices materially under the new merchandise.

Baronial	Lily
Bridal Rose	Lily-of-the-Valley
Cambridge	Louis XV
Canterbury	Mary Chilton
Chrysanthemum	Norfolk
Frontenac	Old English
Heppelwhite	Orange Blossom
King Edward	Pompadour
Lancaster	Strasbourg
Les Cinq Fleurs	Violet

We have also a stock of the above patterns and many others. We have one of the largest stocks of unusual silver shown in the U. S. A.

★ ★ ★

Correspondence Solicited
Silver sent on approval

JULIUS GOODMAN & SON, INC.
43 South Main Street, Dept. S
Memphis Tennessee

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Light ACCENTS

Match if you can the fillip that striking new lamps can give a room you're decorating or rejuvenating! Lamps like these Sloane super values, for example. They're completely of heavy tôle with the good finish and detail you'd expect at twice their price, and their rich burnished colours will point up practically any colour scheme. Both lamps may be had in red, green, blue, eggshell or yellow, with dull gold trimming, $7.50 each. *Mail orders are invited.*

W&J
Sloane
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH · N.Y.
WASHINGTON, D. C
SAN FRANCISCO AND BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

waffles are the result, for it bakes the generous, round, four-section sort. The improvement lies in the new swivel construction that permits you to pour batter in on one side, then turn the grid over and put another load in on the other side. And that's how *two* full-sized waffles are done at the same time and in exactly the same space that *one* ordinarily occupies.

Improvements reducing the breakage problem to a negligible point have reached the food-thermometer realm. All danger of dropping the thermometer in the fudge pan, and seeing it splinter and crash, is gone. The Weston Electric people are proudly showing their new stainless-steel gadget that works on the familiar thermocouple principle—that is, the temperature is read on a dial by means of a pointer. It looks like an overlong, rather thin pencil with a round meter at its crown. Then there is another stainless-steel thermometer, made by the Coughlin Company, that uses a regular mercury-in-a-glass-tube within the metal casing. A small opening is left in the steel for reading the temperature. Both thermometers have clamps at the side to secure them to the pan all the while the mixture is cooking. Incidentally, these steel gadgets are as excellent for testing roasts, jelly, and deep-fat frying as they are for the less substantial items of the diet.

*

Tableware for these feasts at the odd-and-end hours should be not only sturdy but easy to clean. Catalin-handle ware and those of stainless steel or chromium plate eliminate all problems of high polishing and tarnish removing. New this year is a dull-finish stainless steel which has none of the cheapening high patina that heretofore has made most of this tableware objectionable. Catalin-handle ware comes in a wide and attractive range of colors. It may be used in matching sets, or may be selected in more than one color so that when the table is set college or school colors are represented. . . . For preserving unfinished glasses of jelly or the like, oil-silk bowl covers are invaluable. A new type with a "handi-band" attachment makes it now possible to remove food from the bowl or jar without taking off the entire cover—excellent for incorrigible nibblers!

Answers to "The Scribner Quiz"

(*see page* 81)

1. In a fiery chariot
2. *On Broadway*
3. Davits
4. Hudson
5. John L. Lewis
6. Mississippi
7. 36 billions
8. John
9. "We, the people of the United States—"
10. Manager
11. Construction of two new battleships
12. "It's the earth and stones left by a glacier"
13. The Republic Steel plant [president]
14. Macadam
15. Philadelphia
16. A padrone
17. Imperial Airways Ltd.
18. *A Bird in the Hand*
19. Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond
20. War Admiral
21. University of Pittsburgh
22. Shrine of the Little Flower
23. Send a cable to "Premier Blum, Paris" [he is now out of office]
24. Building
25. F. W. Woolworth
26. Build up a bigger, better merchant marine
27. *Ante meridiem*
28. The Basques are fighting for the Rebels
29. A demijohn
30. The Sheaffer
31. Solarium
32. General U. S. Grant
33. The hood ventilators
34. Guldahl [U. S. Open Golf Champion]
35. Singing in the Metropolitan Opera
36. A colleen
37. "It fell to earth I knew not where"
38. A national Boy Scout Jamboree
39. A member of a religious sect
40. Graves—Kentucky [Chandler is Governor of Kentucky; Graves is Governor of Alabama]
41. *Pictorial Review*
42. Walter S. Gifford
43. The Vermont granite industry
44. Corn Flakes are to W. K. Kellogg
45. Japan—hara-kiri
46. Heir to the Dutch throne [Princess Juliana expects a blessed event]
47. Theatrical production
48. Pat him on the head
49. A small, goatlike, European antelope
50. "The Israelites were supplied with manna"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED